SENSATION-CRAMMED SPECIAL HOLIDAY ISSUE!

cheri

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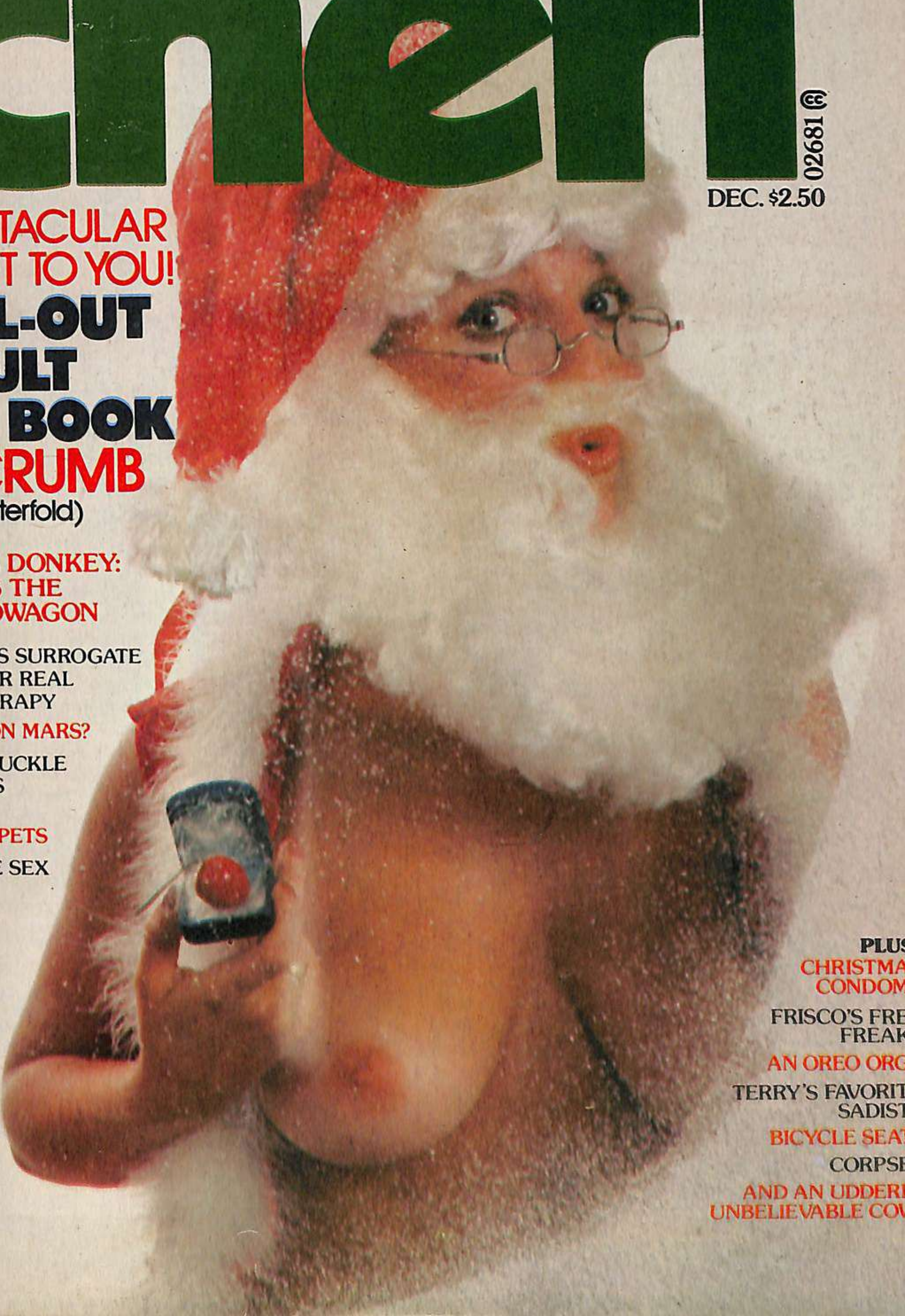

OUR SPECTACULAR XMAS GIFT TO YOU!

A PULL-OUT ADULT COMIC BOOK BY R. CRUMB

(see centerfold)

HUMPING THE DONKEY: JODY MOUNTS THE CARTER BANDWAGON

MARY HARTMAN'S SURROGATE TALKS ABOUT HER REAL SEX-FOR-PAY THERAPY

IS THERE HEAD ON MARS?

DETROIT: HONEYSUCKLE RATES MOTOWN'S MUFFDIVERS

SEX LIB FOR MOPPETS

WHY HARD-CORE SEX IS TAKING OVER BURLESQUE

AMATEUR B.J. SEMIFINALISTS

HOUSTON: LIZ STRIPS AT DOWNTOWN DISCO

THE OMLOVER MOVEMENT: SPREAD SHOTS & SANCTITY

PLUS:

CHRISTMAS CONDOMS

FRISCO'S FREE FREAKS

AN OREO ORGY

TERRY'S FAVORITE SADISTS

BICYCLE SEATS

CORPSES

AND AN UDDERLY UNBELIEVABLE COW!

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They give you pages and pages of dead print. We give you pages of eye-boggling color. And great, *real* stories.

What do you want to see, and read? Theirs or ours?

All right, we've made our point. If you're lucky, you pick up the next issue of CHERI on your newsstand. But why count on luck? Be sure, by subscribing to **CHERI** today.

cheri magazine

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VOLUME 1 NUMBER 5 DECEMBER 1976

cheri

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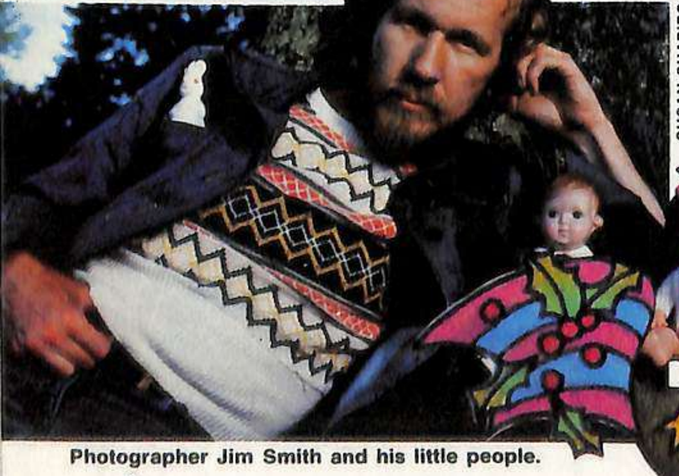
OUR GANG

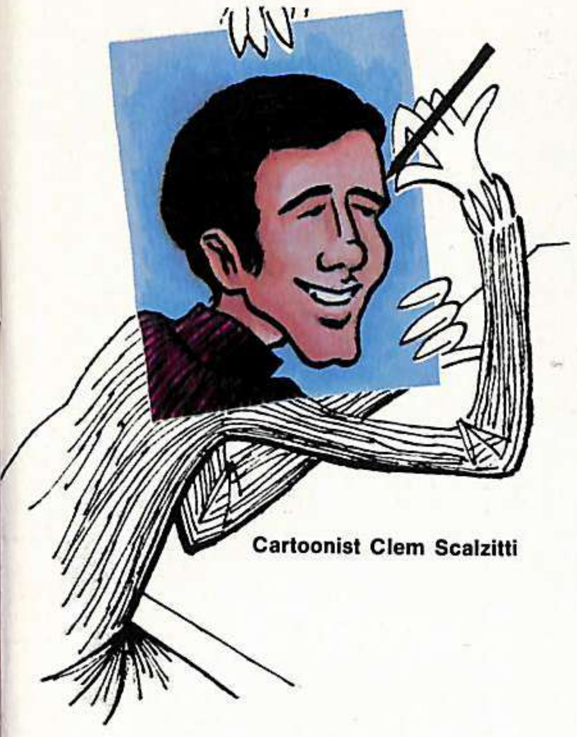
PETER HURD

Annie Sprinkle, Honeysuckle, Nickie, S. Superstar, Herb (rear), Peter, Derek, Scott & Suzanne (obscured), Gloria Leonard, T.T., Pat Flint, Jo-Jo



SUSAN SHAPIRO

Photographer Jim Smith and his little people.



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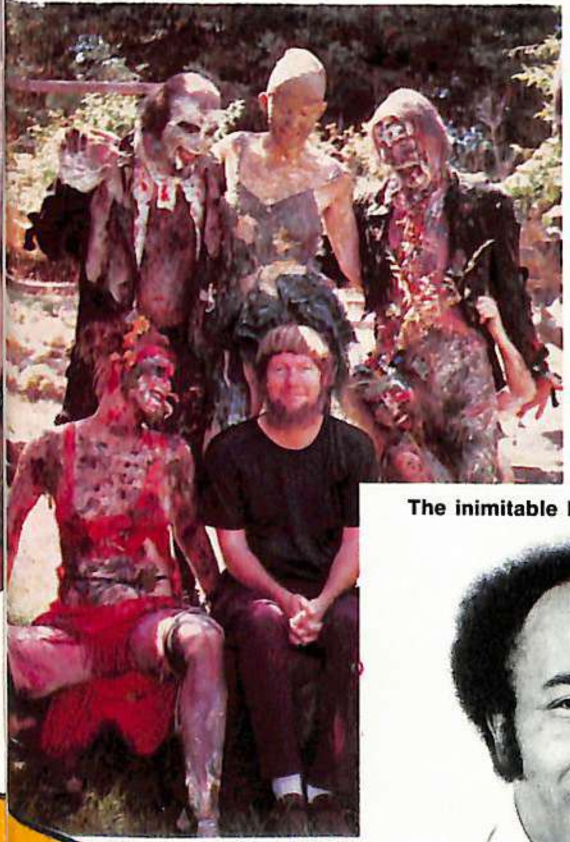
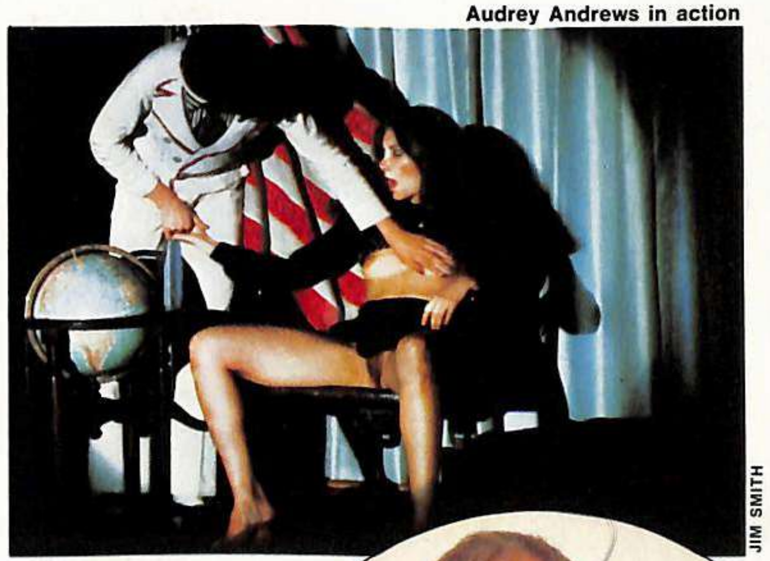
Clay Geerdes and the Free Freaks



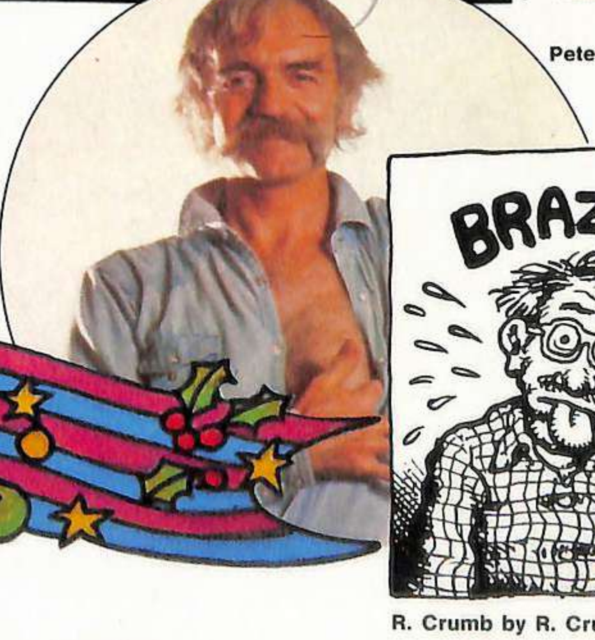
Audrey Andrews in action



JIM SMITH

The inimitable Nippy Phillips

Peter Hurd



R. Crumb by R. Crumb

A MERI CHERI XMAS

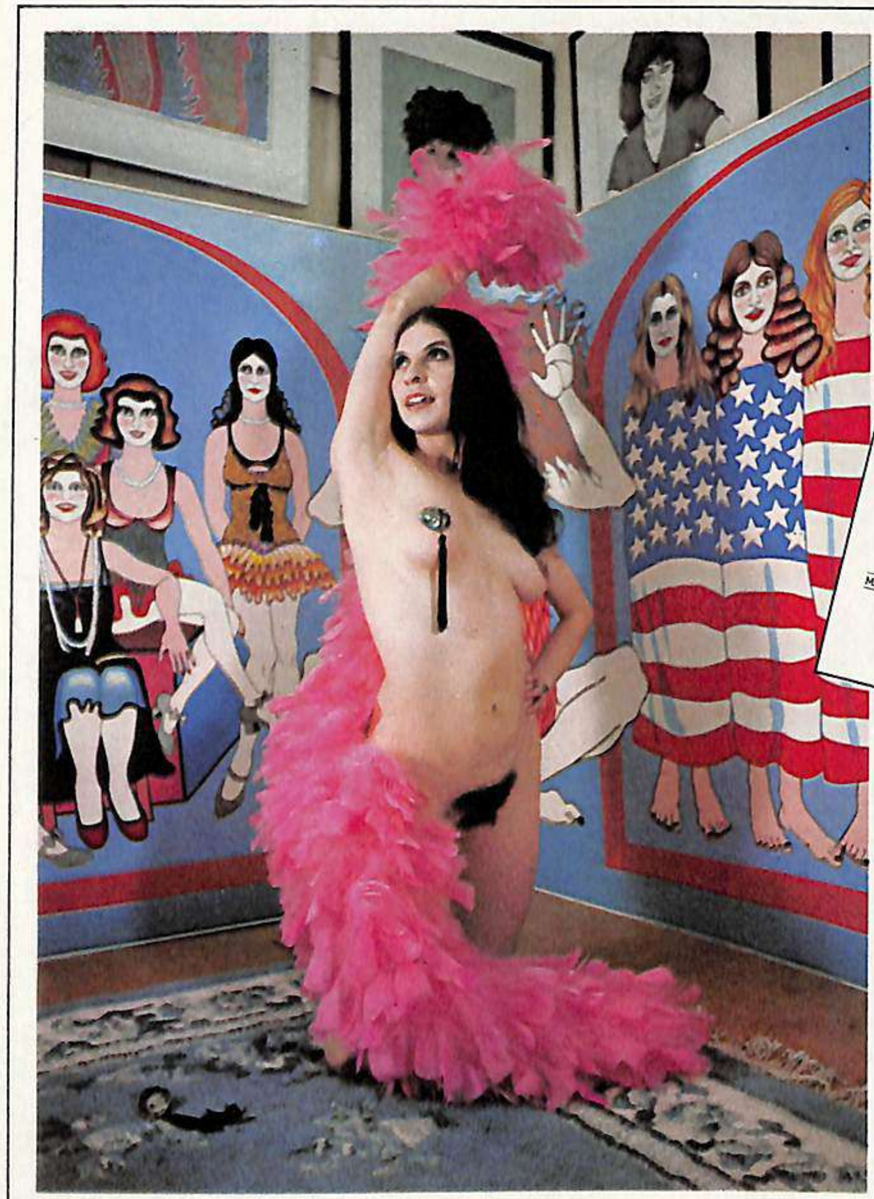
PETER HURD

AMERI cheri

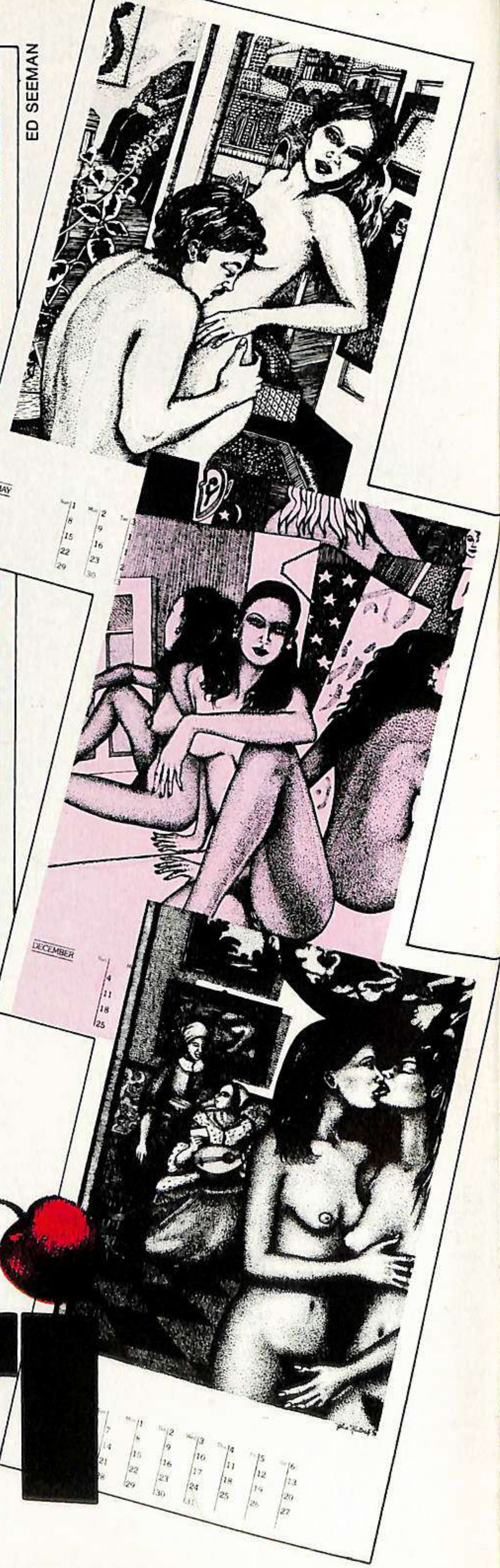
So we asked our readers to submit the names of the best-built girls in their area. They came up with nothing. The result: this month we had to reach into our own ranks for our Great American Titty Queen. She's Sue Feele (pronounced "feelie"), the lady who answers the phone here at CHERI.

GREAT AMERICAN TITS: PART IV

Terrific tamales like Susie's don't grow on trees. But she was a prim little schoolteacher until the boys and girls at CHERI showed her the light. This was her very first nude shooting. We call her Susie Superstar, now. But it's back to horn duty anyway.



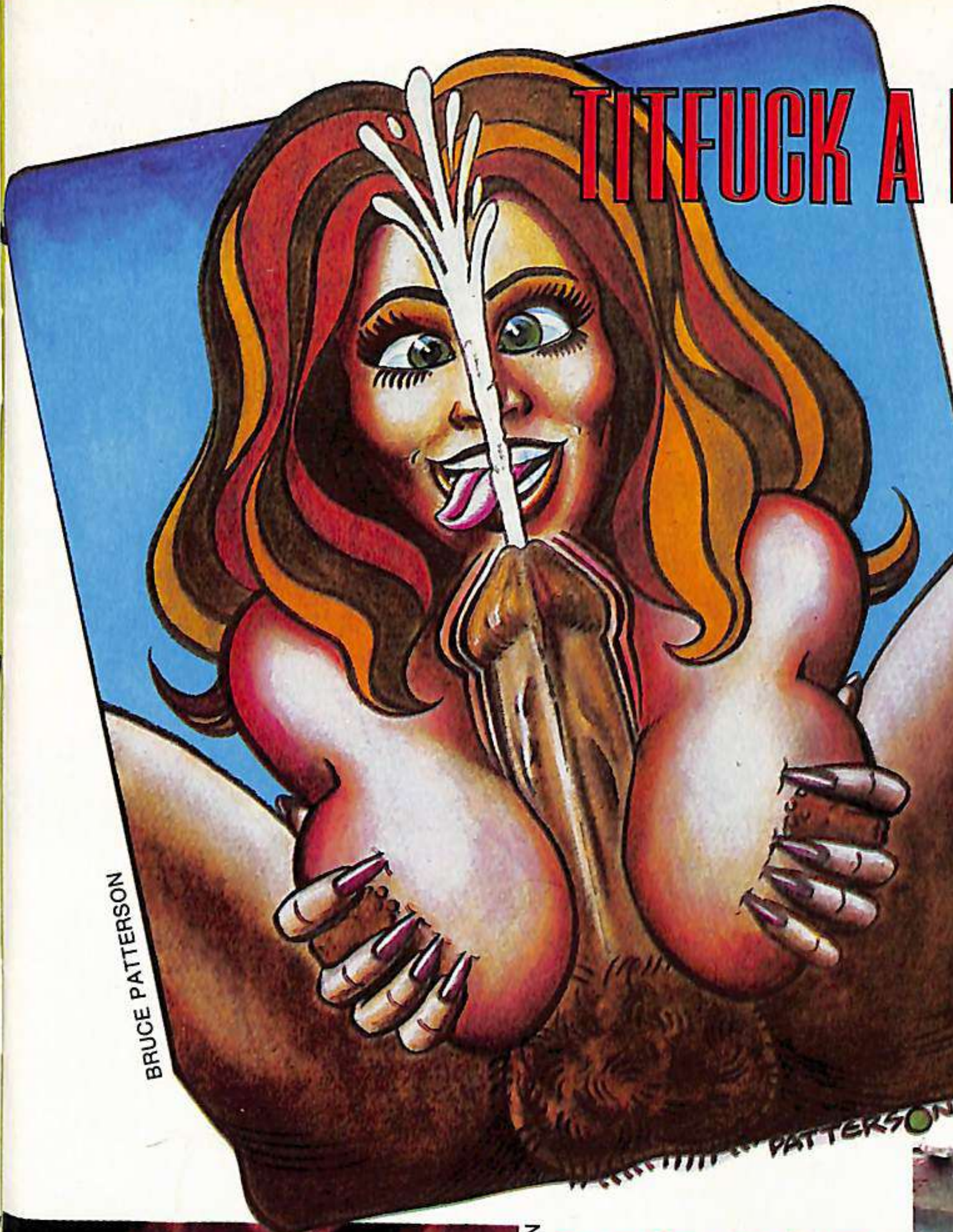
ED SEEMAN



AND A HAPPY NEWD YEAR...

By night, Sue Kutosh benudes her b-beaver as a toiler in the ancient craft of stripping. By day, she transfers her sexual fantasies into tempera and pen-and-ink. Brilliantly. Recently she collected a bunch of her best drawings into a calendar. It costs $5.95 and may be gotten from 1977 Erotica, P.O. Box 452, New York, N.Y. 10011.

AMERI cheri



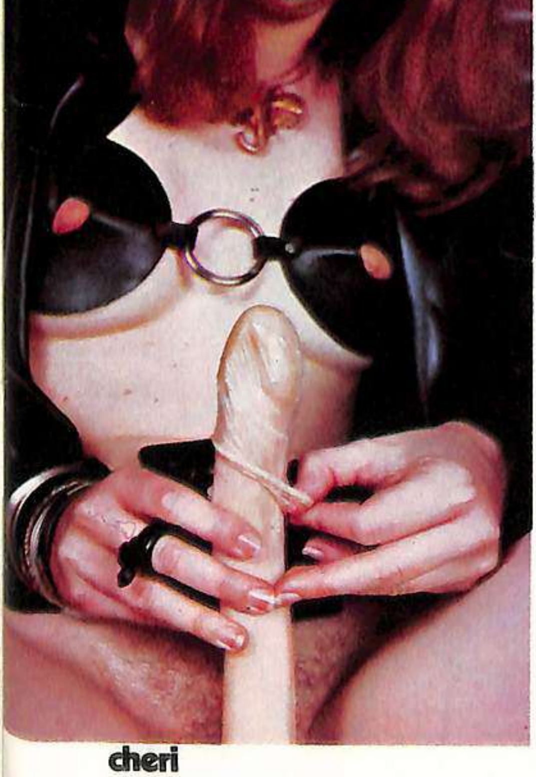
BRUCE PATTERSON

TITFUCK A FEMINIST TODAY

Girls who permit their cleavage to be used as cunts are doing the women's movement a great disservice, says feminist *macha* Mu-Chi Polk. "Boobs are for babies, not men," she claims. "Surrogate motherhood is a cop-out."

S/M REDISCOVERS THE WOODSHED

Having gone the way of the outhouse, the icebox, and the 13-year-old virgin, another remembrance of things past—the woodshed—seems to be making a comeback, thanks to the burgeoning popularity of S/M. Trendy torture-philes are now constructing genuine model woodsheds in their game rooms for the sole purpose of authentic paddlings and discipline.



ROBERTO MORRISON

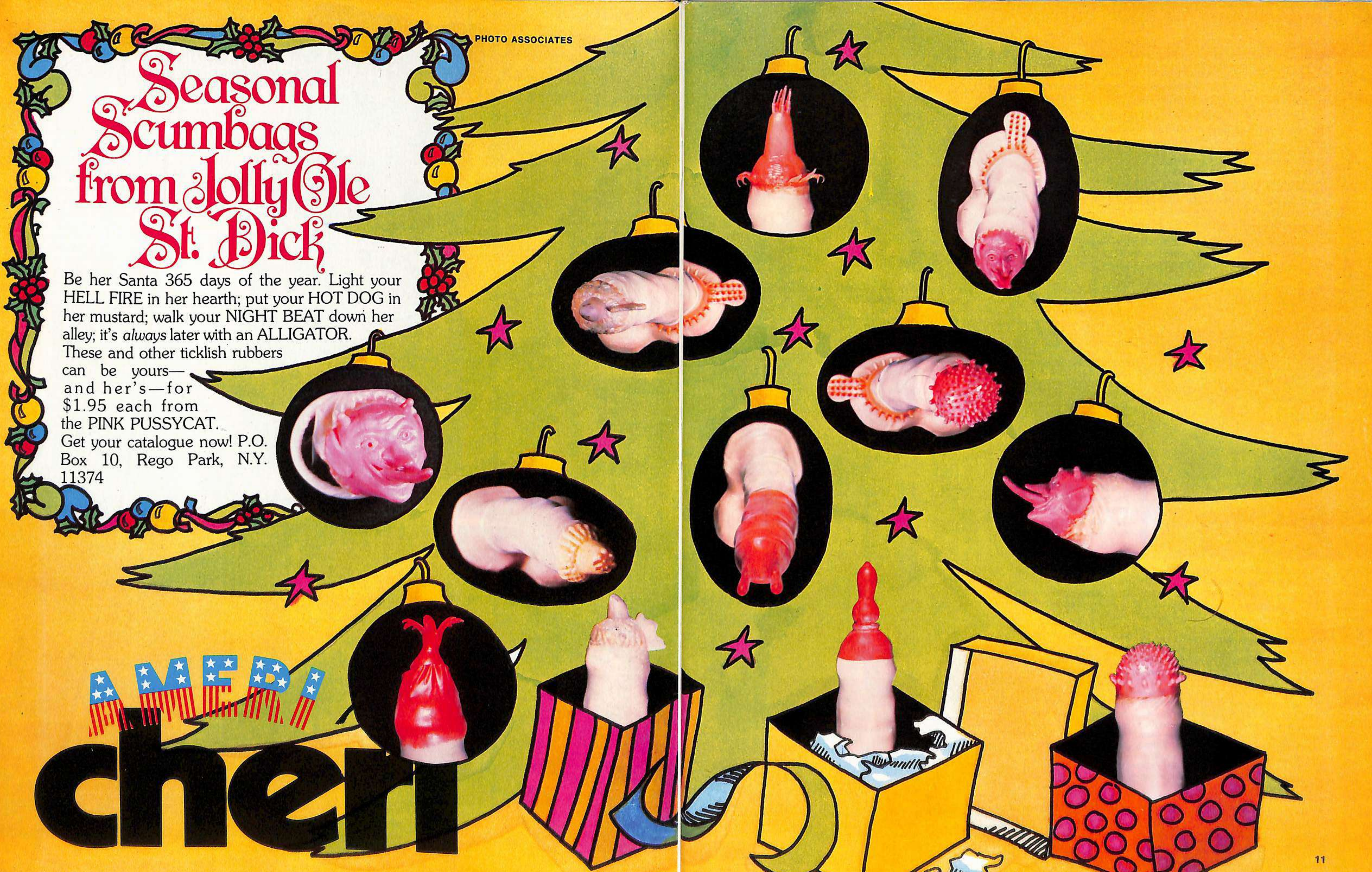
RUBBER FUN 1

Since most post-Pill girls have never known the joy of struggling with a prophylactic (which invariably rips as soon as you get it on), one New England housewife now gives weekly lessons in the ancient art of safe cracking.

PHOTO ASSOCIATES

Seasonal Scumbags from Jolly Ole St. Dick

Be her Santa 365 days of the year. Light your HELL FIRE in her hearth; put your HOT DOG in her mustard; walk your NIGHT BEAT down her alley; it's *always* later with an ALLIGATOR. These and other ticklish rubbers can be yours—and her's—for $1.95 each from the PINK PUSSYCAT. Get your catalogue now! P.O. Box 10, Rego Park, N.Y. 11374



CHERI'S $1000 AMATEUR COCKSUCKING CONTEST SEMIFINALISTS

As you CHERI devotees already know, we are offering a $1000 prize to the best amateur cocksucker in America. In our first two issues, we asked our male readers to nominate the mouth of their lifetime, that woman who had given them the greatest pleasure through oral sex.

Concurrently with this contest, we also announced a National Dreamsuck Essay Contest in which any male reader was invited to conjure up the Ultimate Suck. The lucky guy who wins this contest gets not only a little cigarette money—but a chance to meet the winner of our $1000 Blowjob Contest in the flesh.

They all laughed when, in our inaugural issue, we announced our $1000 Blowjob Contest.

Nobody, critics chortled, is going to enter that one! Nobody is going to want to be honored for such an embarrassing and servile talent.

But they did enter. In droves.

And they weren't pros, uglies or crazies. They were attractive, normal, people-next-door people.

Last month, we ran letters by the first batch of semi-finalists. This month we add a dozen more. From these twenty-four semifinalists two winners will be selected later this year.

"I straddle her head, and my cock slides down her throat."

ENTRANT #7: SUSAN

In a note accompanying J.V.'s letter, Florida sweetheart Susan penned the following. ... "Getting a guy off with my mouth and throat is an artistic trip for me. ... I should win this contest—after all, I make Linda Lovelace look like Linda Loseface!"

You are probably not going to believe this letter—no one else does, but I have found the woman who gives the Ultimate Blowjob.

Her name is Susan, and she lives in the next apartment from me. She is twenty-five years old, dynamite-looking, and heavily into yoga and macrobiotics. She has enormous control over her central nervous system, carefully developed over a number of years, and this all works to my advantage, as you'll soon see.

With her lean, muscular body, she looks like some beautiful exotic jungle beast that has just barely been tamed.

I can tell when Susan is in the mood for sex just by watching her move—a certain subtlety in her stance, an undulation in her gait, and a slightly flushed face, all give her away. On nights when I think she's really hot, I invite her into my apartment, and, without a word, she stretches out full-length on my bed, arches her neck, and throws her head back over the edge, her body one long, smooth column.

I straddle her head, and my ready cock (which has been erect for half an hour in anticipation), slides easily down her throat. With perfect motor control, she now constricts, then loosens, the muscles of her epiglottis, causing rippling sensations down the entire length of my cock. When these become unbearably intense, and my balls contract with the imminent release of cum, she loosens up completely, and now she really starts to tease. She now fills her mouth with ice cubes, and drives my cock into unbelievable throes of sensation! Finally, I can hold out no longer—I come in a shooting stream of agony and pleasure.

J.V.
Tallahassee, Fla.

"When I was ready to come, she'd insert two fingers hard into my ass."

ENTRANT #8: SHERYL

L.N. was kind enough to send us a picture showing his lady's, Sheryl's, backhand technique. He intimated in his letter that Sheryl would be happy to demonstrate her special talents for the ass-king. Take note, readers.

My girl, Sheryl, knows right where to go without my having to tell her. After all, there's no point in being coy if you know exactly what a man needs. I usually lie naked on the bed, and wait for her, my legs eagle-spread out to the corners. Her long tapered fingers knowingly slide down to the seat of my pleasure, and, ever so gently she carresses my quivering buttocks, first lightly, then pushing hard into the mounds of flesh.

Then, with the heels of both palms digging into my flesh, and the fingers gripping me tightly, she rolls me over and takes my growing cock into her waiting mouth.

As she moves her lips over my now full-grown, (if not full-blown), pulsating organ, her hands will trace the movement in perfect counterpoint on my ass, jiggling the flesh around wildly.

While I was ready to come she'd insert two fingers hard into my ass, so that the whole lower part of my body would vibrate with pleasure.

L.N.
Ketchum, Idaho

"She likes to suck me to the accompaniment of rock music on the radio."

ENTRANT #9: LOUISE

When we received J.H.'s letter, it looked as though the envelope had been steamed open. One look at the cocktents explained why—he had included a picture of luscious Louise getting ready to perform her orale chorale. From the looks of things, the music in the background might be Reggae—watch out Bob Marley—these kids are really wailing!

In your first issue, you advertised your Blowjob contest, and after two months of heavy persuasion, my wife, Louise, has finally let me nominate her.

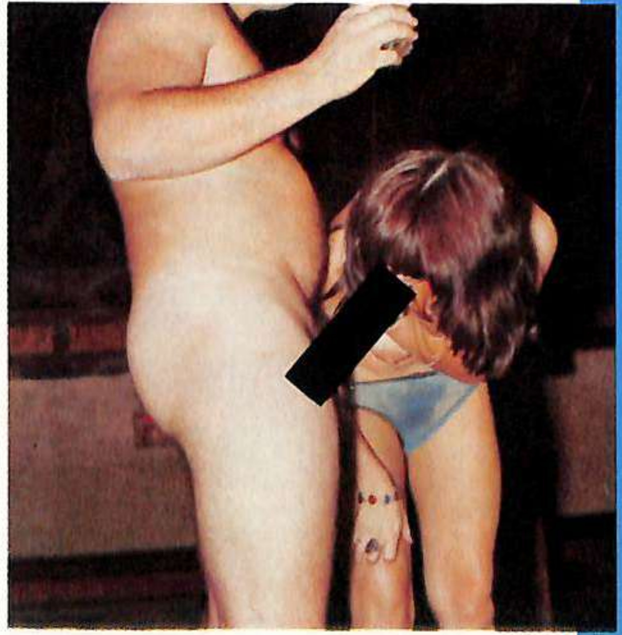
Louise, my wife, gives the best blowjob of any woman I have ever known—and I've known a lot of women!

She has this long, thick, tangled black hair that gets all over me while she's doing it, and the feel of it brushing my skin drives me wild before she even gets going.

She always starts by rubbing her thumb along the sensitive vein of the underside of my cock and lubricating it with k-y jelly. Then, when my 7½" are fully straining toward her she takes me firmly in her mouth and moves her lips slowly up and down the entire length of my cock. She likes to suck me to the accompaniment of rock music on the radio, and she moves to the beat, faster and faster, raking her tongue and lips over my balls and cock, while her hair mingles with the sweat on my inner thighs. When she feels that I'm close to coming, she concentrates her soft mouth on the head of my cock, humming to the music, which makes me explode, and then we moan with mutual pleasure.

P.S. We'd love to come to New York to collect the prize.

J.H.
Boston, Mass.



(Continued on page 24)

Well, we *blew* it.

Our first $1,000 Cocksucking Contest ended almost before it began, on July 30th. The response was fantastic but forty days was hardly enough time to begin to scratch the surface of America's fellational resources.

So we're holding a second contest. Same rules. Same prizes. It's for all you Janie-cum-latelies who didn't get your letters into our first contest.

Here's what we want.

We want any reader who so desires to sit down and write a 150-word description of the attitudes and techniques of his all-time favorite cocksucker. We want, if possible, a picture of her, and we want, for certain, a letter from her indicating that she knows her name is being entered in our contest—and stating that she will be willing to come to CHERI's New York offices to collect her prize.

A panel of experts will judge the letters. It will include CHERI editor Peter Wolff and movie actresses Kim Pope, Gloria Leonard, and Jody Maxwell.

The writer of the five best letters will receive $100. And the girl whom we decide is America's "numero uno" eater of weiner will receive a check for ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS in recognition of her skills.

At the same time, our readers are also invited to submit a letter of 150 words describing "the ultimate blow job."

The winner of this contest—our national Dreamsuck Fantasy essay contest—will receive a trip to New York and a dinner-date with the winner of our $1000 Blowjob contest.

Somewhere out there is a woman born to give head, someone who turns the grimy science of licking dick into an Art Form.

We want her. She's the Dream of a Lifetime.

And you can share her with us.

Rules:

1) Contest ends Jan. 31, 1977. Decision of the judge is final.
2) All letters and photographs become the property of CHERI Publications, Inc. and may be reprinted in part or in whole, subject to verification Model releases will be sent prior to publication to any persons whose pictures are under consideration to appear in the magazine.
3) You do not have to buy the magazine to enter.

Mail to: CONTEST, CHERI MAGAZINE,
208 E. 43rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10017.

CONTEST ENTRY BLANK/PART I

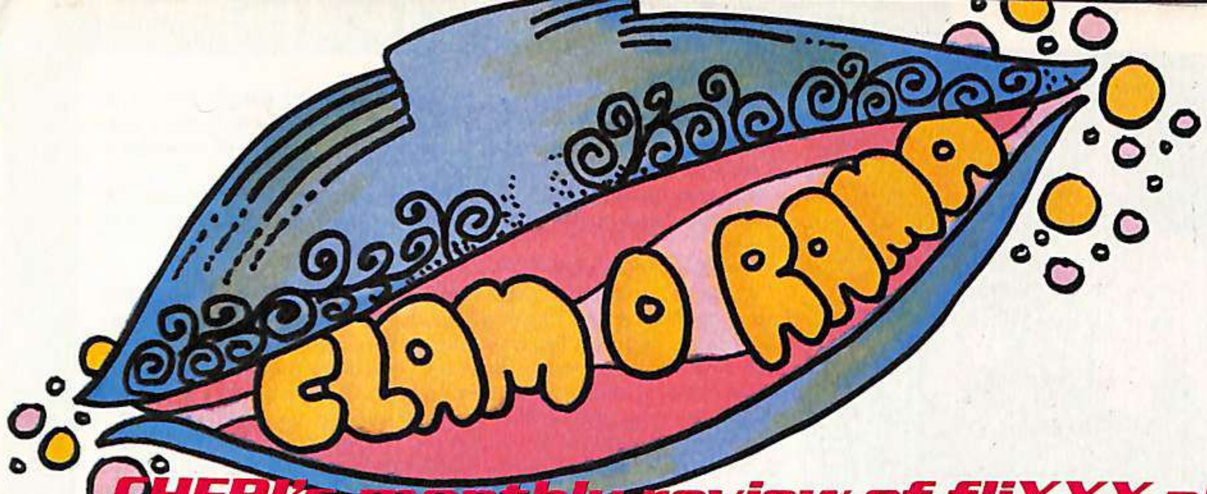
I am enclosing herewith a 150-word essay on the superlative cocksucking abilities of my ______ (wife, girlfriend, secretary, friend, sister, roommate, etc.), (name). She has enclosed a letter that says she will be willing, should she win the contest, to come to New York and claim her prize—$1000!

My name ______________________ **Age** ______
My address ______________________
City ____________ **State** ____________ **Zip** ______
My signature ______________________
My phone number ______________________
Her name ______________________
Her address ______________________
City ____________ **State** ____________ **Zip** ______
Her signature ______________________

CONTEST ENTRY BLANK/PART II

Please include my name in your First Annual Dreamsuck Essay Contest Sweepstakes. I understand that if I win this sweepstakes I will get a free trip to New York and a dinner date with the winner of your $1000 Blowjob Contest.

Name ______________________ **Age** ______
Address ______________________
City ____________ **State** ____________ **Zip** ______
Telephone: Area Code ______________________



CLAM O RAMA

By
ROBERT AMSEL
and
PETER WOLFF

CHERI's monthly review of fliXXX about town

EASY ALICE The ups-and-downs plus the typical ins-and-outs of a porn stud's life. Joey Savera gives a stand-up performance as the handsome misfit who can only get his shit together before the blue movie cameras. As his jealous girlfriend, Linda Wong—unlike many Oriental dishes—leaves a lasting impression for wet dream junkies. Leslie Bovee as an ever-ready wayward wife shares top quality acting honors with Paul Scarif as a neighborhood rapist and Bob Migliette as a neighborhood stud. Recommended for horny couples. (RA)

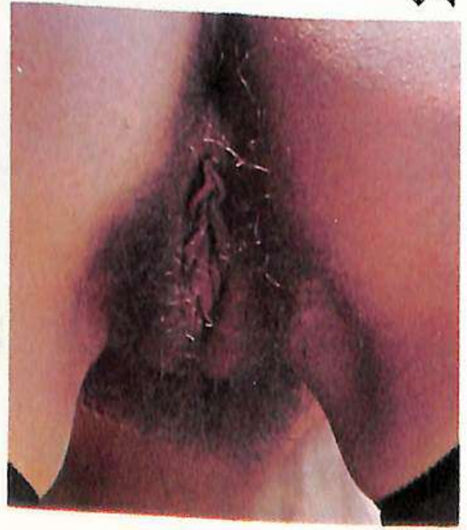
PEACH FUZZ A cunt-crazed student samples three delectable dishes: a Georgia peach, a New England tomato, and a French pastry—all of whom are finger-lickin' good. Garnishes consist of ass-pumping, mock rapes, lesbian duos, muff-diving, stick-licking, and the fun-loving fornicating we've cum to expect of raunch-maker Howard Winters. Stars Jeff Hurst, Jean Dalton, Hope Stockton, and Michele Damon as the rump-sex enthusiast. (RA)

SWEET CAKES The creators of *Honeypie* have given us a new series of racy vignettes. A Southern belle uses her mouth to get the South to rise again. A high school nymphette teaches an innocent lad where to shove his kielbasi. A sophisticated hooker gets tied up in knots over a Midwestern "john." Twin sisters give incest a spin and lesbianism a whirl. Jennifer Welles, Serena, Jean Dalton, Linda Wong, Brooke and Taylor Young, and Pat Lee could get a rise out of a dead man in this cum-coated marathon. (RA)

CANDY'S CANDY This is a foreign flick, full of the frenzied fellatio the French are famous for, and jam-packed with all kinds of other fun fuckery as well. This well-made film sports the most sizzling sister team in screen history, featuring Candice and Candy, a pair of Continental concubunnies who can out-French anyone. The action is non-stop and the cinematography is brilliant. Don't miss the cock-and-cunny-crammed office orgy sequence. It sets new lows in porno. (PW)

THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS Possibly the best erotic film ever made. Guilt and incest turn a rich, beautiful woman into a sex-drunk lunatic, who finds himself in a literal hell that would have given Hieronymous Bosch goosebumps. Some of the scenes are so breathtaking and imaginative Fellini himself would cry into his pasta from envy. As frightening as it is sexually arousing, the performances of Jamie Gillis as a dashing demon and Catharine Burgess (the Catherine Deneuve look-alike heroine) are certain to create the sort of fireworks one seldom sees on a blue movie screen. Filmmaker Jonas Middleton should take a bow. (RA)

TEENAGE SEX THERAPY Expert cinematography can't save this dumb-dumb surrogate sex story that takes place in a clinic where the so-called "patients" have no difficulty rising to any occasion. Star Annette Haven has the beauty of a youthful Loretta Young and the acting talent of Mighty Joe Young. Strictly for the die-hard and live-hard raincoat crowd. (RA)



NO NAMES PLEASE

RATED X

DISGUSTING HOLLYWOOD GOSSIP

By Telly Tall

(Telly Tall is the pseudonym for one of America's most-widely published gossip columnists.)

THE PHONE BOOTH BALL-BUSTER

There's so much available gash in Gollywood that VIPs have to go to great lengths just to keep their sex lives interesting. They tell a story about one producer, a meanass mother who'd fucked and humiliated just about every cunt in the business, who, while looking for a new face for a multi-million dollar spectacular a few years ago, decided to amuse himself in a very peculiar way.

He found this adorable, innocent, heavy-into-serious-acting young thing who desperately needed the "big" role. He offered her a key part in his extravaganza—but only if she'd satisfy one of his kinkiest whims. What she had to do was this: the producer set her up in an isolated, hilltop phone booth and then sent about thirty technicians, extras, PR guys, and even movie house owners up to the spot. For one day, this gorgeous prim-and-proper young thing was required to service their every need—without leaving the phone booth!

Well, even though she went through with this trial by claustrophobia and got the role, our heroine has never quite shaken the hang-over from this event. To this day, she can only get her jollies if she's fucked or sucks in a phone booth. Her telephonic proclivities have made her the butt of zillions of jokes and pranks by Tinseltown's stud community. "I'm going over to X's and get some *deep booth*," is just one of the lines.

This starlet-turned-superstar, who's accumulated enough lucre to decorate a palatial bedroom, still prefers it the Ma Bell way and has installed a genuine phone booth in her downstairs rumpus room.

"Before *he* made me take on all those guys that one day," she told me recently, "I was functionally a virgin. All I knew about was acting. I think three or four guys had seen me nude before then and I'd screwed two of them. Then, all of a sudden, I'm set up, totally naked, in this public place and three dozen guys start tramping in, taking me in every hole you could think of. One of them, a faggot publicist, even peed on me, the bastard. When I got home that night I stunk of piss and cum and blood and, I've got to be honest, the stench kind of turned me on. I think I keep doing it just to make myself feel that it wasn't so embarrassing or abnormal. Now, at least, I'm in control of the situation. I decide who and when to ball.

"Sometimes, I sit back at night and relive it over and over again. I finger fuck myself just imagining that the telephone is ringing. And I come more times than I can count." Our super-sexy super-fuck doesn't stop at simple fantasy fucking. She insists that all her many boy friends knock off a piece of her in all the chic telephone booths in Hollywood and Beverly Hills restaurants. She loves to have her dashing young men sit down on the phone booth seat and slide their stiff joints up her pulsating snatch. Pretty soon, in Ma Bell parlance, "all her lines are busy." With her, it's simply, "Dial M for Multiple Orgasm!"

THE TUNNEL-TWATTED THRUSH

Years ago, as one of the most adorable cuties in the recording business, she was on the threshhold of superstardom with a few gold records. Her blossoming career came to an abrupt halt when she met and eventually married the man of her dreams. After that she dropped from sight. A few months ago, she decided to come out of retirement and go back to show business. She's now well on her way toward being a success all over again. The one thing that is keeping her from being a suck-cess today, is the same drawback she suffered from years ago. She's a great cock sucker—but she *really sucks* when it comes time to fuck! And her cunt is bigger than any record she'd ever had. She totally frustrates all those guys (and there are tons of them in the recording industry) with whom she slides under the sheets. The minute a Big Man's prick shoves its way into our cutie's cunt, the honeymoon is over. She's so big inside that one recording industry exec suggested that she use her last Gold Record for a diaphram! Well, our former disc-queen is now praying for a new "gold". If she gets it, she's going to use part of its profits to sink into an operation to have her huge cunt sewn up into more realistic size and shape. "The only advantage to having a big cunt," she recently told one of her recording company lovers, "is that I have learned to compensate in other ways. I think," she proclaimed with all the pride any woman could muster, "that I am the best cock sucker in the record industry today!" No one who has felt her tiny pink mouth on their torrid cocks could argue with that self-appraisal. But, the name of the game is still fucking. And our cute cock sucker will neverbe able to win a hit in that department until after she has her hot—but huge—cunt closed up quite a bit . . .

TELEPHONE
DIAL M FOR MUFF
STARRING
MISTY ECKTS
AND
THIRTY DIRTY MEN

PREVIEWS OF CUMMING ATTRACTIONS

Next month I'll be telling you about the famed Hollywood stars who produce their own really sick porno movies starring their kids and their pets—And about the TV sex goddess who can't come unless she's the third person on a hot match . . . And about the New York author who can only get off if he's tied up and beaten . . . And about the Washington DC poliitician who has a big thing going with a 12 year old girl . . . Until then, do the best you can without me!

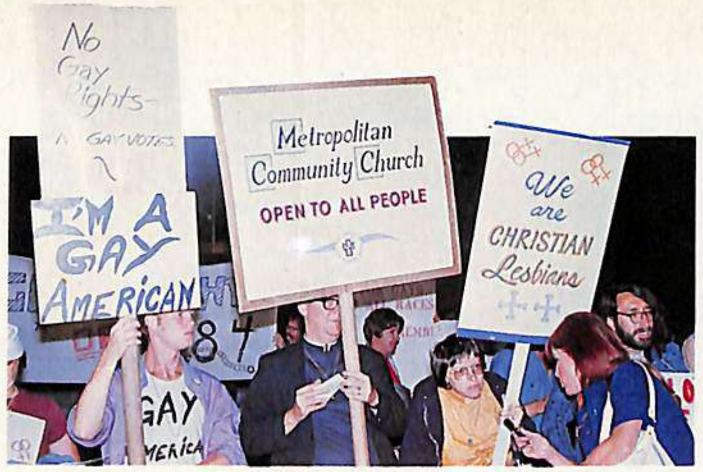
HUMPING THE DONKEY

By JODY MAXWELL

Jody Maxwell, political scientist and singing cocksucker, goes undercover (and under the covers) at the Democratic convention.

Jimmy CARTER for President
cheri
NEW HAMPSHIRE
IOWA
JIMMY
SOUTH DAKOTA
MONTANA
IDAHO
US

Photographs by Images Photo Agency



Demonstrators' darling with their favorite sexual orifice: the open ear.

It takes a tough cop to make a tender chicken . . . smile.

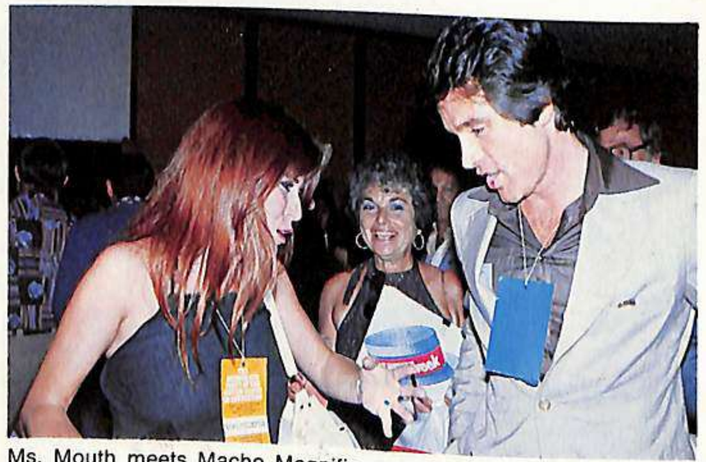
Throwing support behind Al "Dump LBJ" Lowenstein, one great guy.

cheri
DELEGATE

Turns out even a well-stuffed bosom is no match for a stuffy Southern delegate.

COKE FIENDS FOR CARTER
DO NOT CRO

Don't these people know what happened to the last coke freaks in groovy Georgia?



Ms. Mouth meets Macho Magnificence: Warren Beatty, even with his clothes on.

If you like peanuts, New York City was the place to be in mid-July. At that time. The National Peanut Convention was held in Madison Square Garden. Non-New Yorkers and television viewers throughout the rest of the country and world probably have called it the Democratic National Convention. But as anyone who was there, including myself, could tell, it was really the peanut's finest hour, and the coronation of the peanut's biggest hero—King Carter. Due to their heightened importance, peanuts were served everywhere in the city during convention week. For any club or restaurant to serve plain cashews would have been considered an almost treasonous act. So I, the rest of the press, the delegates, the pimps, the prostitutes, the natives ate a hell of a lot of peanuts—whether we liked them or not. I'd hoped they were an aphrodisiac. But no—they're just plain old legumes.

The New York weather was steamy in mid-July, but not nearly as hot as the horny, frustrated delegates and office holders. And why? The Democrats were afraid to fuck! Elizabeth Ray's mouth and pussy hung over the conventioneers

(Continued on page 38)

THE BEEHIVE

The Muffdivers of Motown and the Pussy Freaks of Pittsburgh

By HONEYSUCKLE DIVINE

Honeysuckle Divine needs no introduction to any serious student of the contemporary sex scene. A stripper by trade and a wildly original comedienne by craft, she rose to fame with the publication of her diaries in Screw. Now a full-fledged CHERI family regular, she hopscotches the country getting eaten out and taking notes on it. You can write her here at CHERI.

columns by liberated women
the cheri orchard
for liberated men

Greetings, art lovers! Before I get into the pussy eater scene, I'd like to fill you in about what has been happening since my diary expired in *Screw* magazine. My lover, Peter Lovejoy, left the Middle East and came back to Washington, D.C. to broadcast the news on a morning TV news show from January to December of 1975.

I got an apartment in Washington, D.C., close to where I used to live and I got a job in a striptease bar there, using a different name and doing a slow, seductive dance in my waist-length brown hair. No one recognized me as Honeysuckle, except on a few rare occasions.

A man who resembled Peter, except for horn-rimmed glasses and a blond mustache, eventually came to where I was working and a torrid romance evolved.

I worked until 2:00 am five nights a week and got up at 7:00 am to watch him on TV. I never missed a show except for when I went to New York for my movie premiere. I stayed at the Waldorf Astoria, courtesy of Buckley Brothers Film Co., and the service was so lousy they didn't give me a wake-up call.

Sometimes I fell asleep during some boring parts of the show, but I'd always wake up when he gave the news. At times, I seemed to detect a shadow of a mustache with heavy flesh-colored make-up on over it but I had no actual proof that the guy I met at work was really him or not.

After he left the morning news show, I wrote to his network a very nasty letter saying I'd never watch that show again. I'll bet I was the most faithful fan he had.

Since he got transferred to London, England, about the same time as I won my appeal in court in Philadelphia, I decided to put on my blonde wig and start traveling around doing my Honeysuckle act again.

While in London, he must have gotten in with the bondage-type crowd because the guy who resembled him suddenly started in with this mistress-slave routine—dog collars, whips, etc. He talked about so many frightening things, I became afraid to see him any more. I told him I still loved him, but I refused to let him in my apartment, as I was scared to death of him.

The last time I saw him, he said he wanted me to go out with him completely nude with only a coat on. Then, outside my apartment building, he tried to take my coat off and leave me completely naked out in the street. I have a hard enough time renting an apartment the way it is. I didn't want to get thrown out. He said he thought I liked to show my pussy in public because of that photo spread in *Screw* on the sidewalks of New York. But that was only quick flashing and not the same as going completely nude in front of my apartment building.

We have broken up now, but I know someday we will understand each other better. He wanted to be my slave, but I gave him his freedom. Besides, he was a lousy slave. I told him to take his dog collar off and burn it, but he wouldn't mind me.

So in February of 1976, I made my comeback in Cleveland, Ohio, after not doing my Honeysuckle act in over a year. Just before I went on stage, I thought perhaps I should have practiced a little. What if my pussy wouldn't do its pussy tricks as it used to? I made a joke about having stage fright so badly my pussy hairs were standing on end.

Somehow, as if by magic, the audience inspired me on, and I soon relaxed and my pussy was working as good as ever.

It was so beautiful to see all those people in the audience. I somehow never get over that awe-struck feeling when I look at them and think how fantastic it is that all those people come to see me. I just pray I can make them happy and I do the best I can and try not to worry about not being good enough. I just do my best and pray for the rest.

Cleveland has been one of my favorite spots since February of 1974. If a worldwide pussy-eating contest were held, I'm sure the winner would be from Cleveland. They really go *down*!! Even with the peanut butter on it. One guy stayed all day long and ate it at every show. He got peanut butter all over his face and would turn and face the spotlight. The audience roared. A lot of them would pull the pickle out of my puss with their teeth, and eat the pickle right there in front of everyone. One guy didn't understand that he was supposed to pull it out, and started eating the pickle as it protruded from my puss. He took two quick bites and I suddenly realized what he was doing just as his teeth hit my puss on the third bite. I pulled away by reflex action before he bit a chunk out of my pussy. The pickle probably had so much pussy juice on it he couldn't tell where the pickle ended and the pussy began.

Most of them ate the peanut butter sandwiches that I made with my puss as soon as I gave it to them. But, now and then, I ran into a few shy ones who saved it for later. One guy had a perfect excuse for not pulling the pickle out with his teeth. He didn't *have* any teeth and opened his mouth to prove it.

The "photo studio" next door was a cozy set-up where most of them didn't even bother with a camera. They took "mental pictures" instead which usually resulted in more pussy eating. I did get a couple of guys who wanted to fuck, however. I didn't have the strength to go to the studio very often because I got eaten out so much on stage, it wore me out.

We were at work from noon until 2:00 am every day, and 4:00 am on Friday and Saturday for fourteen

(Continued on page 26)

MIDNIGHT COWGIRL

columns by liberated women
the cheri orchard
for liberated men

By ELIZABETH DEAN

Houston's Downtown Nudie Paradise

Attractive, articulate, dare-devilish, ex-porno house cashier Liz Dean has already proved her mettle as a CHERI reporter be selling her body on the streets of Houston and buying a young boy for a night of pleasure. This month, she visits a downtown disco for a night of nudie pool and other unclad games.

While Houstonians can't compare pornographic institutions with New Yorkers (. . . yet), we do surprisingly well for an oversized cowtown. It's only been four years since the legalization of "liquor by the drink" and nine since the opening of the first hard-core porno house, the Capri. Who of us in the "business" cannot recall those days when sexually-oriented businesses were shut down as fast as they opened? Alas, we're in 1976, the year of the bicentennial. What was new and brazen for yesterday is on every street corner today. "Animal Lovers" plays around the curb from "Deep Throat," complete with mixed drinks and topless waitresses; John Wadd debuts in his first gay role, we have massage parlors where for $45, a customer can get the "Ultimate" (whatever that is), and there are more Novelty Shops specializing in the 25¢ arcade than Seven-Elevens. I personally can think of at least ten "Adult" book stores within walking distance of my apartment. It can have a somewhat dizzying effect on newcomers to our fair city.

But in the midst of all this mini-sinning—where the word nudity has come to be synonymous with the word sexual, Houston has something new to offer. Fantasia Nudist Nightclub, the first of its kind (in the *whole world* I might add) but definitely not ordained to be the last and definitely not to be considered of the same cloth as the "swingers clubs." Fantasia, spawned by Jim Chase and sister to the "Pleasant" Nudist Resorts, was initially christined, "The Dare-to-be-Bare Club," but Mr. Chase, deciding that for nudists to be bare was not very daring, changed the name to Fantasia for the second grand opening, August 13. The club opened back in February, but due to thirteen inches of rain, which in Houston constitutes a disastrous "act of God," Mr. Chase and his 700 members were forced to relocate to a drier spot in the heart of downtown Houston.

For anyone who is wondering how Mr. Chase escapes the wrath of the ever-scrupulous Houston Vice Squad, let me mention that there are no actual laws governing the operations of nudist nightclubs in Texas. Those illustrious men in plain clothes were forced to call upon Chapters 21 and 43 of the Texas Penal Code. Ch. 21 deals with prostitution and ch. 43 deals with lewd behavior in public. Neither of which you will find at Fantasia, much to the disillusionment of the HPD. It may also come as a disappointment to some, especially to those singles paying the $150 membership fee (it's $50 a year for couples which represents an effort to encourage tandem and family membership) with the intention of sexual gratification, but the most licentious thing about Fantasia (and, in fact, all the "Pleasant" Nudist Resorts) is the flashy red canopy at the entrance. What you will find is a relaxing and wholesome atmosphere inhabited by nice people without their clothes on. An atmosphere that encourages family and couple membership and even goes to the point of having a Sunday family day complete with pot luck dinner and afternoon Sunday School for the kiddies. I'm not from Missouri but a wholesome nudist nightclub has to be seen to be believed. So at the invitation of Mr. Chase, I, dragging along two of my gay friends, attended that second grand opening.

Upon passing the flashy red canopy at the entrance, members and members-to-be are subject to seven cardinal rules. The gist of these dealing with violations of the law, public sexual contact or discussion, profanity and vulgarity, and the photographing of members without their permission. Any violation of these rules results in the immediate revoking of membership, with the loss of your fee. This seems to be where a lot of the singles run into problems (mostly men, of course). The sight of a room full of naked people just causes some people to lose control. In actuality there have only been a couple of memberships revoked in the whole two years of "Pleasant" Nudist Resorts. New members who can't accede to the rules usually don't return. Applications are held in the utmost confidence and are transferred to a safety deposit box at the end of each day.

With the compulsories out of the way, I and my two friends continued on our journey. I had a strange feeling as I climbed those steps. It all kind of hits you in the face. You open the door at the top of the stairs and you find yourself on the main floor of Fantasia, the bar. Although the sale of alcohol is prohibited where there is complete nudity, members can bring their own bottles and are supplied with setups by the management for a fee of three dollars. At the bar we were given hangers for our clothes and directed to the dressing rooms. It was a shock to see a room full of naked people nonchalantly sitting around tables, sipping their drinks, standing at the juke box. I kept wanting to stare but staring was more than I could handle. I made my way to the dressing room—which was in no way different from other dressing rooms I've been in.

After undressing I turned my clothes over to Burma, Jim's wife. Clothes are tagged and taken downstairs to be locked up. Eventually Jim plans to have the dressing rooms downstairs with a locker system. After turning your clothes over, a tab is started for your party. Fantasia operates on an unusual monetary system. The cashier at the bar supplies you with whatever money you may need for the night. Such as for playing pool or buying cigs. The money is simply added to your tab and taken care of when you're ready to *(Continued on page 26)*

THE SLAVE TRADE

Bold and ballsy masochist liberationist Terry Kolb, a founder of the Eulenspiegel Society in New York has, we can now announce (with a sigh of relief), given up her job as Los Angeles' only professional practicing slave, to resume her amateur status. This month she reports on her recent efforts to begin a Masochist Liberation society in California. She welcomes your letters here at CHERI.

The Search for Submission, Hollywood-Style

By TERRY KOLB

columns by liberated women
the cheri orchard
for liberated men

Since starting a chapter of Eulenspiegel here in L.A., I have had my pick of S's. First was L., a tall Englishman who walked into the meeting with a pretty girl. That is an accomplishment in itself because most of the men in Eulenspiegel are hungrily looking. But, as it says in the Bible, "To those who have shall be given. To those who have not shall be taken away even what they have." Thus, the men who already have a girl seem to have no trouble getting other girls while the ones who start with nothing usually stay that way.

L. had a lot of charisma. He was a writer of books and movies. He had a reputation for always bedding a girl on the first date. That's what I later learned from a friend of his. When he showed up for a dinner date, he apologized for having ass-fucked another girl all afternoon. He didn't think he would be good for much after that. "That's all right," I quipped, "I don't demand sex on the first date."

"Well, I do," he returned.

We went out for a lovely dinner on the boardwalk of Venice and then I gave him a tour of the canals (as he had erroneously believed that Venice no longer had canals). The view was enchanting but, as night was falling, L. expressed some anxiety about walking around such a dangerous area as Venice. When we got to my building and stumbled over the drunks in the hallway, L. just about shit green. When we got to my pad, my sanctuary, L. started eating my cunt. I was waiting for him to get dominant, but he claimed he could only be dominant when he could put a girl into bondage and I did not have bondage equipment. After a while, I said I had to go pee. L. said, "Please use me for a toilet."

"Sure, if you want," I replied, resolving inwardly that I would never let this man dominate *or* fuck me after this. With a new potential lover there is always a certain tension concerning whether he will be able to compel me to surrender to his desires. It is a fearsome thing and I do not make it easy for a man. Let him "slip" once and it's all over. But if he proves strong enough, by simple justice I am his totally. A slave to do with as he will.

I mounted L.'s face in compliance with his wishes and started peeing. It felt like peeing on a plane with suction so great underneath me, that I would hardly feel anything coming out. L. was thrilled by my performance. It seems that most young ladies are too inhibited to do what I did.

Now he was all turned on and ready to fuck. Unfortunately, I was turned off and ready not to fuck. I admitted I was turned off and L. admitted that he had "some" submissive traits.

A few nights later, L. called me to interest me in a friend of his, N. N., according to L., was a "true master." He gave me N.'s telephone number because, as he said, true masters don't call you. You have to call them. I was interested enough to call and I made a date to have a drink at his place.

On the appointed day, I drove my Ford out toward Beverly Hills. The road became very windy and I ascended some extremely steep hills. The houses I passed got larger and fancier as I climbed. N.'s house was on the top of the hill. It was tall and imposing with a neo-classical facade. There were Rolls Royces and Cadillacs parked outside. When I knocked, a uniformed servant ushered me in. "N.'s at the swimming pool."

I should say, at this point, that I had started having paranoid fantasies during the drive up there which were now highly intensified. I guess I don't trust rich people. I expect them to be ruthless and to treat the humanity of the poor as something of little consequence. N. had assured me that I would be safe because he always had a lot of servants and visitors at his house. But what if his servants and friends were in cahoots with him? He could hold me there indefinitely. Keep me as a sex slave. No one knew where I was. I was really concerned. (This was the best part of the whole episode.)

I walked into the back patio with the swimming pool. N. was lying on a beach chair nude. He was on the telephone. I sat on the beach chair next to him and waited for the call to be over. When it concluded, however, N. made another call right away. Several phone calls later, I began to despise N. for his rudeness. I wondered if this was his idea of dominance. If so, it was rather pathetic, I thought. By then, I was also nude and enjoying the Jacuzzi and the swimming pool. But I was seriously considering putting on my clothes and walking out. That would show him! Just as I was at the point of doing so, N. finished up his telephoning and started talking to me. As he turned on the charm, I began to thaw. He was also an Englishman, like L.—but he was a Scorpio while L. had been a Cancer. He offered me a drink and I chose a coke as I wanted to preserve all my faculties. Then I worried that "something" had been put into it.

It was a trip, sitting there nude while servants and office workers were walking around fully clothed. It seemed a very arrogant thing to do. It seemed to emphasize the social distance, putting N. and his guests above all middle-class norms of modesty but imposing it on his employees. But, along with the trippiness, there was also a feeling of stagnation. It made one think, "All that money! Is this all there is?" What a bore sitting around a pool all day.

Eventually, we retreated to the living room where N. showed me a film about his business. He began by *(Continued on page 106)*

PICK OF THE PERSONALS

By RENEE ROUSSEAU

College Coed Needs $.
Slim, 22. . . .

The incredibly voluptuous Renee Rousseau each month reviews the cream of the sex ads, gleaned from such meaty marketplaces as the columns of Screw *and* Swinger. *Ms. Rousseau would like it known that she does* not *sell photos of herself but* will *trade her autographed Polaroid shots for pictures of readers' old ladies that she can use in her column. (And don't miss the sensational, widespread photo sequence on Renee in a future issue.)*

This past summer's heat wave must've gotten a lot of people horny because I've been receiving a lot of letters from folks who are starting to get involved with mail order sex fun. It makes me feel good that other people are getting turned on to the excitement of opening their mail to find a note or photo from a new long-distance fuck friend. What a way to get a hard-on!

The question that most people ask me is how you can be sure you won't get ripped-off when you send money through the mail to order these groovy samples.

Well, first let me repeat what I said in the beginning of this series—don't send cash! It's really fruitless to do so because there's no way to prove to anybody that you ever sent the money and it's too tempting for unscroulous types when they sense dollar bills are in the mail. (Some people seem to have X-Ray eyes that can mysteriously penetrate through any envelopes that might even *remotely* contain cash!)

So I'd suggest money orders as the safest bet. You don't have to sign your real name for them when you buy them, which is a relief for those who wish to remain anonymous. Plus, each money order is numbered so that you can always write back to somebody if they never delivered your shipment and remind them again that you have a receipt and would they please hurry up and send the stuff 'cause you're so fuckin' hot for their product you can hardly wait and . . .

—Nine times out of ten you'll get it within a week!—

There's no way you can be sure of not getting ripped off in this, like any other business. On the whole, though, I think most people who get turned on by these personal columns are into it mostly for the sexy good fun it affords. I know *I* wouldn't have spent as much time and money as I do ordering erotic paraphernalia if I constantly wondered whether or not I'd ever *receive* any of the stuff.

Anyway, I'm sure you're all wondering what's up this month. Well, recently I was thumbing through a leading porn magazine when I noticed a little ad that lamented "College Coed Needs $. Slim, 22, Almost Broke" running beside an overexposed photo of a good-looking bare-breasted blonde.

Humming "The Sweetheart of Sigma Chi" to myself, I mailed away my $3.00 in return for which she promised her picture and "details on more." I promptly received a brief handwritten note along with a black and white photo showing this young babe posed wearing nothing but an unzipped pair of pants that just about exposed her pubic hair. She *did* look like a college coed, for what it's worth.

Still, somehow this photo lacked any sort of erotic inspiration, and a friend of mine in the porn business claims he's seen the same chick in several different photo layouts, so she's probably into it strictly for the money. True, her ad claimed nothing more, but still I know I appreciate a little bit more of a personal note than she delivered.

Her note offered "3 more photos for $4.00 or a set of 'hot' photos 4 for $5.00." She didn't specify just whatmade these particular pictures smoulder and something tells me they're not really worth getting burned for that price.

Incidentally, anyone who advertises their personal products—repeat, *not* companies—and would like Renee to review them is welcome to send me samples of their horny products. Enclose a copy of the ad that you run in sex mags as well as what you send to people who order from it, whether your specialty is photos, underwear, etc. As long as it's good, hot material conforming to my rules (you remember I hope!) of C-U-M (*cost*, namely is it worth the price?; *usefulness*, does it deliver what it promises?; and *mileage*, will it continue to provide satisfaction?) then I'm sure I can find time for a mention of it in "Pick of the Personals."

What's in it for you? A chance to get a free nationally-distributed advertisement for yourself if you wish. (If for some reason you don't want your mailing address listed, that's okay, too) and a chance for lots of other groovy readers to find out what you have to offer and maybe get turned on enough to buy something from you themselves! Everybody wins!

You can write to me c/o CHERI, and I hope to hear from you soon. Happy mail-ordering!

DIVINE DECADENCE

The voice of the bloody-bue-unbowed, independent and sexually-liberated young woman, Hollywood journalist (and model), Maureen Murphy is former L.A. Star *reporter, co-founder of* Love, *and currently a writer with the* L.A. Sun. *Her perspective is a particularly contemporary one and truly fascinating because she speaks for so many lovers—male and female—of her generation. She gets her mail here at CHERI.*

The *Un*happy *Non*hooker: A Portrait of my Bust

By MAUREEN MURPHY

The Difference Between A Streetwalker And A Pedestrian

"Let me see your arms." So I showed the officer my arms. Disappointment filled his face when he couldn't find any tracks scarring them up. I smiled innocently. "How old are you?" he quickly popped the next question, "and let me see your I.D." I flipped out my driver's license and began to feel *really* harassed. "Officer, all I was doing was walking—one block—to the store for cigarettes. Is that a crime?"

"Not yet, but it was your *walk*." That son-of-a-bitch wasn't flattering me. I knew right away what this whole ordeal was about.

"Oh, so you think I'm a hooker!" He just looked at me. "Well, I'll tell you this, if I was a street-walker, I wouldn't be walking the streets of sleazy El Monte."

The bastard still didn't believe me. So he called in over the 'squawk-box' checking for warrants. And, of course, being me, I'd neglected to pay a few tickets over the past two years. I knew someone, somewhere, in some town wanted me to pay. Oh, how time flies—turned out I had *25* warrants for my arrest, all tickets.

He checked my purse for 'weapons' and instead found a baggie of pot—really dangerous! One more fucking ticket to add to the collection.

I still couldn't believe they had the right to stop anyone, anywhere for 'reasonable cause.' My 'reasonable cause' for harassment was short, short cut-offs, a skimpy blouse, and red hair—well red now, anyway. Can't they tell the difference between a pedestrian and a hooker? And if they could—how? A dress code? A style of walking? How about the way we swing our hips—is that soliciting?

Meanwhile, Senior Police Officer handcuffed me as if I was a cattle rustler. "Into bondage, huh?" I chuckled in his face. He was loving every minute of it, but refused to admit his fetish. But you and I know differently, don't we?

After my tickets were totalled up, they informed me that my bail was the same as the tally—$529.00.

They gave me my one phone call and I reached a friend with cash, who was there in 40 minutes. But it took them another *four hours* to release me.

Those dumb shits locked me into a holding tank, barefoot, with lots of blood and piss on the floor. I freaked. They brought me a pair of paper slippers, but they didn't help. One by one, officers would look in and make some kind of crack about my shorts, hair, legs, anything. But the icing on the cake was when the arresting officer stopped by and said, "Call me at the station anytime, and I'll take you to Stak's for dinner."

I thanked God that I was behind bars, because if I wasn't, I would have scratched his eyes out!

Maybe I've made too much of this incident—because I really hadn't paid for the tickets. But I refuse to give Uncle Sam $10 for not putting 10¢ in a parking meter.

But you and I know what's happening, don't we? We know my $529.00 is going right into someone like Liz Ray's paycheck—or to some Poor Whore trying to make it as Rich Bitch.

*****

Is *Eney* One Out There?

I received this letter from a prisoner awhile ago. It had taken some time for me to answer, but better late than never!

Most of the letters I receive are from prisoners. Unable to pay for subscriptions, they donate art work, poetry and anything else that might help pull together a reader-written magazine.

I'm printing the following letter from Mr. Joe Knight (an inmate at Tracy, California). I must add that I haven't edited his letter. After you read it, you'll understand why. If a picture can paint a thousand words, then these words can really paint a picture.

"Say Maureen,

I want this to tell you how I feel. You people are always asking for people to wright letters telling how they fuck and shit and like that, well, I am wrighting you. You can tell by this letter I ain't to good at writting, I had a firend help me with the last letter, but he went home so this one will have to do, if you haven't figgered it out by now I guess I should tell you I em in prison, in DVI. I have ben here for a few years and I still dont know when I'll get out. The only thing there is to do is read I try to read all I can get but it is so hard to find them at times. I hear a lot of talk about the mag but I haven't seen *eney*, are they being put out there?

Maureen I have to tell you that the pictures of you were so good I had to jack off five times in one day and I dont do that too often, you looked so hot like you was rilly getting off, was you?

"Maureen, I dont think you will put this letter in your mag. But if you do I would like to know if there is eney one out there that would like to wright a young hard dick man. I'm 24, have brown hair, green eyes, 5'1" 145 lbs. I hope to receive a fuck paper of some kind, if I do you will hear a lot moor from me. I have did a lot of things in hear and out there.

Love ya,
Joe Knight B-60728
P.O.B. 600 G-144
Tracy, Calif. 95376"

Of course I answered his letter—I do have a heart, you know.

Of all the letters sent to me, one third are from prisoners. One third of all reader-written magazines and newspapers are from men *(and women)* in the pen. They answer ads constantly. Most *(Continued on page 106)*

CHERI'S $1000 COCKSUCKING CONTEST

(Continued from page 12)

"If she was cherry — I was flip!"

ENTRANT #10: DEBBIE

Blowjob contestant #10who prefers to remain anonymous, (in fine poetic tradition), has obviously been transported to flights of poesy by his wife's super skills. He adds: "Giving head keeps you in fine fettle/While getting it keeps up your mettle."

My wife quite perfect was designed
to please my body and my mind.

The very first time that we met
Debbie's heart and tongue on me were set
Her mouth explored me, base to tip,
instead of talk, she gave me lip
If she was cherry, I was flip!
And she drank my cocktail, sip by sip.

And now, tho' time has left its mark
She still leaves hers, each night at dark

She starts with tongue along my shaft
She licks me fore, she licks me aft
She bites and sucks and knows just when
to tighten up upon me, then
she sucks me dry, to prove again
that my sword is mightier than any pen.

Anonymous
Chicago, Ill.

"I've seen men actually cry because she is draining their balls so thoroughly."

ENTRANT #11 BERYL

Beryl's hubby must have won all the prizes in school for "works and plays well with others," and also, "show and tell," for that matter. Beryl is nobly keeping up the tradition, and rumor has it that the seventh airborne division has put in its bid for the fall.

My wife, Beryl, is 38 years old, tall, and blonde, with blue eyes and is very well built. A few years ago, she made known to me her desire to suck cocks other than mine. Thinking that I could embarrass her and break her of her desire, I took her to a motel where a crew of construction guys were staying, had her strip naked, took her clothes, and turned the key to the room over to one of the construction men. Within an hour and a half, Beryl had sucked forty-one cocks, swallowing most of the cum. She loves to suck cocks, and is proud of being referred to as a Master Cocksucker.

Beryl's technique is this: She licks the cock until it is totally stiff, including the balls. Then she takes it into her mouth, and swallows the head, licking it all the while. She swallows often, causing the contraction of her throat muscles to squeeze the cock head and give pleasure, while she continues to lick the shaft. If she can open her mouth wide enough, or the balls are small enough, Beryl will stuff the balls into her mouth with the cock, and gently lick and suck until the cock explodes its load down her throat. She will continue doing this until the third come or until the man practically screams for her to stop!

If Beryl likes the looks or attitude of the guy, she will gently bite down on the cock and balls to let him know that she doesn't want to stop sucking his cock. When this has happened, I've seen men actually cry because she is draining their balls so thoroughly, and it usually takes them twenty to thirty minutes to recover enough to stand after Beryl sucks their cocks and balls dry. It is only in the last four years that she has really let herself go, and I now bring men home to her, as well as getting serviced by her, myself.

G.R.
Fort Worth, Texas

"I don't know who to watch, the bimbo on the screen, or this chickie doing it in the theater."

ENTRANT #12: GLORIA

Remember jujubes, pom-poms, chocolate-covered malted milk balls and those little pink and white candies on strips of paper? Well, Gloria's sweet tooth has found something more suck-ulent to suck on in the movies—cocks. Whether orgasming in the orchestra, mouthing in the mezzanine or blowing in the balcony, Gloria definitely steals the scene from the screen.

This is the true story of how I met my girlfriend, Gloria. I was in a porno movie house in Seattle watching "Teenage Tease" or somesuch flick and minding my own business when all of a sudden, I turn around to my right and I see this real cute girl on her knees, going down on some guy, real loud and slurpy. I don't know who to watch, the bimbo on the screen or this chickie doing it live in the theater. Pretty soon, I see the guy she's been working on to get it off and I figure, "show's over." But no, she works her way right down the row, never saying word one, and eating each dude till he comes. She does six cocks before she gets to me.

It was unbelievable. She just crawled up to me, zipped down my fly, extracted my joint and ran this beautiful head number on my pecker until I cummed way down her throat. Then she smiled up at me and went to work on the other side of me. Didn't ask for money, didn't ask for reciprocation—just spent all afternoon blowing every guy in that theater!

This is one honey I'm gonna have to meet, I said to myself. I mean, she was no skag. She was a cute number any guy would be proud to be seen with.

The upshot of it all is that we have been dating very steady ever since. I have never met any girl who liked to suck it as much as Gloria, or who has sucked as many. Even if she does not win your contest, she is still a big winner in my book.

R.K.
Belgium, Texas

"An all-day blowjob would be the pinnacle of organ-grinding."

DREAMSUCK #7A

This cocksucker will really have her "head" together when it comes to giving a man pleasure with her mouth. She will absolutely enjoy doing it. Afterwards, she will have that sated glow on her face from getting a man's all. Seeing me turned on will likewise turn her on to the point where she will be as sopping as if we'd been fucking for hours.

An all-day blow job would be the pinnacle of organ-grinding. My Dreamsuck will tease my cock all day long until my balls beg to explode. Her plan of titillation will be well thought-out. She will be a master at technique. Sucking ever so gently, she will awaken me with her magic mouth by engulfing one, then both, of my balls. After making my blood rush, she will tease my engorged cock with a selfish, single lick from my supersensitive frenum to the tip. Teasing my glans every minute of the day, she will keep me hard, but will never completely have my cock in her mouth. After sufficiently cleaning me, she would indulge my sensitive asshole with her talented tongue. To feel her tongue pushing my rectal muscles open and at the same time having my stiff cock stroked with her saliva-slick hands would drive me out of my mind.

And then, after I've been continually teased all day, she will finish me off in a brand-new cream blue Targa while speeding down Pacific Coast Highway. She will finally introduce me to the inside of her marvelous mouth while crouched over the console stark naked with her slurping, soft lips glued to my hard cock. With two of her longest fingers logged deep in my ass, probing and pulsating, she will make me cream at 1000 m.p.h. To satisfy the masochist in me, this lovely cunt will greedily swallow every drop of cum and continue to suck during that stage after climax when my throbbing cock is so sensitive. She won't be satisfied with just one cum but will tongue bathe me until she drains every drop from my aching balls. This connie-lingus would be a true wonder woman.

To conclude, as I have always experienced the most pleasure from giving, I would have to satisfy my Dreamsuck with my mouth to be totally satisfied.

J.J.G.
Santa Ana, Cal.

"She was my bitch-nun taking the eucharist on the curl of her tongue"

DREAMSUCK ENTRY #8A

I felt my lady's slippery fingers in my ass. Her mouth hovered over my prick. Her eyes were black balls against the black ceiling. She seemed like a disembodied face hung by an invisible wire from heaven. She was my Bitch-Nun taking the eucharist on the curl of her tongue, her clean starched habit open, her perfect silent body teasing until I would come forever.

My head was not together. I thought; "I'm not in church." There wasn't a black habit stretched over my belly. I was in bed on West 74 Street with my woman. Persistent hands dug at the base of my cock, softly milking it.

I couldn't come. I was sitting bare assed naked on the alter at St. Pat's. Kneeling on red velvet, my nun took my soft cock into her mouth. Releasing it, half hard, she poured wine from a chalice over it, then raising it to the cross, she mumbled a perfect prayer, taking my cock back within her lips.

I was hard in seconds. I wanted to hold back, but I couldn't. I came. Pearl ribbons coated her outstretched tongue, teeth and chin. It dribbled down her neck, between her fingers, sticking to her clean skin.

I watched, fascinated, as she slowly opened up her wild red cunt, rubbing the inch-long clit with her knuckles, like she couldn't wait.

I knew I wasn't in church, but all I could see was this half-naked nun and the stained glass windows.

Looking like the crazed pussy she was, she slowly let my cock go inch by inch. She kissed me and I tasted my bitter come as her tongue slowly dug into my throat with the most desperate kiss I ever knew. I reached for her delicate tits, but my fingers tangled in her crucifix and chain. I fondled the cold silver, putting it to my lips. We sucked it, our tongues mixing. My fingers twisted her ears as she came, grinding her cunt into my knee.

The dream was over. Piled neatly in the center of the room on a chair, I saw the layers of her habit, the rosary beads. The morning light streamed through the plants, and I held her crucifix while she held my cock and we finally slept.

R.D.
Winona, R.I.

"She'd be, you might say, a kind of sexy Helen Keller."

DREAMSUCK #10A

My dreamsuck would be a woman who is both blind and deaf and would relate to the world primarily through her tactile and kinetic senses.

My face is badly scarred from an automobile accident I had several years ago, and a lot of women are turned off to me, but my dreamsuck, luckily, wouldn't care about that. She also wouldn't know that I have chronic asthma and sound like a cross between Marie Drexler and Louis Armstrong.

She'd be, you might say, a kind of sexy Helen Keller.

Best of all, my dreamsuck would be a seething font of repressed sexuality—it's pretty obvious she wouldn't have guys hanging around her all the time. When we fell into my warm, rippling aquabed, she would run her hands over the entire length of my face and body, to familiarize herself with my skin and musculature. Then, she would start to lick with her long tongue, starting with my eyes, lips and ears, and continue down the side of my neck, chest, along my inner thighs, and finally, along my cock. She would cradle my cock in those sensitive fingers, and then gently stroke it to full erection. While she was engaged with my tumescent tool, I would run my finger across her clit and manipulate it until it was sopping wet and she was breathing heavily. With increasing passion, her mouth would trace circular orbits around my cock, throwing me into higher and higher pitches of excitement.

As my copious love fluid poured into her mouth, she would drink thirstily, finishing every drop.

J.L.
Detroit, Mich.

"To get him off I use every trick. . . ."

DREAMSUCK #11A

Like a bitch in heat, I turn on my guy
by rubbing my hand upon his fly
till a bulge signals to take out his hairy mound
at the end nine inches thick and round.
A pink-skinned beauty with veins swelling,
"Cocksuck me," its message telling.
up and down the shaft of his dick.
To get him off, I use every trick,
Masturbating him till I see a gleam,
on the tip, I lick off all his cream,
darting my tóngue into his piss-hole,
pounding and jerking his stiff pole.
Down my throat, I take the meat
He's so hot, he twitches his seat.
Mouthing it till his nuts burst,
his prick explodes quenching my thirst.
The salty goo of his spunk—
sucking on till it's all drunk.
Cunt and ass-screwing is great, I've said
—with my motherfucker,
but nothing beats giving him head
like a good cocksucker!!!

B.D.
Cleveland, Ohio

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This film is about a new bride and groom and the porter who upon carrying in the luggage is invited to join the honeymoon since the bride prefers two men simultaneously.
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THE BEEHIVE

(Continued from page 19).

straight days, and towards the end of my second week I was almost too pooped to pop. My puss hadn't had much action for a whole year and it was too much, too fast. It got to where I could hardly blow the candles out with it, so I would have someone eat it a little bit and recharge the batteries. I guess it was tense and tired and the eating relaxed it, because it was amazing how well it worked after a few licks with a nice hot tongue. My boyfriend, Peter Lovejoy, gets very jealous, so I'd better not go into detail much. He considers my puss as his own private meal. His real name isn't Peter Lovejoy, of course. I have to protect his reputation so I use that false name.

Sometimes, when a customer would gobble it up too long and not want to let go, I would tell him my puss is for the *needy*, not the *greedy*, and move on to the next eager beaver eater.

The theater owner bought a bar next door to his photo studio which is very elegant and has excellent food (the kind with calories) and drinks. The girls usually sat there and socialized in between the shows and photo sessions. The men would ask, "Do you do sessions?" They didn't refer to it as turning tricks anymore. I would reply "Yes, I turn sessions." But I am sorry I didn't have time to turn very many sessions. I hated to refuse people, but my act requires a lot of time to prepare for and clean up after, and I had about twenty different items I use that I seemed to be constantly running out of, requiring numerous trips to the store. I was lucky enough to get my ping pong balls at a sports shop close by, where I popped a couple out at the clerks when no customers were in there. They gave me a nice discount after that.

The girls I worked with were really outstanding. And so was Count Desmond who did a fantastic swordswallowing act and holds the world's record in that department by swallowing three swords at once. He said if the sword is put in wrongly it can puncture his lungs and cause instant death. He let someone from the audience put it in and dedicated it to an old flame, Lady Wafa. He had an ambulance waiting outside, but all went well.

It was good to see a lot of my old friends again, too, in the audience. John, a friend of the dancer, Pennicillium, was there and Archie drove me to a hardware store to get a new cart. A guy named Edward slid into the aisle to catch a ping pong ball as I popped it out of my puss. He said he used to play for the Milwaukee Brewers. Some guys from the radio station were there, too. They said Gary Dee never did go back to his job after I played "Jingle Bells" on his show with my pussy in 1974. But, he got a better job, anyway. A guy who resembled Howard Hughes was in the audience and looked frightened when I started to blow a fart in his face, so I just shook my tits in his face instead. He smiled at that.

After Cleveland, I journeyed to the Detroit suburbs in March of this year, and was overjoyed to see all my fans there, in Ecorse, Michigan. It was a larger theater than Cleveland, and some nights, we would get five hundred people at a time.

The stage there had a nice runway going into the audience, and a lot of eager pussy-eaters were lined up along it, just as in Cleveland. Some of the customers were very indignant because I wouldn't suck their cocks on stage. They named a few other girls who did and I believe them because those girls are known for doing that other places, too. I just joked and said I couldn't do it, as it would be copying their act and it is not professional courtesy. The rest of the audience got a laugh out of that.

Ralph, from Warren, had a very large cock and had it out next to the edge of the stage. I was in a silly mood that day, so I squatted down and let him stick it in my puss while the lotion was in it. The lotion made it slide in real easy. He also ate one of my pussy burger sandwhiches, and stayed for another show. He waited too long, on the second show, and it wouldn't go into my puss, because the peanut butter was all over it.

They told me there is a woman who goes there every Saturday afternoon with her husband and sits in a secluded part of the audience and gives free gang bangs to anyone who wants it. Some of the guys asked me to turn tricks with them between shows but it wasn't as cozy there as it was at the photo studio in Cleveland.

Busty Russell had been there a week before me, and stayed over a few days to rest before her next job. She let me share her hotel room with her. Deanne Stillman had written an article in a magazine in 1975 saying I thought Busty sends flowers to herself on opening day and just pretends they are from a sugar daddy in Florida. But while I was in Busty's room, the guy called her and said he really does exist, and he got a big laugh out of that article.

Busty has a CB radio on her car, and her handle is "Super Tits". I met a CB radio customer there, who said his name is "Captain America". We had a lot of fun with Busty's radio. I was amazed at all the churches advertising their bingo games in the paper, there. Busty went to one and won fifty dollars. But, I think she lost it in the next game.

Some guys gave me a hard hat and said they worked for the gas company and they all voted me "Miss Natural Gas". Naturally I felt very honored.

The owner, Bugsy Larry, was gone out of town by the second week there and the management didn't drive me to work at noon the way they were supposed to. Fortunately, my friend, Bambi the pocket-sized Venus, was working at the Park Theater nearby, and her driver, Deakon, drove me to work. I was very upset and could hardly keep back the tears the first day that happened. The people in the audience cheered me up and I was laughing by the time my show was over.

I worked with only one girl each week. A very pretty Black Velvet was there the first week, and the talented Bunny O'Hara was there my second week. She did a snake act, and one day, the manager didn't take her snake off the stage. They announced me, put a dim red spotlight on, and played my music really loudly for about five minutes, while I stood in the wings and screamed and pointed at the snake.

It was a twelve-foot long green python, I think. They say the green ones are the most dangerous.

Bunny O'hara did a very beautiful act where she lit sparklers by her pussy, I liked her real well and I know it wasn't her fault about the snake.

Someone in Washington, D.C. told me to say hello to Freda Ricks in Detroit, but, I never met her. I cherish my fans there, but the management was so awful to me my second week there I doubt if I will ever return. If I do, I'll work for the Park Theater where Bambi worked.

Next month, I will write about Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, and Gloucester, New Jersey. Bye for now. Please write, and I will answer all letters.

MIDNIGHT COWGIRL

(Continued from page 20)

leave. Why? it didn't take me long to discover the answer. Since everyone is naked and without pockets, this is the only way to do it. I was starting to feel ridiculous standing around the bar waiting for my friends (fags take longer to dress and undress than women) so trying to appear as if my belly were of the firmest flesh and walk the way they taught me back at Bay City Senior High, I spied a table and took my first nervous steps, positive that everyone was staring at me.

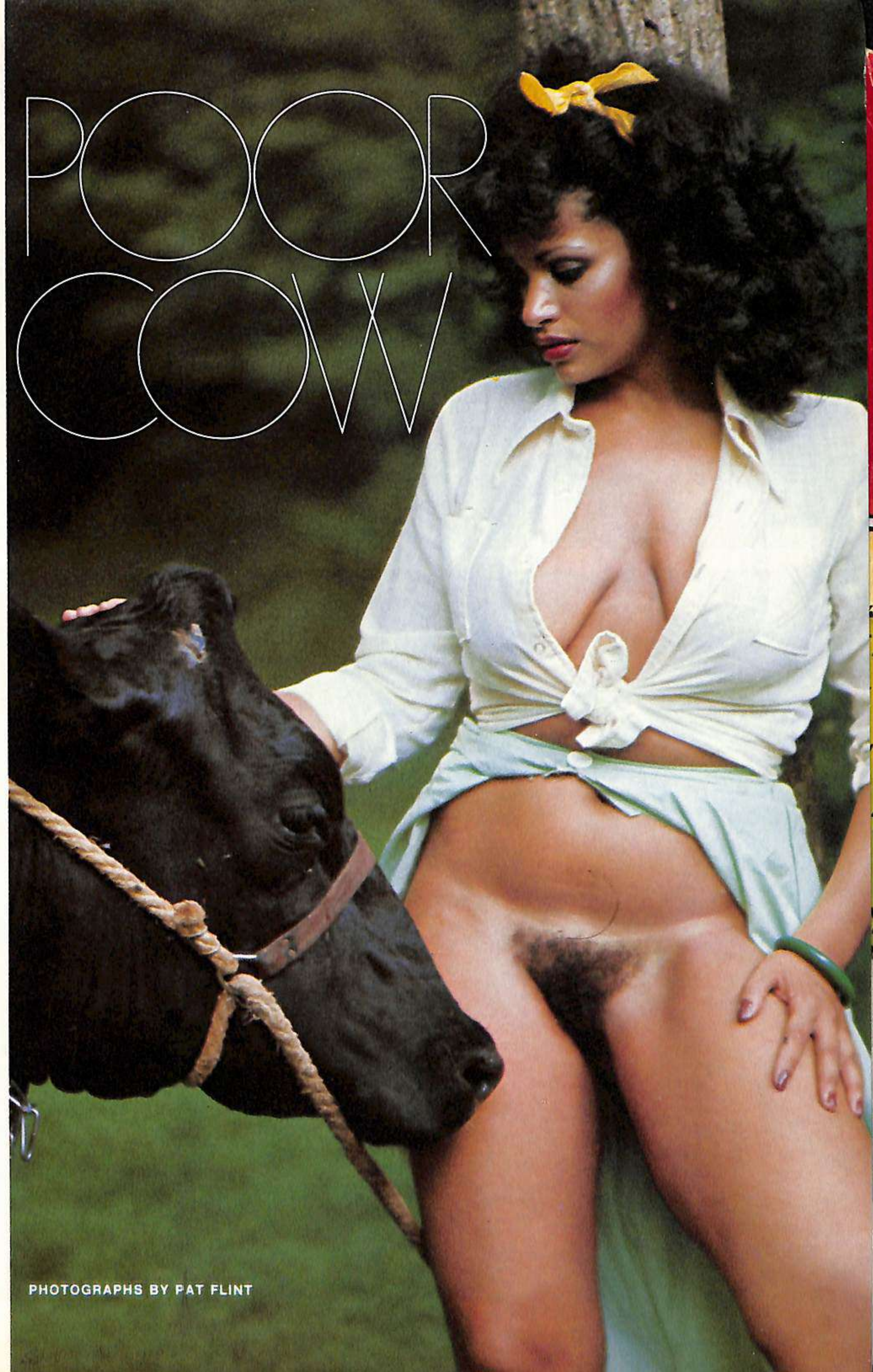
I was very skeptical when I first walked up those stairs, but after seeing nothing but friendly faces I began to relax and look around. The bar is the largest room of the five floors under Fantasia's lease. Dimly lit with very high ceilings and french windows overlooking Franklin Street, the atmosphere is more that of a friend's den than a club. There were various game machines and a dance floor for the juke box. In the next week or so they will be having live bands (nude) for the dance floor on top of the roof. To add to the feeling of communal ownership, the bar is a self-service affair with everyone taking turns keeping it stocked and clean. The rest of the building is under renovation. Eventually a swimming pool and exercise gym will occupy the basement with a sun deck going in next to the dance floor on the roof.

If nothing else had come of the night I would have at least gotten a good lesson in posture. You simply can not slump around like a hound dog when you're in your birthday suit the way you can in a pair of cutoffs and a CHERI T-shirt. So I'm sitting there, checking everything out, looking as sleek and chic as possible, when . . . (this is where everybody thinks violations of the law are about to occur) . . . a gentleman comes up to me and

(Continued on page 98)

"I was born in country sunshine, 'n' weaned on country milk. 'N' all I ever crave for is good ole country 'liquid silk.'"

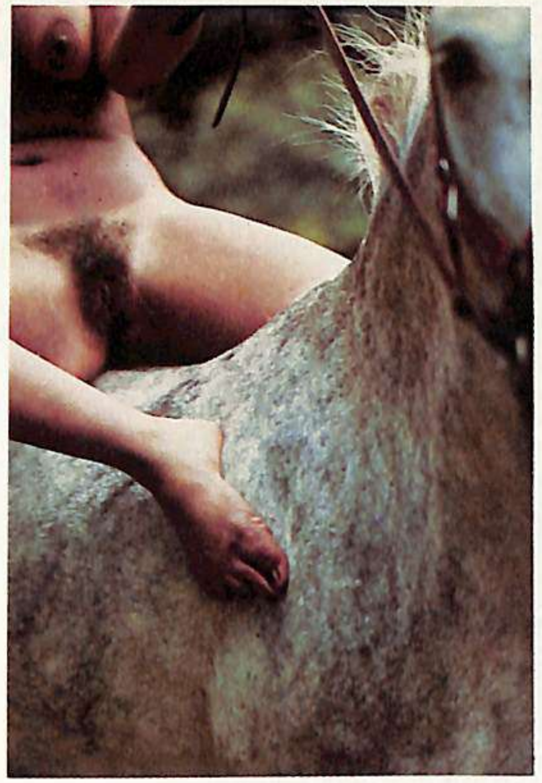
POOR COW

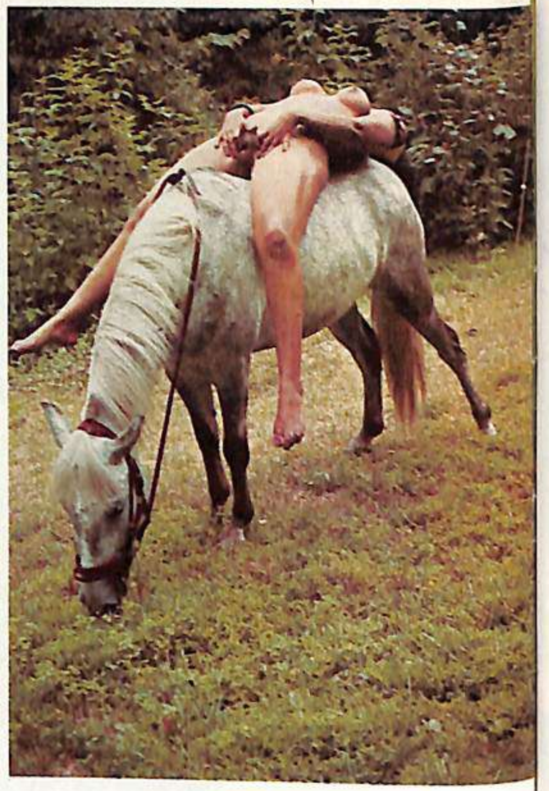


PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAT FLINT

Here, before your eyes, you have the answer to the age-old question, "How they gonna keep 'em down on the farm after. . . ?" They do it the natural way—with milk! Or as Ana puts it, "Milk-in'."

"It's all the same thing. You get milk from a cow, you get milk from a stud."





"Gotta use hands. Gotta use mouth. Gotta bring it all out of 'em. Every drop."

MONA: (TO MARY) You understand I'll be working on your husband's anxieties. . . .
MARY: Oh—yes! That's the most important part!

***

Mary Hartman is real life. Warts, indecent exposure busts, infidelity, impotence, compulsive consumerism, brain damage, small children who are allowed to consider themselves their generation's response to Reverend Ike. The show is one long sigh of unanswered prayers in this existence —missed connections, short-circuited fantasies, long-running angst— and so it was only natural that its inventor, Norman Lear, would hire a genuine sex therapist to portray Mona MacKenzie.

If you are America's most neurotic, not to mention horny, housewife, you are in desperate need of Sallie Janes, the beautiful LA actress who played the part. You remember Mona. "Tom," said Mary, "I'd like you to meet my oldest and dearest friend from high school . . . now I'll leave the two of you alone. You must have so much to talk about." Mary whizzed into her kitchen-kingdom. Mona, who of course was not her oldest and dearest friend from school, was hired to figure out why Tom hadn't touched his wife in months. Tom noticed that Mona was very attractive. She took to hanging out and coming on. The day Mary caught them in a clinch was the day the kissing had to stop.

The sexual realities of 1976 are the province of Ms. Janes, who has worked for some years as a sex surrogate on reference from a clinic in Los Angeles. If *Mary Hartman* is a tone poem of our nation's erotic insanity, Sallie has dealt with it all first hand. Her performance was, understandably, so true to life that she received hundreds of letters for advice. It didn't seem to matter that all that Tom and Mary had to show for her good intentions was a bill for $260. Sallie's authenticity leapt out of the boob tube in what Newsweek referred to as "a superbly nuanced treatment of a subject that had never been done before." Isn't she the girl of your dreams?

Lest there be any misunderstanding, let us make one thing perfectly and finally clear. Both Mona MacKenzie and Sallie Janes were sex *surrogates*. On the biggest level this means they were *paid to have actual sex with patients*. But not as prostitutes. As therapy!

D: How did Norman Lear find you for the show?

S: I used to work for him years ago, before he was a star. I was going out with his cousin and he introduced us. I'd done a few nightclub acts as a comedienne, the Purple Onion and the Hungry i, and we did a test TV thing about three airline pilots—but it was never aired. Then I stepped out of the industry for a few years—and then there was Mary Hartman. So I went up to him and said, "Listen, you used to write me crazy character parts, and I want to go back into TV—do you have anything?" And he said, "Tell me about that sex therapy business you're into." And away we went!

D: Did you feel the role was true to life?

S: Oh yes. I helped them write the part and then I played myself. Mary spent four weeks struggling with the problems of her sexuality, and finding out what a surrogate is. I got a big kick out of it.

D: Was Mary's rage at you accurate, too? If you're treating a husband, does the wife usually get that upset?

S: Mary asked me to leave after I'd kissed Tom. But I tried to explain to her that I only acted in my *professional* capacity—Mona was only trying to *help*. In my practice, some wives have felt very threatened, at first. Then my patient would ask, Could my wife come and talk to you? It would really ease her mind when I counselled her on what to do, and what I'd taught her husband.

FROM CURING HANG-UPS TO MARY HARTMAN:

THE INCREDIBLE REAL-LIFE STORY OF SEX SURROGATE SALLIE JANES

ILLUSTRATION BY GEORGE WINNICK

***

MONA: (TO TOM) As soon as a man gets rid of his performance anxieties, he can perform very well . . . I can prove it to him.
TOM: (SHOCKED BUT FASCINATED) But . . . do you really . . . have to go all the way with him?
MONA: I'm a sex therapist. I have to preserve my reputation.
TOM: Oh! Of course! I wouldn't want you to damage your reputation.

***

D: What made you become, as you say, 'One of the first sex surrogates in this country—and one of the best?'

S: I'd been a Hollywood actress even before I met Norman. I was under contract to Metro and I worked around the studios and did a lot of comedy things. I'd been singing opera since I was 16—I have a very rare voice, a coloratura. During her life, I was cast to do imitations of Marilyn Monroe on TV, because we were the same physical type . . . the sexy blonde, not too bright.

Then I had a bad auto accident, and I was in a wheelchair for a while, in and out of the hospital, and I really wanted to devote myself to my operatic career. I needed singing lessons, language lessons . . . well, it didn't hurt Marilyn, did it? She posed for that nude calendar and I became a sex surrogate.

D: But how?

S: I knew the head of a clinic out there, the Center for Behavior Therapy, one of the pioneers in the field. He kind of tippy-toed around the subject—he wasn't sure of me—

SALLIE JANES

finally he asked me if I knew anyone who could help in this kind of therapy. And I said, Well, I thought I could.

D: What kind of technique do you use? Masters and Johnson? I know on the show, when Tom asked you, you said, "We borrow heavily from Masters and Johnson—and everything else we can lay our hands on."

S: I really did become an expert. My patients would have been initially counselled by a psychologist, who would send them to me. I followed Masters and Johnson, and some ideas that Dr. C______has worked out at the clinic. And then, I'm very inventive . . .

D: Are you nude for these sessions?

S: For the first two parts of the therapy I'm fully dressed, even though they may not be. We proceed very, very slowly with a series of exercises on simple sensation—no breast or genital contact. I use a light touch, between a massage and a caress.

These are men, now, that are generally *totally* non-functioning. 40 year old virgins, men who've been impotent for decades—I even had quite a few students from UCLA who'd never even been *out* with a girl. Men who were wiped out on being failures and would listen to anything I would say. And it's a *very* long trip to full insertion. I can sense just how fast each patient should progress, to go just far enough so that he doesn't become anxious.

D: And do you feel that the full physical experience of a surrogate is the only thing that could save him?

S: Definitely! Behavior modification is the only thing that works. You have to get in there and *do* the things rather than sit around and *talk* about them endlessly. It's the same therapy for patients who are terrified of airplanes or elevators, it has to be *done*. That's why a surrogate is so successful.

D: How did you warm up a man to be responsive, after so many years of being locked up inside—a few kisses and hugs?

S: Oh no. There are many patients who would be traumatized by a hug. And kissing—I'm not a very kissy person, even with my own boyfriends. There were no guidelines when I became a surrogate, but on my own I hardly ever kissed a patient. And some of them complained of this to the clinic! My answer was, "Listen, this is structured therapy, it's not fun and games."

D: How about genital kisses?

S: No, I don't have to do that to get them aroused. And for a long time that was against the law in California, anyway.

D: The whole surrogate idea is very suspect in many legal circles . . .

S: Officially speaking, every time money and sex are involved, it's illegal. Everywhere prostitution is. There was a big conference at UCLA about the legal ramifications, and they tried to get a ruling from the Board of Medical Examiners to make it legal, but it didn't happen. We were told by a high office that we wouldn't be bothered as long as it wasn't a *front* for prostitution. There's never been a test case where someone was arrested for doing it.

D: Do you feel it's worth getting arrested for?

S: I know it's still a very controversial thing. I don't do it anymore, so I'm in no danger, but there were times when I did stop, when we were going to the capitol for rulings on legality. My patients were panic-stricken but I said I'm sorry, I do have to stop.

D: Is the idea of publicly admitting your surrogate past, as was written in *TV Guide*, upsetting to you?

S: No, but my agent's not too crazy about it. Everyone's been really fascinated, although not everyone knows what one is. They think I'm a kind of Joyce Brothers in a Beverly Hills office.

D: Are a lot of new guys coming on to you?

S: No—sometimes it even works in reverse. A man will say, You know, I'd really like to go to bed with you, but I'm intimidated—are you gonna grade me on my performance?

D: And will you?

S: I'm not at all a believer in casual sex. When I go to bed with a man it's because he's a *specific* man. I'm a very sentimental, romantic person and I love to be in love—sex is either love or money with me. But if a lover of mine does have premature ejaculations, even though it isn't a therapy session, just being with me will help him out.

D: Are you as aggressive with men as you were with Tom on *Mary Hartman*?

S: Oh no, that's not my style at all. I'm warm and understanding but I don't vamp anyone—*especially* my patients. That would produce even more extreme performance anxieties—that's what normal women do to them, and that's when they've always failed. I never come on as seductive. I'm there to make them functional following a definite therapeutic program.

D: Sex is so volatile—don't you have guys that turn on too fast?

S: Sure. Sometimes there are misunderstandings. A man will think I'm there to let him get off as fast as possible—when they don't even understand what getting off is.

D: Once a man has gone through your program—

S: Oh, I've treated lots of women, too. Many of them are nonorgasmic and have to be taught how to masturbate and get in touch with their bodies. I show them sensate focusing. And there are some married women who'd never been with another woman, but suspected they might be lesbians, and wanted to experiment. Others simply wanted to be better bed partners for their men. I've been very active in the women's movement out here. When I treat a man, too, I always explain the feminist viewpoint, and what really *does* please a woman in bed.

D: What's your success ratio? Can a guy really finish therapy with you and go out and screw his brains out?

S: There's no prescribed period of therapy with me, but I've had 100% cures. One guy saw me for a year and a half. He'd been impotent for twenty years, and I *finally* got him launched. Another man saw me every day for six weeks. I've had men fly here from Texas and Colorado and see me every day, and go back home. I make my own appointment schedule and they come to my apartment. We get to know each other very well.

D: Your own apartment—isn't that risky?

S: I could never work in a clinical situation—in a laboratory with a battery of tests and so on. Oh no. I have a beautiful, cozy apartment where I feel completely relaxed. I think my patients are much more relaxed in this type of atmosphere.

Once I feel he's 'graduated'—and the psychologist is of the same opinion—then he may go on to another surrogate. That's called 'transference.' And I stress that they're to encourage their real partners to *tell* them what feels good, to get it all out in the open, not locked up. So many women are so shy about this.

D: Shy, maybe, but not helpless, the way these men were.

S: But a man—every man knows what *he* wants in sex. He likes to fuck and he likes to have a girl go down on him. The men I worked with simply didn't know how to go about getting it.

We women have had men defining our sexuality since Freud. This business about vaginal orgasms is in blithe disregard of *anatomical fact*—we women come to orgasm only through the clitoris.

D: Well . . .

S: Masters and Johnson have proven *conclusively* that there's no such thing as a vaginal orgasm. That's the best place for a man to have an orgasm—but you can cut open a woman there, surgically, and she won't even feel it. It's just that a woman is conditioned to please a man so early in life, she doesn't know how to ask for what *she* needs.

D: On the idea of woman as instrument of pleasure—and what you said about being cast in Marilyn Monroe-type parts—did you ever feel as exploited as she was, when you were making the rounds as an actress?

S: I do identify very strongly with Marilyn. We've had a lot of the same experiences—but there was no women's movement to support her in her day. And I've had more education, and more good people helping me. She was criticized for everything she did, exploited and misunderstood. When she did that nude calendar and they asked her what she had on, she said, in the doll-baby voice, "I think I had the radio on." She was so adorable, but because she was an original, she suffered for it.

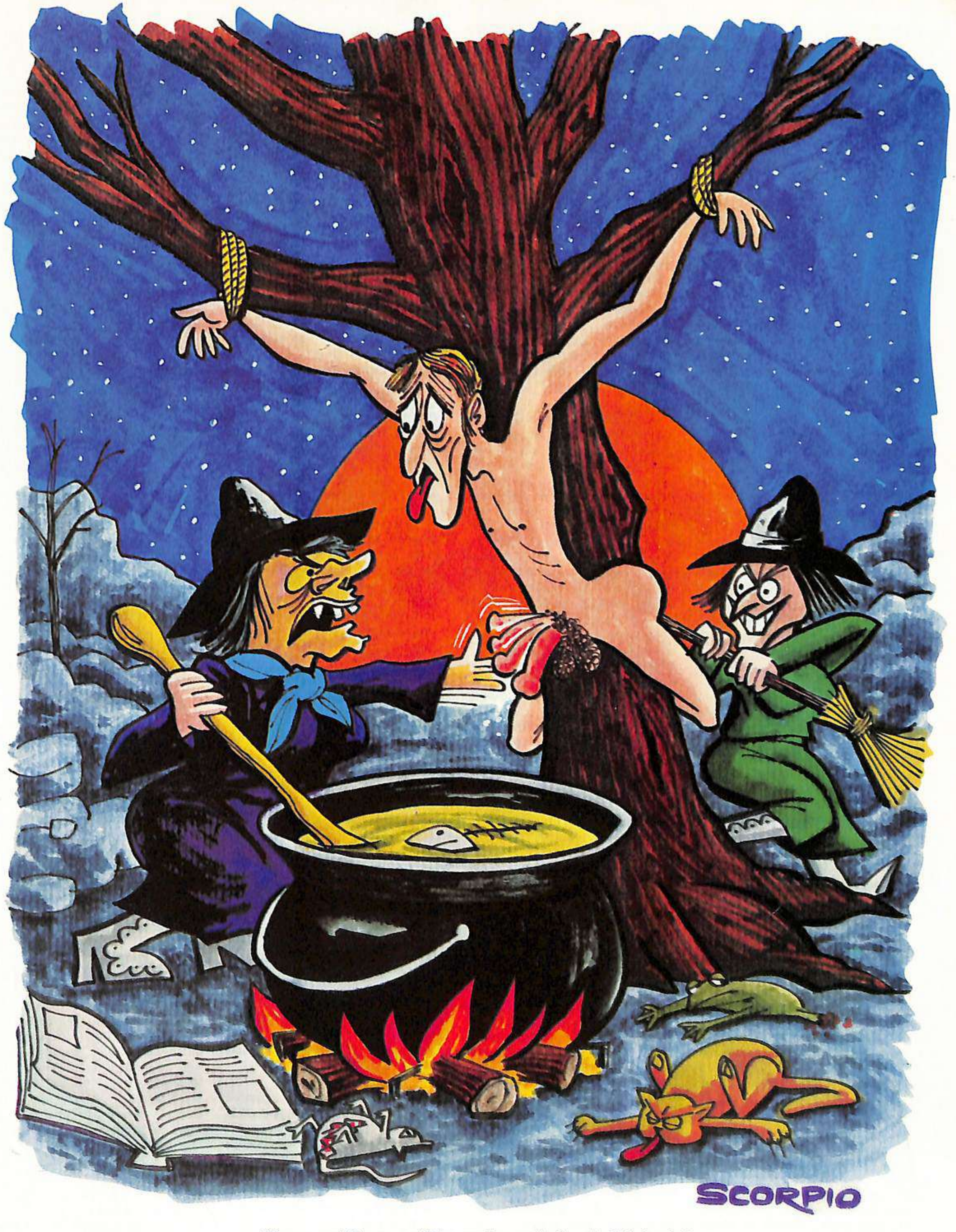
D: Were you as sexually exploited as she was? Even if a tenth of the stories are true—

S: No. I've been pretty lucky that way. One producer tried it while I was auditioning, and I said, "Oh, you want me to do *twice* the work—play the role and do you, too." He was stunned. "Gee I never thought of it that way . . ."

If any girl gets a part from the casting couch, I say, she's really earned it. Hollywood is full of beautiful women willing to go to bed—but what happens to them? They get passed around the studio and then the men are embarrassed to see them on set, so they're not cast. It's money, now—a producer chooses you on the basis of what you can do for the project, what you're worth.

When women can become architects and doctors and assume positions of power on their own, all this exploitation will come to an end. As it is now, I can't stand to hear a man knock

(Continued on page 112)



"Come on! Come on! The recipe calls for six full loads!"

HUMPING DONKEY

(Continued from page 18)

and office holders like a rain cloud before a flood. To a man, they were running scared. Most often, as was told to me by a southeast delegate, everybody was boozing it more and hoping to pass out at the evening's end. Having seen the sun rise every morning of the convention, I can verify this to be the rule. The booze flowed, and the sperm didn't. Eateries, such as The Stage Deli, across from King Jimmy Carter's hotel, The Americana, stayed open all night every night during the convention, because they were constantly packed with senators, congressmen, delegates, and press. I met some of the more legit people attending the convention at The Stage Deli, such as a leading speech writer for a Tennessee Congressman, and a lawyer from the Capitol, who was one of the legal "heads" of the convention. They both were extremely frank in telling me that they were drinking and eating because they weren't supposed to be fucking and sucking. These guys were sharp, too! What a waste of manhood.

The same night I heard about Carter's memo from one of his aides. He, supposedly, sent out a memo to his people that they were absolutely *not* to indulge in any sex outside their spouses, if married, or outside of a single, regular, reputable companion, if single, until after the November election. The memo, I'm told, did not mince words.

Liz Ray's softening of cocks was further proved to me when I checked The Americana Hotel's newsstand two nights in a row. The first night, the newsstand was filled with her paperback book regarding her alleged Washington sexual "conquests." The second night, it was practically sold out of the bedtime-bullshit book. And when delegates weren't too hung up about the subject, they would discuss this with me. It evidently was read by more Democrats than their platform booklet. A typical comment I heard about Ms. Ray's book was that "It looked interesting in the beginning, but then turned into a third-rate soap opera." One interesting thing, when drinking with these Democrats and hearing about their reactions, is *not* one person expressed any desire to sleep with Ms. Ray. There were no loose comments, even by the few convention swingers, such as, "Boy, I bet she sucks great cock!" Otherwise, those party guys talked openly enough about what they were doing in bed at the convention. They were a welcome relief, because for awhile, *I thought I was covering a convention of Sons of the American Revolution with the Daughters of the American Revolution*. The majority of the Democrats at the 1976 convention weren't like any of the freewheeling Democrats I know personally.

The Democrats who were willing to check out the bedroom scene were composed of various types. There were the ones who got drunk, but instead of booze pacifying their desires, it made them more sexually aggressive. For example, to escape a horny French reporter who was bothering me, I ducked into an all night deli across the street from my hotel. Inside, I found myself surrounded by mostly Florida and Mississippi delegates, some very drunk. One of the loosest was a man from Mississippi, whom everyone seemed to know. His face looked very familiar, but I just couldn't place him. From the conversation around me, I took it that he either was or is an office holder.

As I waited in line to make a purchase, he started flirting in that graceful, gentle Southern manner. Then he moved up to proposition level, and the charm wore off, fast. I realised that I was the only sober person there—me and the sales clerks. It could have been heavy, but I declined with a smile, and he remembered he was a gentleman, and left. Would you believe, the next guy in line took up where he left off? He started off by discussing artichokes. I'm crazy about food, but I wasn't eating anything with him. Once he got the message, a sunburned, bald-headed man tried *his* luck. I'd just gotten rid of him when a bunch of Walter Cronkite groupies (well—sincere fans, a bunch of women in their 30's) flashed on my press pass and begged me for an intro to their hero. What's not to love? After all, he's from St. Joseph, Missouri—only 500 miles north of my own beloved hometown, Kansas City.

The cocktail lounge of the New York Hilton was another prime party spot. I was there with my photographer, mingling with various delegates and getting my puss snapped with the big boys, when I encountered a happy group from North Carolina. They were all wearing blinking Jimmy Carter buttons. They didn't see me as another Liz Ray and agreed to an interview. I'll say right now that they were some of the nicest, most charming men I met at the convention. Cornball, but true.

These gentlemen had just enough of southern accents to be sexy yet remain articulate. During my interview with them, I discovered they were the real manufacturers of the blinking buttons, which are now collector's items. There were only 110 buttons, each handmade, and initially going for $50 to $100. By late Wednesday afternoon, a man paid $400 for one, following the A.P. release and after the entire Carter family began wearing them. Around the end of the interview one of the men insisted on giving me his own blinking button, which makes me one of the few owners of a truly rare and precious souvenir.

After we discussed straight politics and buttons, one of the men concluded the button talk by saying to me, "We even have a prototype made up with Elizabeth Ray, but there are only two red lights blinking—and we'll let your imagination run with you on that."

Then he added quickly, no, they weren't going to merchandise Liz Ray. The prototype was just to "play with" in the corporation.

We went on to a subject of greater interest, the sex at the convention. These were good-looking, well-dressed dudes—any girl would have been charmed by them.

One of the sexiest was a man named Ron. He gave me his full name on tape, but I would hate for him to be bombarded by millions of women, so I will refer to him by only his first name.

We talked about sex—what else? I asked him if he thought politicians would be a lot more cautious this year. "I can't answer for everyone," he said in that super-sexy Southern drawl, "but I'll say there are some very beautiful women at the convention. But to me it's really amusing, being a bachelor, 31—they're just not *free*."

What did he mean, exactly? Married, busy? No—it's just what a proper gentleman says about proper ladies. But if there wasn't much squeezin' of the charming, there were some interesting come-ons on the street. One guy told me he'd been approached outside the hotel by a madam and her two 'daughters'—with a fantastic hard-luck story. He was about to fall for the old con job when Ron came along to explain the facts of life in the big city.

"Now I've been approached," Ron went on, warming to the subject, "more by *married* women. I had an . . . encounter . . . with this one delegate Sunday evening. Her husband wasn't here. . ." An encounter! When was the last time you heard a man use that word? Of course I wanted to ask him if she was any good, but a Southern belle would never use that kind of language. The sweet thing would be shocked.

I'm surprised the three other 'ladies' got to his friend. There was a well-publicized police 'clean-up' of the area, sweeping the prostitutes and pimps off to the fringe areas where they wouldn't 'bother' the delegates—supposedly. The truth was, a lot of visitors wouldn't have minded being 'bothered' at all. Many delegates from small towns had considered "seeing" the girls on the street as part of their sightseeing tour. The street hookers are as much a part of New York City as is The Empire State Building. More than a few delegates—both the men and women—complained to me about this segment of the city's personality being cut off.

On the other hand, working girls were around and making themselves known in other ways. Margo St. James, national head of C.O.Y.O.T.E., and the various sister organizations held press conferences, and a demonstration for legalizing prostitution. They held organized, formal "loitering-ins," which were unique in themselves, but, unfortunately, didn't work as well as they could have because of all the publicity. In theory, women who were not hookers came to the meetings where they were given a list of instructions and petitions, called propositions, for people to sign, to change the law. Each non-hooker would dress in a blatantly sexual way and assigned a witness team (not of hookers) to watch her get signatures on the "propositions." Lawyers would be standing by. The purpose was for the housewives, legal secretaries, store clerks, etc., to get busted, and be freed immediately by the lawyers, and, then, to sue for false arrest. However, since the police were aware of what was happening, they wouldn't arrest any of the fake hookers. Without all the publicity it might have worked—that's what one of the officers said to me, any way.

Some prostitutes did try to practice their trade at the convention. They reserved nice

(Continued on page 62)

LIVE SEX IMPRESARIO ROD SWENSON:

THE BARNUM OF BEAVER GETS BOLDER

By
VICTORIA
HALPERIN

Illustration by S. PETER TURNER

Photographs by JAMES R. SMITH

Rod Swenson went from nudist camps to strip shows. . . .

. . . Now he's going from bump-and-grind to hump-and-cum.

To all those who swear they have no sexual fantasies, I shrug my shoulders sadly. As for the rest of us who are more familiar with ourselves, I would like to suggest Rod Swenson's sex fantasy theater, which is currently playing at the Show World Center in the heart of New York's porn district but soon to go national, encompassing a six-theater circuit. For your pleasure and to help you tap your fantasies whenever the need is most critical, there are five shows running daily and six on Fridays and Saturdays.

The basic formula is a crossbreeding of the best of old-world burlesque—theatrical, well-executed, and naked—

ACT 1:

THE JOCK GROUPIE

She's a gorgeous young chick with a thing for the sweatsock set. He's a happily-hung gonzo with a thing that gets up for youthful groupies. She gives him a seventh-inning stretch. He gives her a mouthful of spitball.

and the coarsest of our mental images, crammed full of bare-assed secretaries and big black mamas with tits full of milk. Banished are the $7-an-hour strippers with their gladiator breast guards, their pink sequins, and their scratchy 45's. The traditional bump and grind has been replaced with grace and whatever other sensual feats Swenson's performers picked up in dance class. They undulate instead of pacing the stage, but they offer their cunts for public scrutiny—legs spread wide and cunt lips turned out like petals—just the same.

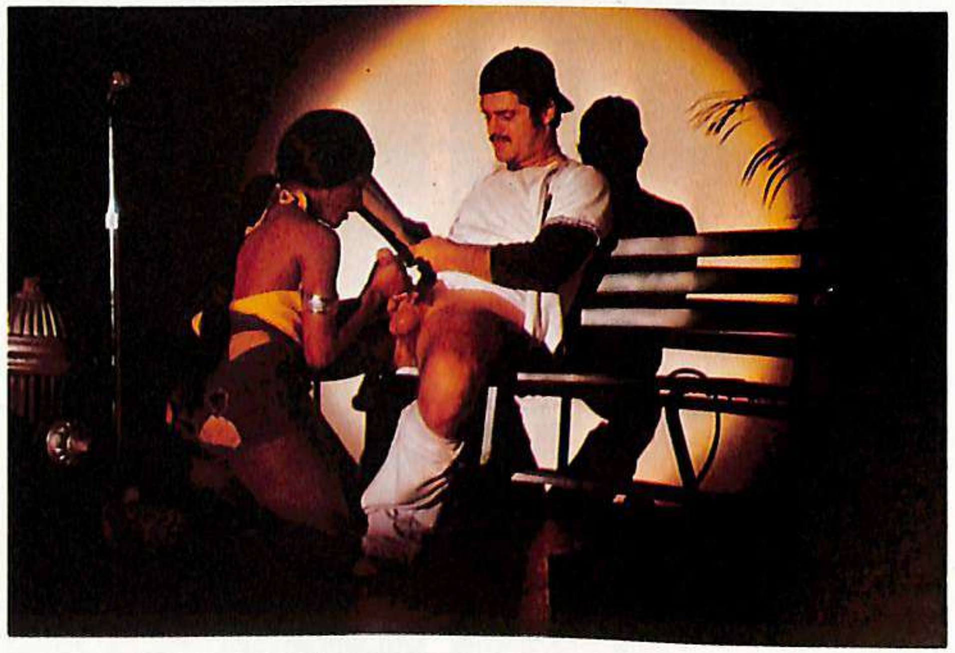
Key to upgrading the art of live sex is production, organization, and thought. The dance routines—Swenson increases the chances for a hard-on by using two or three girls at a time—are choreographed and rehearsed. The stage is set with a few props to give your fantasy a setting it can thrive in. The performers are dressed appropriately and not garishly, because your fantasies aren't nurtured as much by g-strings and baby-blue feather boas as they are by the shadow of nipples beneath cotton T-shirts.

The effect of Swenson's production numbers is titillation the way you like it best—saucy and undisguised—the way it's served on the subway or from a bar stool. A peak at the white pulp of a breast inadvertantly exposed by a casually raised arm is often as good and sometimes better than a bare-faced set of them flapping hysterically on the stage at the Roxy.

The difference is, of course, that Swenson's performers do peel off those polished cotton and crepe de chine layers of provocation to reveal a female panorama of bouncing jelly tits, cut-away waistlines, fluffy bushes, and grand orbs of ass scrubbed clean as a Hollywood starlet's that are a feast for anyone's fantasy.

The organization I'm speaking of is Swenson's own All-Bear Entertainment Corporation. A precious play on words, admittedly, but it falls into place with the occasional appearance of a fuzzy brown bear who is as able as anyone at fucking his little playmates from behind. After all, in the hearts of Americans, none is more sacred, was fondled more lovingly, was battered more sadistically, or was gripped more furtively between the thighs in the throes of youthful orgasm than the Teddy Bear. Besides it's a nice, ingenuous touch of bestiality, and Swenson is trying to touch base with every fantasy out there.

As director, producer, choreographer, and subsequent promoter and live-sex advocate Swenson draws on his own fantasies for subject matter. Though he was not involved in sexual theater before the creation of the All-Bear Entertainment Corporation, Swenson has spent a lifetime in training, and his creations have always been erotic, though perhaps pleasure-provoking would be a more accurate description. He directed theatrical creations that played the garage and the front porch as a kid and grew into an incorrigible and terrifyingly willful art student who fascinated and repudiated the faculty at Yale. They wanted him to be a painter or a sculptor, something precise you could find in the dictionary. But he wasn't either, and he isn't now. Call him a conceptual artist if you've got to call him anything at all, but minimal output and exorbitant prices, one masterpiece on the wall of the Metropolitan, is the exact opposite of Swenson's goal. He is interested in productivity that reaches as many of



ACT 2:

THE BANANA SPLIT-SPLAT

It's a touching scene, right out of LaVerne and Shirley. Girl meets girl at the malt shoppe; girl eats girl at the malt shop. A pastichio of cherries, nuts, and cream, served right out of the half-shell.

ACT 3:

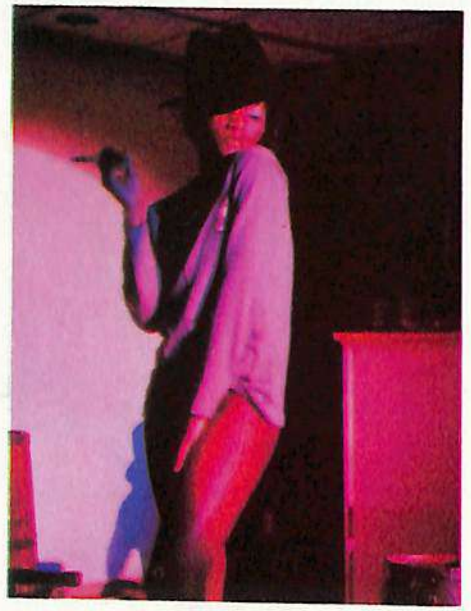
THE SENATOR & THE SUCKRETARY

Lizzie can't type; Wilbie doesn't give a shit. But he/she does give superior head. A little political playlet on a contemporary theme, that goes from tax loopholes to ladyholes and lady toes.

ACT 4:

THE UNFUCKABLES

Capone, Ness, and the Syndicate played out in drag, full of tommy-guns and poonytangs and authentic period stage props. A lavish spectacle, it's a good indicator of the lengths Swenson will go to decorate a pink shot.



us as have the time to look and the $5 to spend. Sewnson wants to share his creations with the largest number of people possible, in other words, in a way that's easily identified. Which, according to my own simple logic, leads me directly to sex, since most people are actively participants, not always knowledgeable but usually curious.

We can look at the All-Bear Entertainment Corporation then as a three-dimensional moving art form aimed at satisfying all the (Continued on page 91)

IS THERE SEX ON MARS?

Fiction(?) by Brandon Broderick

"I dunno, Fly-eyes," she said, leerily, "Those cocks of yours look awful big."

Illustration by Carl Lundgren

It had been almost two weeks since the last time GoHorace had made love to an Earthling. It hadn't even been very good. She was too old. Too ugly. Now he prowled the streets of the city in search of a mate. Most of the earthlings in Terra Cote were already taken by Martians and he didn't feel like fighting over a lay right now. Mournfully, he crossed over to the space station, his great tail dragging in the broken fuselage scattered over the streets. He watched the ships come and go, the passengers a mixture of every planet. He spotted a human girl among a group arriving from Regulis IV and moved towards her. She was young, well-built, and swept from his sight by another Martian she obviously knew. GoHorace sighed and left the station. It seemed like another one of those nights he would spend just walking on the plains.

He pulled his ever-present helmet over his large bulbous eyes and, turning on the air tank, departed the city. Before the United Planets had started to build on Mars, one could walk the plains without a helmet and breath the air deeply but now it was dangerous to go anywhere without a helmet.

Humans are such a bother. But their bodies are so nice. He thought back to all those warm bodies pressed against his warm yellow tummy, begging for his cocks. He felt his penises getting hard and took hold of the one in his tail. He allowed it to push free of its protective cover and inserted it in his mouth. He wrapped his long thin tongue around its massive head and slowly moved it up and down. Holding the other 14 inches with the four bony fingers of his left hand, he proceeded to lose himself in his fantasies. His antennae wrapped and unwrapped themselves while the tiny wings on his shoulders beat softly in rhythm. The hot semen shot into his mouth and splashed madly about before flowing down his throat in search of a home. He dropped his tail and moved on. He could spend hours playing with himself but it just wasn't as good as an earthling.

He idly watched an air-car skip across the plains far into the distance, its miniature body trailing smoke . . . more smoke than it should be. Suddenly, it dipped below the horizon and a flare of flame arose majestically as if to mark its claim. GoHorace stared at it for a moment, his antennae twitching for sound. Slowly across the plains it came to him—a woman's voice.

"Shit!"

Half-rolling and half-flying, he raced across the rocky Martian steppes. The scene that greeted him was one of total chaos. Doors, seats, windows. Junk was scattered everywhere and right in the middle of it all, nursing a bruised knee, sat the most beautiful blonde human he'd ever seen. Her well-formed, abundant body flowed lushly out of her tight-fitting white spacesuit. She looked up as GoHorace crawl-flew up to her. She broke into tears.

GoHorace's tongues shot out and quickly cleaned his face. A sure sign of arousal. Human females when they cried were so erotic. He worked his way through the debris to where she sat. She had such a luscious figure. She wasn't one of those sickly ones who tended to break if you got too involved. No. This one had meat on her. He reached out and touched her on the arm.

"Is there anything I can do for you? Perhaps help you back to Terra Cote?" She stood up and looked him in the eyes, tears streaming down her face.

"Shit. I go three billion miles to pick up a guy and what do I get. A fucking flying lizard!" She threw a doorhandle at the junkpile and watched it bounce off a rock. She turned and looked at him again. "OK, Fly-eyes, lead the way."

He stood and admired her for a moment. Her left breast was almost fully exposed through the rip in her suit. How he longed to run his tongue over it. To watch the nipple stand on end as he licked and caressed it. She was a good size and height for a human but he was still three times her size. He felt his penises harden and told himself no. It must wait til he got back to his pad.

"Are you sure you are able to walk? It would be no trouble to carry you." He hoped she would consent. How nice to hold her close and feel her body against his.

"Thanks, anyway, Bug-nose, but I'd rather crawl than be touched by you. Christ, how am I going to explain this to the rental company? It's the second air-car I've cracked up this trip. Well, how far *are* we?

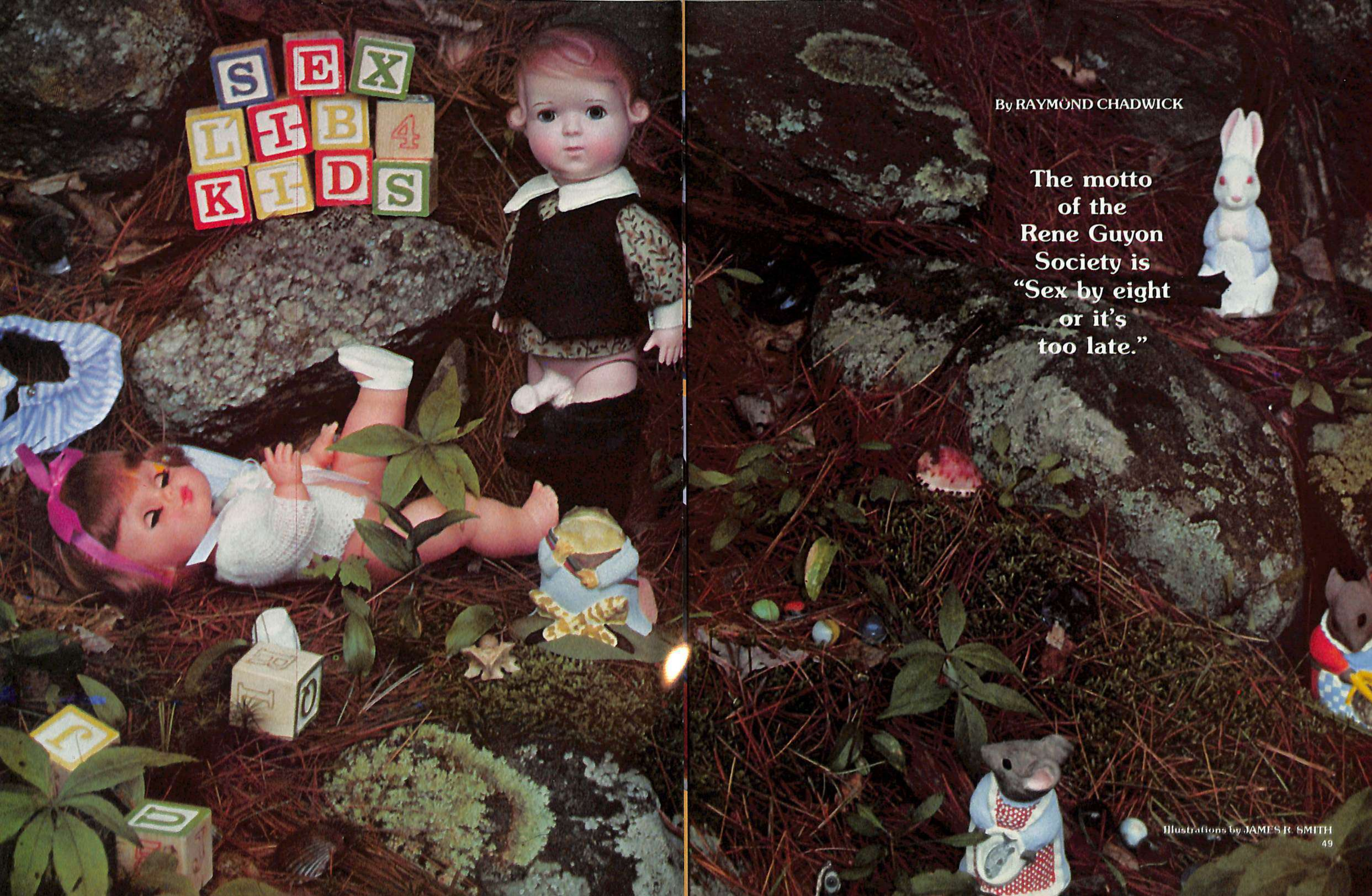
"Not far. Twenty miles or so. Are you sure you can walk it? It would be much faster if you allowed me to crawl-fly you." His antennae quickly wound themselves together and his wings beat rapidly in high hopes. If he could only hold her. He would put her to sleep with his Martian lullabyes. Getting her home and to bed would be no problem then. He could easily give her a little Red Rock wine, to humans an aphrodisiac, and then . . . oh Glorious Then!

"What the hell. If I pretend you're a horse I'm sure I could live through this. Carry away, Pack-mule." He loved the way human females talked. So flattering, always a nice word. She would be good in bed. His long skinny green arms reached out and pulled her sumptuous body close to his chest. His tongue shot over his face—it would be only minutes before they were mouth to mouth. He started to hum one of his songs and she was soon asleep against him. He allowed his fingers to move slowly over her body exploring every firm little inch. His tongue shot out again against his helmet filling it half full of saliva.

In a short space of time, they were back in Terra Cote and his living quarters. He laid her down in his massive gas bed and took off her helmet. He wanted to remove her clothes but decided to let her do it. He always loved the way humans moved when they undressed. First they thrust their chest out and then humped their perfect round fannies in the air. He removed his helmet and went to the bar. Picking up two

(Continued on page 97)

"I done deep throat plenny a times," she cooed, "But deep antenna? Thass a first!"



SEX LIB 4 KIDS

By RAYMOND CHADWICK

The motto of the Rene Guyon Society is "Sex by eight or it's too late."

Illustrations by JAMES R. SMITH

NIPPY DOES IT AGAIN!

In which Nippy Phillips, the Picasso of Pink, takes luscious Tricha Vest one giant step closer to the ultimate photographic photorgasm.

Photographs by Nippy Phillips

"Nippy's pussies leap off the page and snap at your nose."

If you were with us for issue #2, you shared with us the ballad of photographer Nippy Phillips, America's foremost paparazzo of pulsating pudenda. Nippy, it is generally conceded, established the style of most of today's beaver art. "One of these days," an admirer said recently, "Nippy's going to shoot a twat so close and real that it's going to leap off the page and bite off someone's nose." Now, Nippy feels that he's taken the style about as far as it will go. It's time for a change.

Nippy has a knack for getting beauties like Trish to really put out for a camera.

This, then, is Nippy's new motif: animals in action, animated by the liquefying afterfacts of ardor. Tricha gets into the assignment, grinding and groveling on the studio floor, popping open the floodgates of her ecstasy even as the Master clicks away, catching every drop in brilliant Technicolor. When the session is over, M. Phillips has once again established a new norm for his profession.

HUMPING DONKEY

(Continued from page 38)

rooms in the fashionable hotels and mingled in the lounges with the Democrats. They used various stories on potential customers, such as allegedly being stranded in the hotel by some former lover, who took all the money and disappeared.

While sitting with my North Carolina friends, I had occasion to watch two different women in operation at The New York Hilton. One of them actually came up to a man at our table and suggested sex and a price. She didn't see my press tags on me, or she would have taken off, I'm sure. If I hadn't heard the whole conversation this chick would have fooled me. She was dressed in the fashion of the delegates, about 35 years old, and refined-looking. I saw the other one in action about the same time. She was a long-haired, flashy-looking buxom platinum blonde. I went over and talked to her for a moment, and after convincing her that I wasn't an undercover cop, she admitted that she had a room there and was making a small fortune. She had approached a friend of mine the previous night, that's how I became aware of her. I also saw a black hooker being removed from in front of The Americana Hotel the last night of the convention, but I don't know whether or not she was arrested.

Leaving the prossies behind, there were lots of parties happening during the convention week. One of the more interesting was the party held for Al Lowenstein, a liberal New Yorker. The party had a huge turnout and included some well-known political and film personalities as guests. This was where I finally met the magnificent Warren Beatty. Yummy!

Upon leaving the party about 2:00 A.M., a couple of people from the *Daily News* invited me to join them in attending The Peanut Party being held in honor of Carter, in the upper 80's and Second Avenue. I must add, here, some of the most exciting people, in general, at the Convention, were members of the press corps.

Anyway, the three of us arrived at the party and were greeted profusely by the nightclub owner, who immediately had drinks in our hands.

As the party progressed one of the *Daily News* people started taking pictures of me, and they both inquired about my career, and my cocksucking-singing and vibrations. One of them who had seen my lovely clit on the screen expressed tremendous desire to see it for real. Hell, he and everyone there came close to seeing it that night! Not that I was drunk, but I was definitely feeling no pain. I was drinking good bourbon. My friendly *Daily News* guys were drunk!! The delegates at the next table began conversing with us. After all, we three were a combination of press and erotic film star and we were really getting outrageous. Everyone was sucking on fingers and trying to vibrate like I do on a cock. The men were doing it because I wanted to convince them how good it would feel on their cocks, and the women were doing it to learn. (Secretly, I love to get men all wrapped up trying to vibrate on their own fingers, because they look so damned silly, especially when we all have been drinking.)

The party was no doubt one of the happiest around. The delegates there were about ready to nominate me. I told them I wasn't old enough and I didn't want the job, anyhow.

Come Thursday night, the final hours of the convention, and I found myself on the floor of the Garden taping Carter's fine acceptance speech. After a while his utopian promises seemed to blend together, and I turned my attention to the Secret Service agents who seemed to be everywhere. It was a hot night, but they were so cool and collected—had they been trained not to perspire like the rest of us?

My tape recorder gave a loud click—time to change the tape. With my usual finesse I managed to drop the damn thing on to a pair of shiny black shoes walking by. My eyes followed up his legs to their owner—and his Secret Service lapel pin! How many years could I get for this?

I started to apologize, he started to frown—but then our eyes met and we both broke into smiles. He was so damned cute. Blond hair, dimples, a great build. He handed me my tape recorder and never moved more than a few yards away from me—for the rest of the night.

After Carter finished and the convention drew to a close, he came up to speak with me. Barely had we introduced ourselves to each other, when a dark-haired agent came by. This one came on strong and aggressive.

He wanted to go party, drink, and get laid, hopefully by me. The blond agent was more shy-like, but held his ground. In the back of my hedonistic mind, I was thinking why not the three of us? But I could tell it would never happen. The dark-haired agent, I might add, was from a different department in the Treasury, and was only on loan to the national conventions. The blond, of course, was a regular.

Finally, I was pushed into a decision. They were both appealing, but since I knew I couldn't pull off a menage a trois, I didn't want a cut-and-dried situation. Besides, the blond was such a dream, and his touch of shyness appealed to me. Too, my father has always said, "A gambler's first choice is his best choice."

As we were walking uptown, the blond agent told me he'd read the first issue of *Cheri.* One of his buddies in the Service had bought it, and they'd all read it. I must comment, by the way, I never knew what it was truly like to really feel secure in somebody's company, until that walk uptown. His training never left him for a second, even though he was off duty. He looked everywhere, saw everything, shielded me in traffic. I felt almost as if I were a member of the President's family. I remember thinking that I'd let him be my bodyguard anytime!

My Secret Service Agent and I had a wonderful evening. We attended some delegate parties and we had some cocktails. Finally, we ended up at The Stage Deli sometime before dawn. My Agent had taken off his lapel pin, but he was still loaded down with the secret service radio and other items. When we went in, I jokingly said something to Jimmy Glass, the night manager, that made Jimmy, in fun, frisk my lovely man. Jimmy was quick but looked thorough, yet he didn't find anything! After Jimmy left to get us a table, the agent said to me that he was sure glad Jimmy didn't work for them. With all the gear he'd missed, he had a valid point.

After we were seated, Jimmy came back and sat down with us and before I could be stopped, I pulled open my protector's jacket and exposed part of his arsenal to Jimmy. As Jimmy paled, the blond-haired Agent produced his I.D. The three of us had a good laugh over it.

After our pre-dawn breakfast the agent and I went back to my hotel, and, there, I learned that Secret Service Agents do perspire! And something else, as well—they make great lovers—at least my fair-haired one does.

When we began making love, I warned my sexy agent that I was expecting an early morning call from the radio station in Kansas City, and that I had to do a live broadcast, long distance. Neither of us was particularly concerned.

Near the end of our passionately wild lovemaking, Jay managed to call from K.C. So we lay there entwined, while Jay asked me all sorts of questions about the end of the convention and the social life that last night. This had to be the craziest live interview I had ever done. If only my good Kansas City friends could have seen me then, in addition to listening in their car radios on the way to their offices. In honor of them I did throw a little gift when Jay had finished his questions. I told him I had one extra comment I'd like to make. Then, I legitimately praised the men in blue (the New York City police), the security people, and the Secret Service for the excellent job they did at the convention, including being friendly and keeping their cool. I, further, added that at the convention's end, these groups, *especially* the Secret Service Agents, really let their hair down. At that point, my own personal Agent, with his cock in my left hand, started kicking me and hitting me *gently,* whispering anxiously, "What are you saying! What are you *going* to say!" I tried to smother my laugh, because that was all I needed. My personal friends would have gotten my message—everyone else would have thought it was merely an innocent compliment for a job well-done. I quickly told Jay goodbye before my beautiful Agent was, also, heard on the air.

When my Agent calmed down, he realized how outrageous it was for me to pull that off—and he loved it.

After a couple of more hours together my lovely protector had to catch a plane. I had been totally up front with him from the beginning. I said I might write about him, but would not use his name. Before kissing me goodbye, we made plans to see more of each other. My last thoughts before drifting off to sleep were, "What a way to end the Democratic Presidential Convention —and—yea!!—without any peanuts!"

SACRAMENT OF THE SACRED FUCK

By ALLAN EARLE

Photographs from the OMcollection

OM and his spread-posing nun-goddesses are blazing new trails in erotic religion.

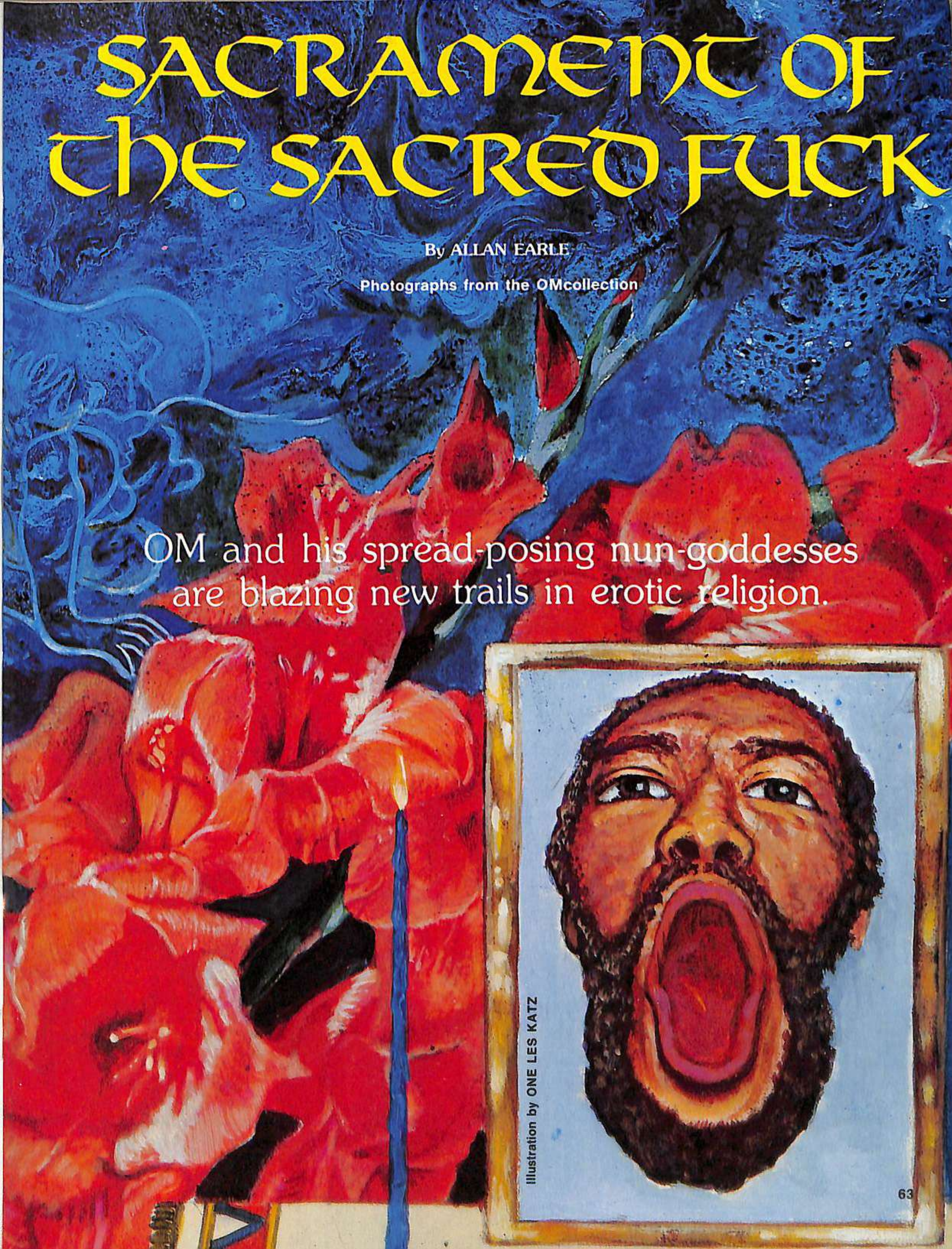


Illustration by ONE LES KATZ

Even though it is true that only special OMLovers may be present when the ArchMaster places His Most Worshipfully Potent Phallus into the Love-Goddess' Heavenly Vagina and begins by His Supreme Phallic Thrusts and Rotations to enlighten and purify all heavenly and earthly spirits and inhabitants, yet, out of his Divinest Love and Mercy, OM has made motion pictures and photographs of these holiest occasions available for showing to a goodwilled devotional public who can appreciate that OM's Most Lovable Nudity and Divinest Copulation with His Holy Brides do not incite to lust, but rather purify the mind and senses, civilize base passions, and enhance self control.
—from *RVIISL*

Over the past decade, dozens of newly-minted religious sects have flirted with sex and sensuality as an adjunct to their particular forms of worship.

Now, into a world seemingly ripe for a highly-erotic, phallicly-charged faith, a new religion has emerged which offers full-bloomed, hard-core sexuality as the focal point for its rituals and texts.

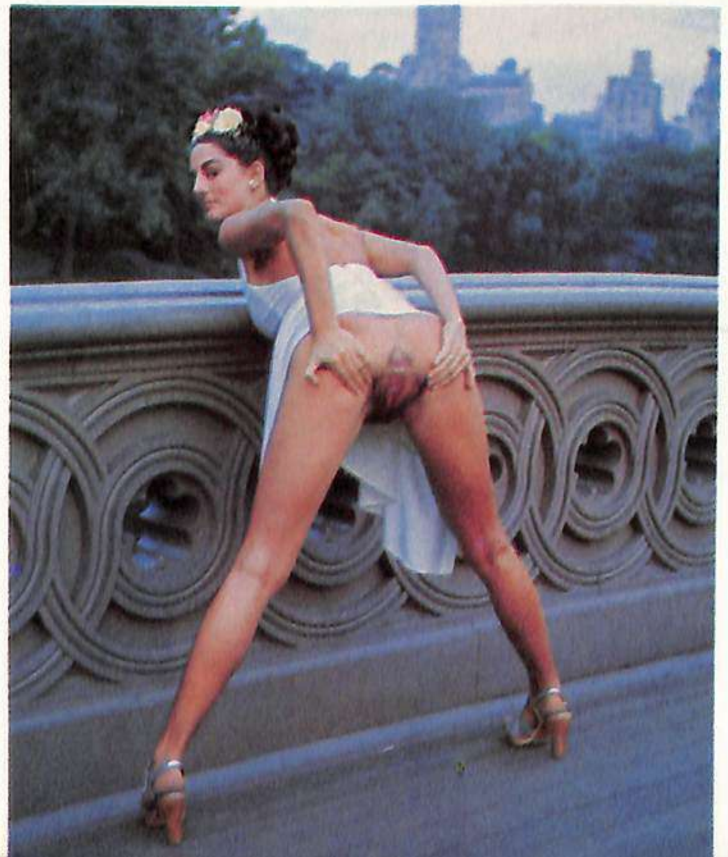
The movement is called OMLovers and it is full of very iffy facets. It is orgiastic, almost Dionysian, in temperament—yet it uses as its spiritual base, the oldest, most sacred teachings we know. It is dead serious—yet its face is rowdy, even bawdy.

Its God is a universal principle—but, in its workings, the universal principle turns out to be a handsome, ethereal black man.

It borrows motifs from Yoga, from Zen, and from Zarathustra—yet it is equally at home with images borrowed wholesale from the pages of *Screw* and *Hustler.*

LADY INSPIRATION

"Flowers and vaginas are one and the same," says Lady Inspiration, the brunette stunner who is responsible for most of the OMLover writings. Bright and articulate, she is currently working on a movie script, *The Erotic Mountain.*



OMLoving is a curious blend of very hip, very trendy stripjoint hucksterism combined with a very ancient, very sedate liturgy.

After all, how many religions can you name in which priestesses offer wide-open, super-pink snapshots of themselves as a form of sacrament—or in which marriages are performed in a spectacle of public finger-fucking and cock-sucking?

(40) Very difficult indeed is it for the polluted conscience of man (woman) to understand that (correctly enjoined) Fucking is Perfect. "But God does not have to fuck," is always the conditioned response. Nevertheless, it is not a subject of what "God" has to do; it is rather, and always, a subject of what "God" has a Right to do.—from *Reality vs. Illusion in Sacramental Life.*

The role of the temporal leader, OM, in this congregation is staggeringly all-powerful. He manipulates his

The films and photos all admirably convey the theme that OM is the Purifier and AllPotent Redeemer in this Age of Kali. Sincere seekers of redemption are not ashamed of seeing these films, even in the company of their whole family. . . . They are not ashamed of owning such pictures of OM in Holy Copulation, or framing such pictures and hanging them in clear sight in the home.
—from *RVIISL*

LADY LOVELIGHT

A gorgeous blonde, LoveLight OM is the sect's goddess of marriage and, as such, presides over the group's wildly sexual nuptial rites. "Marriage is the supreme yoga," she explains. LoveLight also gives home study courses in "the road to erotic life."

Pornography is defined as depictions of prostitution. All eroticism between persons ignorant of its divine meaning and purpose, and enacted outside of the holy prescriptions of OM (which prescriptions are ineluctibly aimed toward the recovery of Paradise) is prostitution. Moreover, pictures of anything or any activity not properly dedicated to OM is pornography, and any endeavor whatsoever not dedicated to OM is most correctly labeled as prostitution. —from *RVIISL*

OMPERFECTION

"I am the perfection of OM's love," says this lovely priestess who serves as the group's goddess of fertility and child-rearing. Says Perfection, "OM's brides must fix their attention on the initial penetration of OM's phallus all day long while chanting."

many love-goddesses in a complete and total manner. He is the Pimp-Pope, so to speak, acting in accordance with his will as it reveals ancient truths.

Under most circumstances, OM's little band would be both suspect and laughable, yet the group's texts, self-written, are serious, intelligent, provocative, and carefully dogmatic, drawing from the full library of antique wisdoms. OMLovers are orgiastic, but not promiscuous; erotic but not pornographic. They are against "sexual liberation" yet act liberated. They subjugate women to the OM, yet are more feminist than most sexual freedom movements. Their rituals make you feel; their writings make you think.

(10) In obedience to OM, the OMLover faithfully attends Temple erotic Communion where erotic sacraments are offered. Why he (she) does this is because he (she) has been ordered to do it. Along with having been ordered to do it, he (she), the OMLover, has been given the Divine Assurance from OM, Who is authorized to know, that by so regularly making this prescribed sacred offering, he (she) will come to be reunited with OM. . . .—from *Reality vs. Illusion in Sacramental Life.*

"Sacred Fucking" is the single-most holy act an OM-Lover can perform, according to Lady LoveLight, a hazel-eyed blonde goddess who holds a special position within this unwordly congregation.

"It is through the vibrations given off by the rhythmic gyrations of the genitals that the entire universe is regulated," says LoveLight OM.

OM, to his flock—who are peppered throughout every major city in the US—is God Almighty personified. He speaks in metaphor and mantara but to an outsider, he appears to be a hefty, 6'-4", 40-year-old black man with a very spacey wardrobe.

The sect's most common mantra is "All Beings are

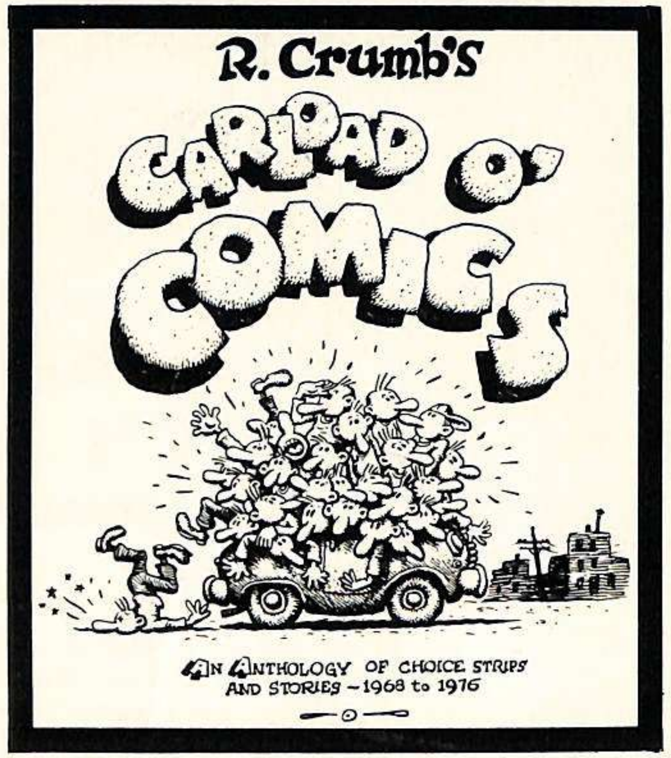
(Continued on page 76)

R. CRUMB'S
CARLOAD O'COMICS
ADULTS ONLY!
IT'S THE CREME DE LA CRUMB!
R. Crumb

To remove your special comic book from the magazine, simply yank all 20 pages at once. This comic book contains its own staples. It will not fall apart when removed from the magazine.

Pornography is de-

recovery of Paradise)


R. Crumb's
CARLOAD O' COMICS
AN ANTHOLOGY OF CHOICE STRIPS AND STORIES ~ 1968 to 1976

Special Abridged Comic–Book Edition–In Color

BELIER PRESS/CHERI MAG.

Important Notice!

You are about to read a 16-page abridged edition, in comic book-form, of a recently published Anthology of the Underground Comix of Robert Crumb, the guy who gave you *Zap*, *Snatch*, *Jiz*, *Head Comix*, *Fritz the Cat*, *Mr. Natural* & Dozens of others, brought to you as a *gift* from Bélier Press (the publisher of the book) and editors of *Cheri* (the magazine into which it is bound). It is not otherwise intended to be sold to the general public.

You will also note that this Abridgement has been printed in *Color* (on pulp comic book paper), although Crumb always draws his Cartoons in Black & White and in which medium they were orginally published. This coloring was commissioned by the Editors of *Cheri* as part of their gift to you.

The three stories in this present digest, *R. Crumb vs. The Sisterhood*, *Big Fine Legs*, & *Anal Antics* will also be found, along with thirty-five others, in the Anthology: *R. CRUMB'S CARLOAD O' COMICS*, in the Original Black & White, Clearly Printed on a Superior Quality Paper. The Book is Large-Format (approx. 7½" x 10½"), Quality, Soft-Cover Edition, Smythe-Sewn and *not* Glued or 'perfect-bound'. In other words, the Anthology is designed for years of use and enjoyment. It's made to Last—*not* to Self-Destruct!

CARLOAD O' COMICS contains 160 Pages of Prime, Adult, Underground Comix by Crumb, including a Previously Unpublished 14-Page Story: *Once I Led the Life of a Millionaire*, which features *Mr. Snoid*. In addition, there's an Introduction by Harvey Kurtzman *(Hoo-Hah!)* and an Illustrated Bibliography of R. Crumb, together with the Names & Addresses of numerous Publishers of & Mail-Order Dealers in Underground Comix, for a Grand Total of 176 Pages!

If, after reading this Sampler, you'd like to Obtain a Copy of *R. CRUMB'S CARLOAD O' COMICS*, you can Order the Book from the Publisher: BÉLIER PRESS / P.O. BOX 'C' / GRACIE STATION / NEW YORK, N.Y. 10028 for *$6.50* ($6.00 + 50¢ postage, etc., in the U.S.A. Only / Foreign Orders: *$7.50*). This Book is Sold *Only* to Adults, 18 Years of Age or Over. Payment Must Accompany Your Order. *Thank You.*

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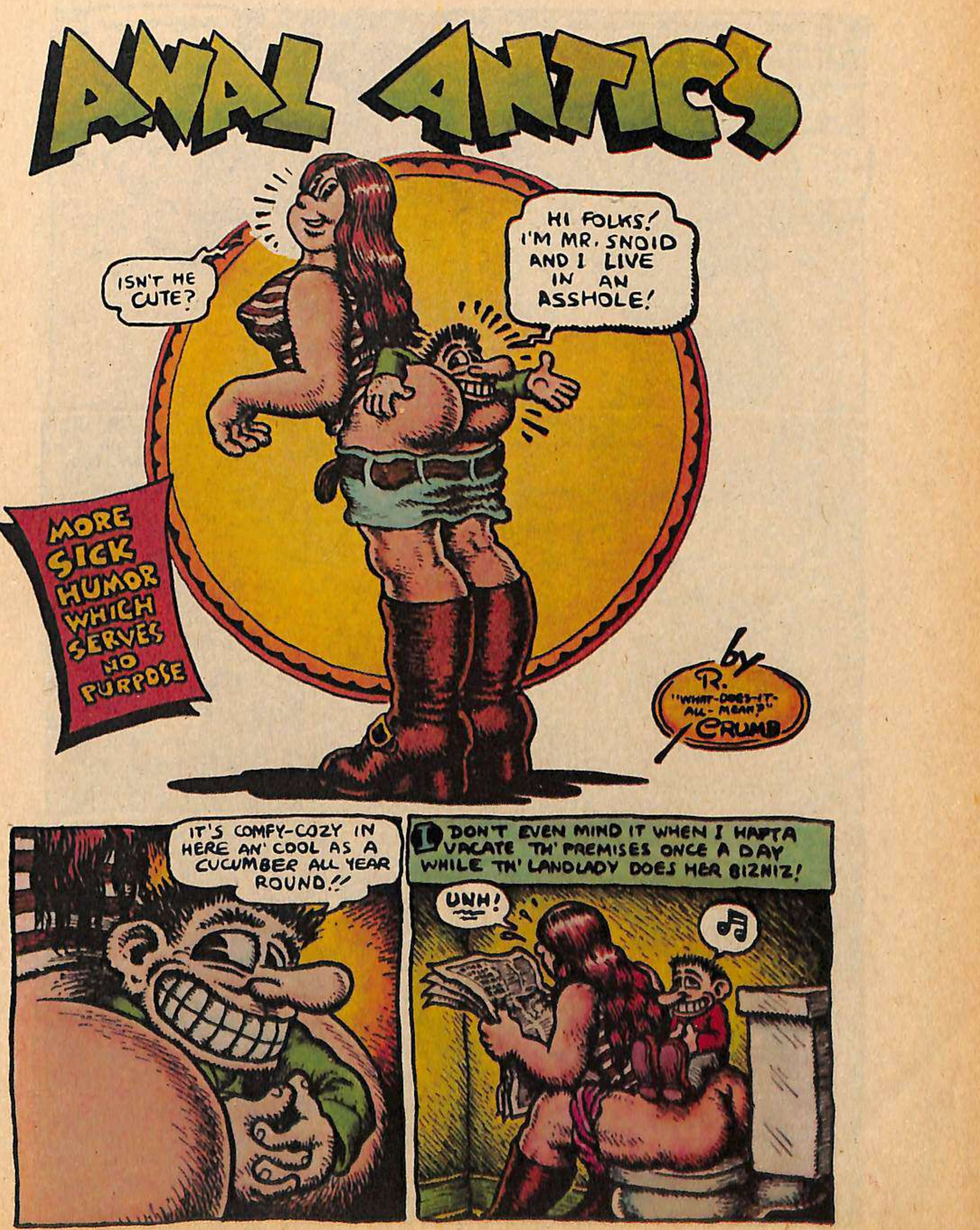
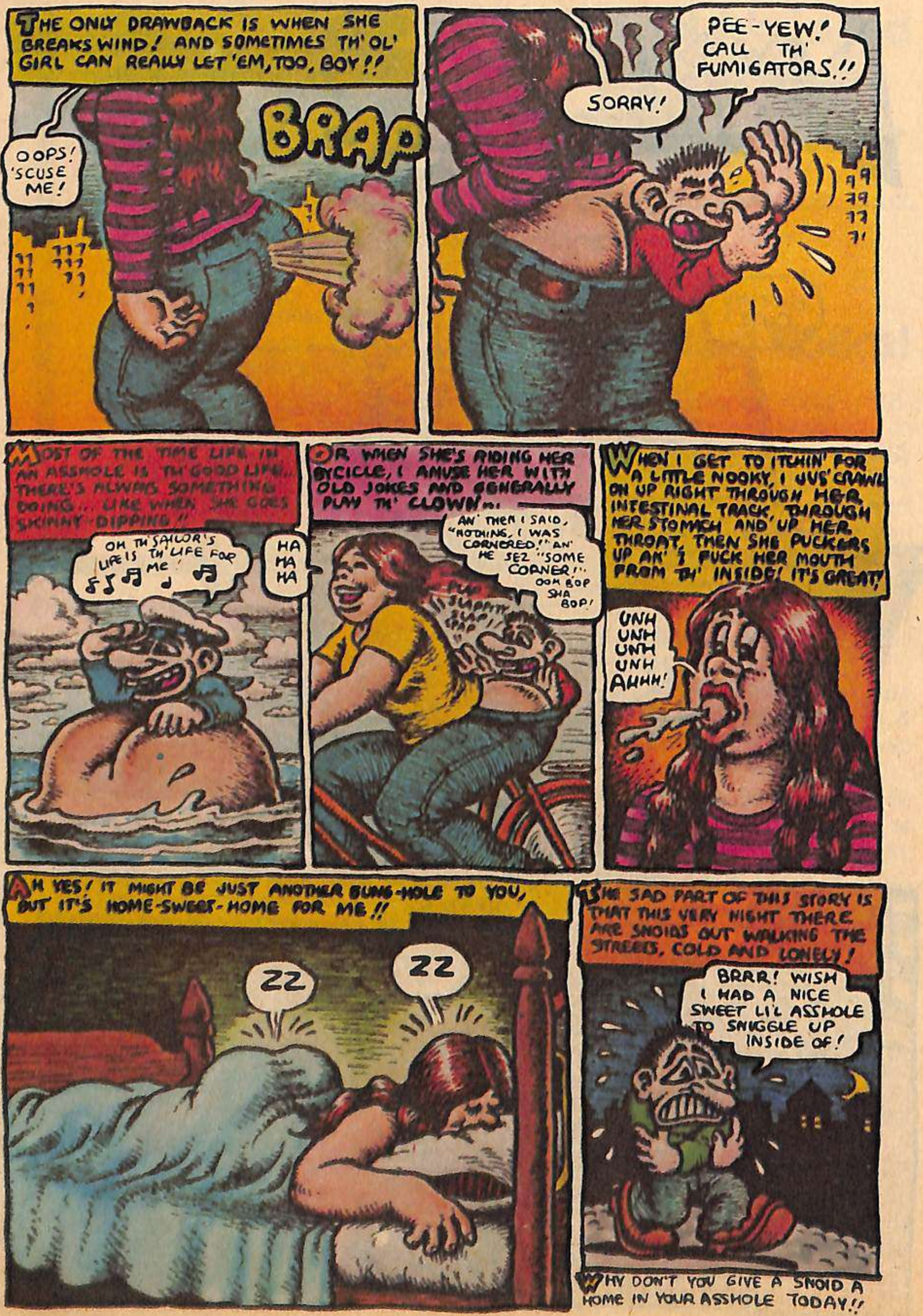
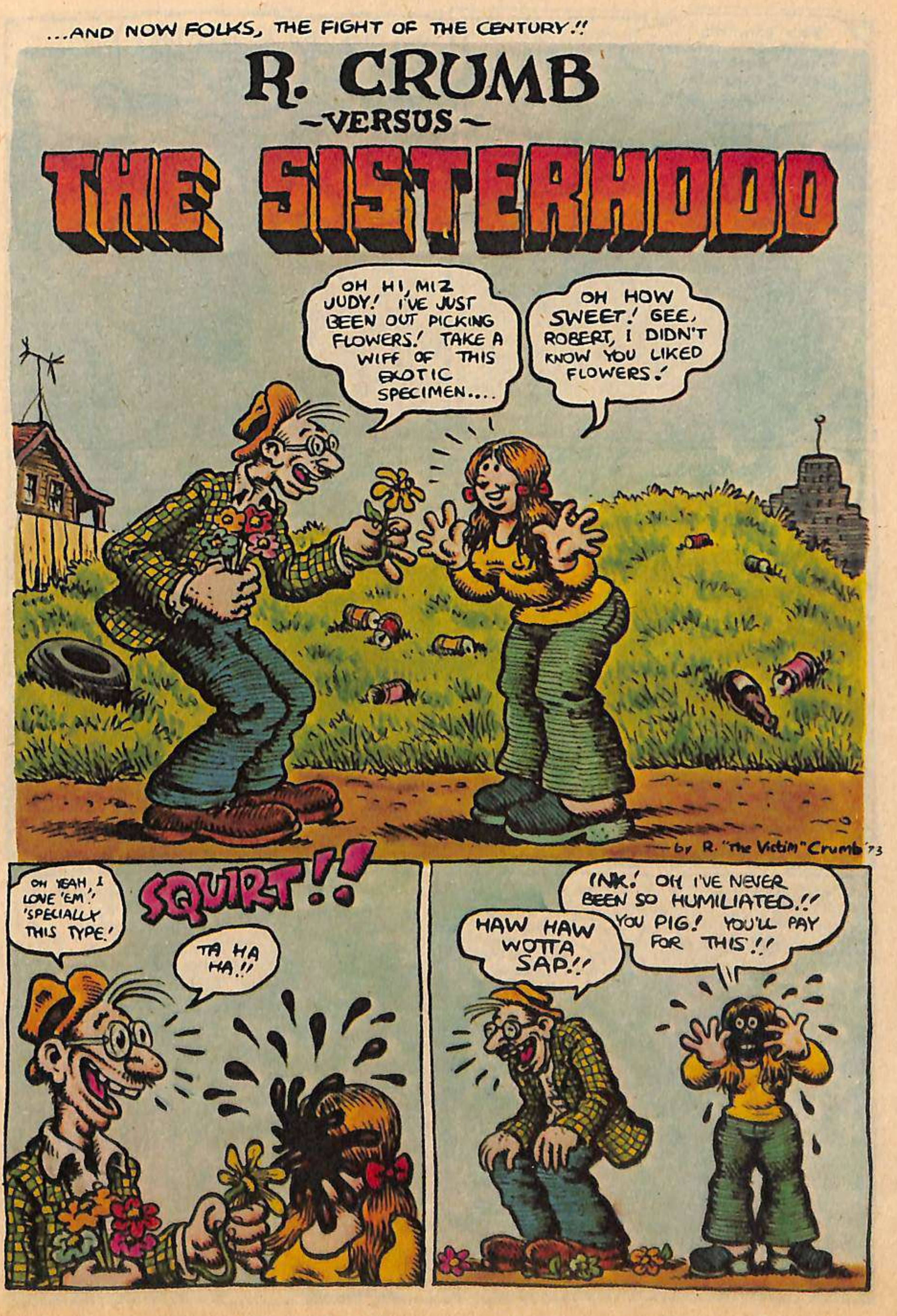
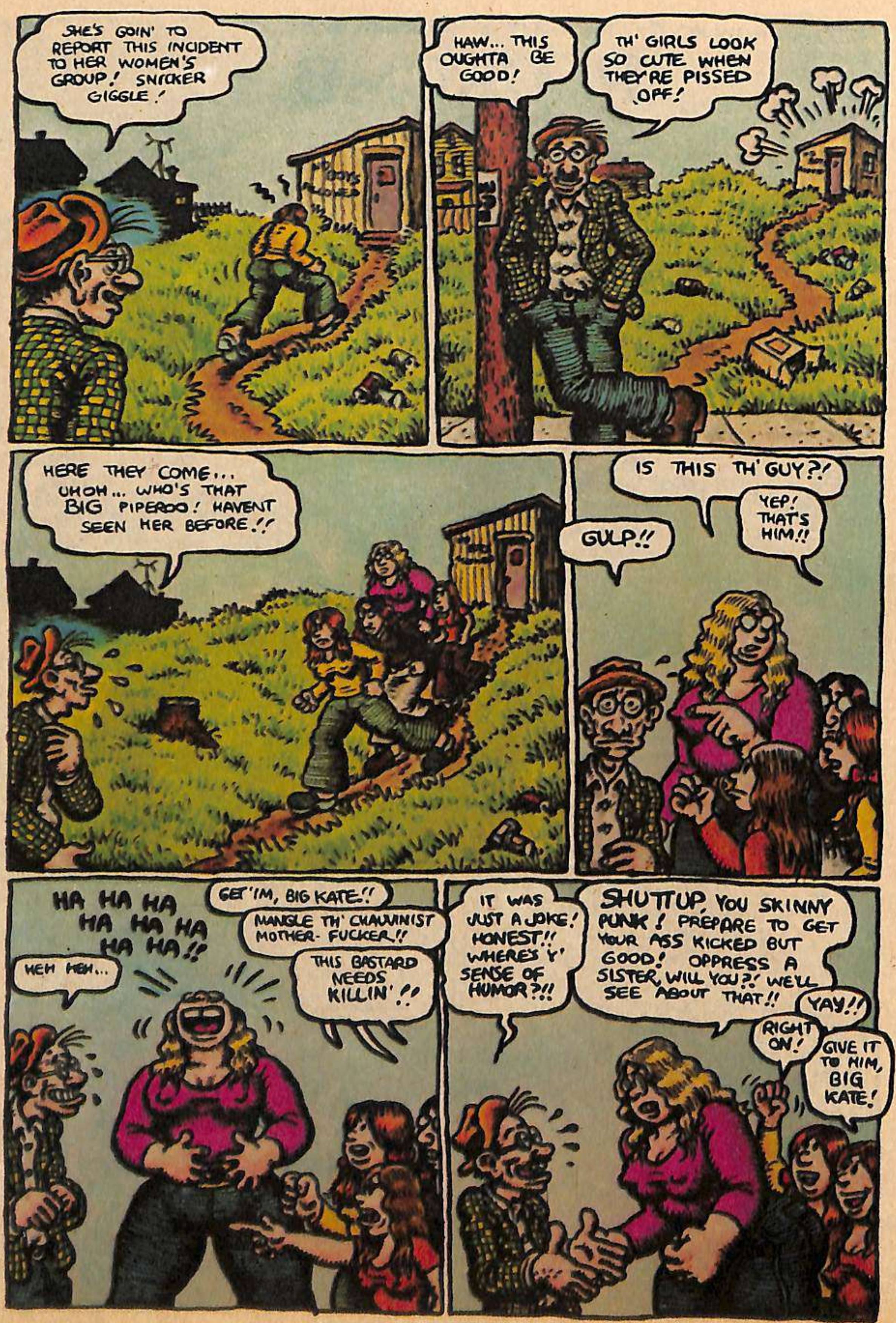
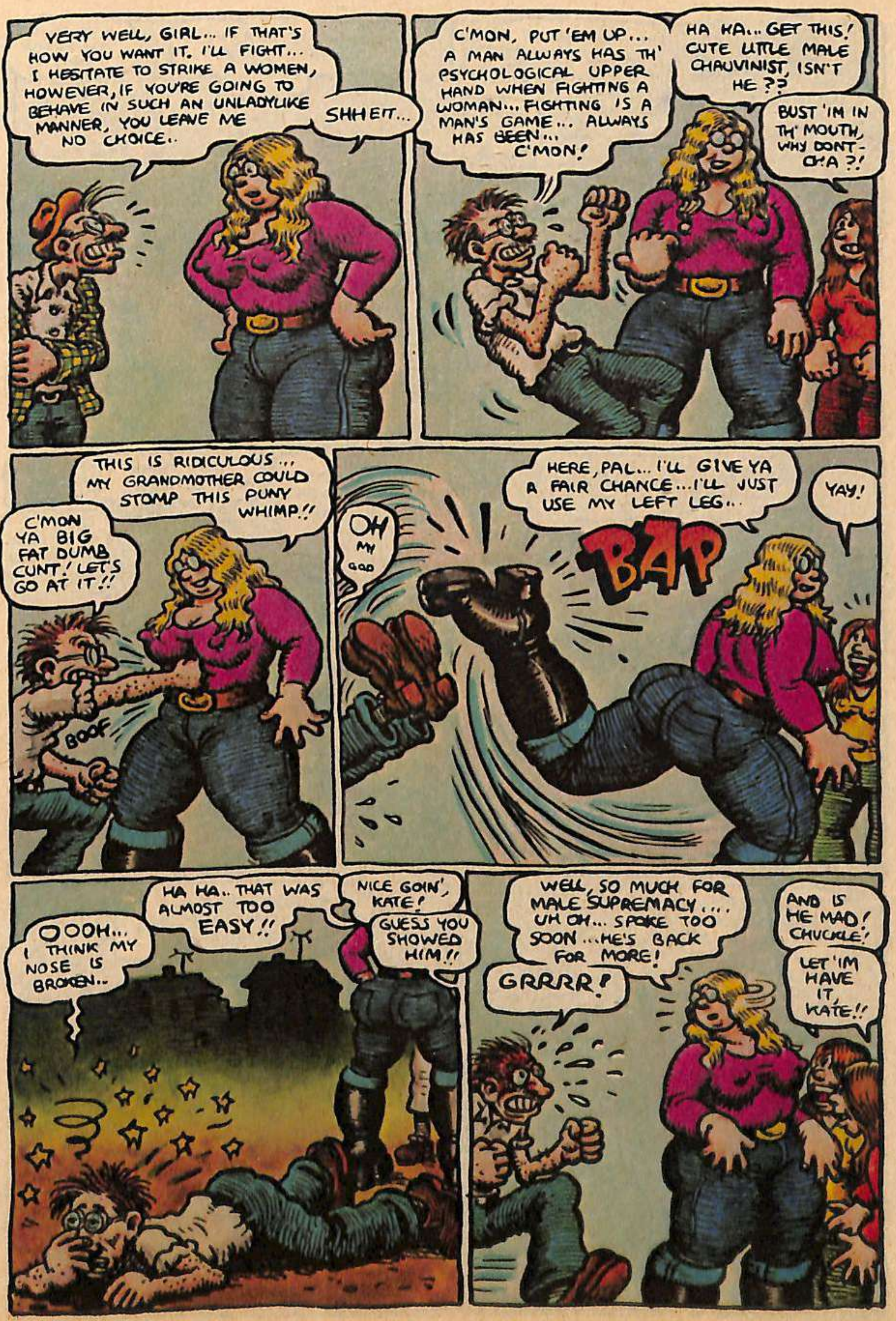
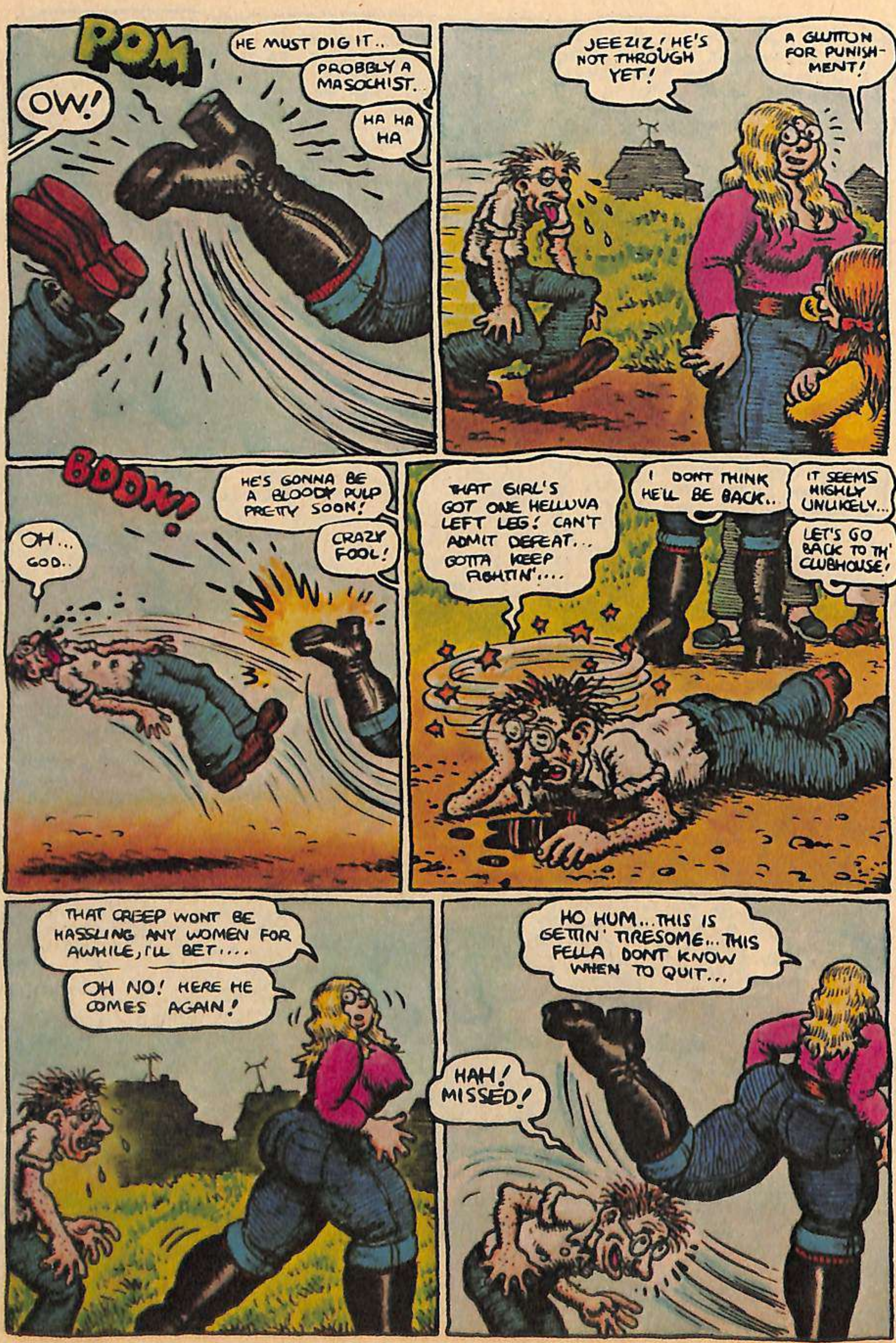

ANAL ANTICS
ISN'T HE CUTE?
HI FOLKS! I'M MR. SNOID AND I LIVE IN AN ASSHOLE!
MORE SICK HUMOR WHICH SERVES NO PURPOSE
by R. "WHAT-DOES-IT-ALL-MEAN?" CRUMB
IT'S COMFY-COZY IN HERE AN' COOL AS A CUCUMBER ALL YEAR ROUND!!
I DON'T EVEN MIND IT WHEN I HAFTA VACATE TH' PREMISES ONCE A DAY WHILE TH' LANDLADY DOES HER BIZNIZ!
UNH!
♫

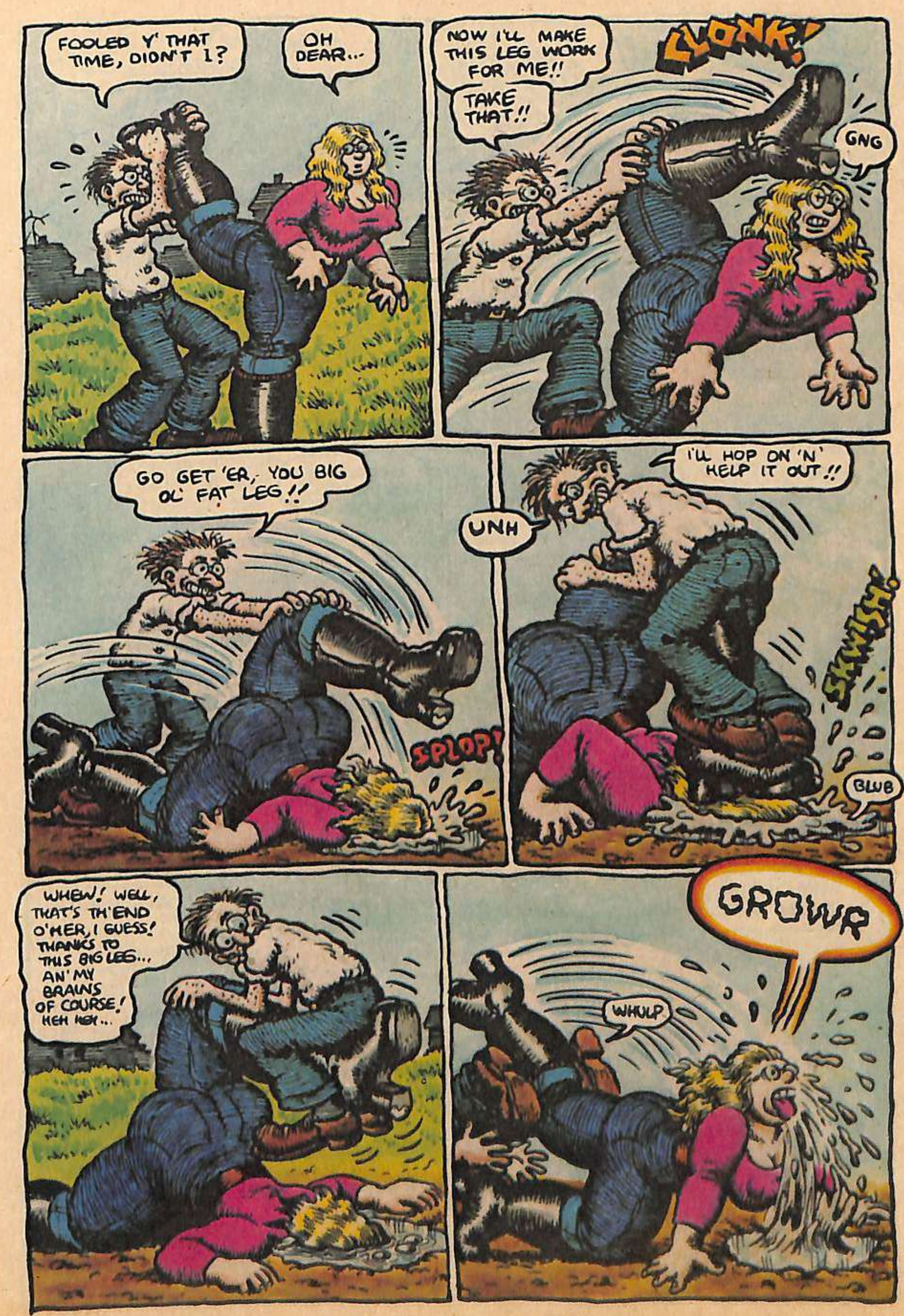

THE ONLY DRAWBACK IS WHEN SHE BREAKS WIND! AND SOMETIMES TH' OL' GIRL CAN REALLY LET 'EM, TOO, BOY!!
OOPS! 'SCUSE ME!
BRAP
PEE-YEW! CALL TH' FUMIGATORS!!
SORRY!
MOST OF THE TIME LIFE IN AN ASSHOLE IS TH' GOOD LIFE... THERE'S ALWAYS SOMETHING DOING... LIKE WHEN SHE GOES SKINNY-DIPPING!!
OH TH' SAILOR'S LIFE IS TH' LIFE FOR ME!
HA HA HA
OR WHEN SHE'S RIDING HER BYCICLE, I AMUSE HER WITH OLD JOKES AND GENERALLY PLAY TH' CLOWN...
AN' THEN I SAID, "NOTHING, I WAS CORNERED!" AN' HE SEZ "SOME CORNER!" OOM BOP SHA BOP!
SLAPPITY SLAP SLAP
WHEN I GET TO ITCHIN' FOR A LITTLE NOOKY, I JUS' CRAWL ON UP RIGHT THROUGH HER INTESTINAL TRACK, THROUGH HER STOMACH AND UP HER THROAT, THEN SHE PUCKERS UP AN' I FUCK HER MOUTH FROM TH' INSIDE! IT'S GREAT!
UNH UNH UNH UNH AHHH!
AH YES! IT MIGHT BE JUST ANOTHER BUNG-HOLE TO YOU, BUT IT'S HOME-SWEET-HOME FOR ME!!
ZZ
ZZ
THE SAD PART OF THIS STORY IS THAT THIS VERY NIGHT THERE ARE SNOIDS OUT WALKING THE STREETS, COLD AND LONELY!
BRRR! WISH I HAD A NICE SWEET LI'L ASSHOLE TO SNUGGLE UP INSIDE OF!
WHY DON'T YOU GIVE A SNOID A HOME IN YOUR ASSHOLE TODAY!!

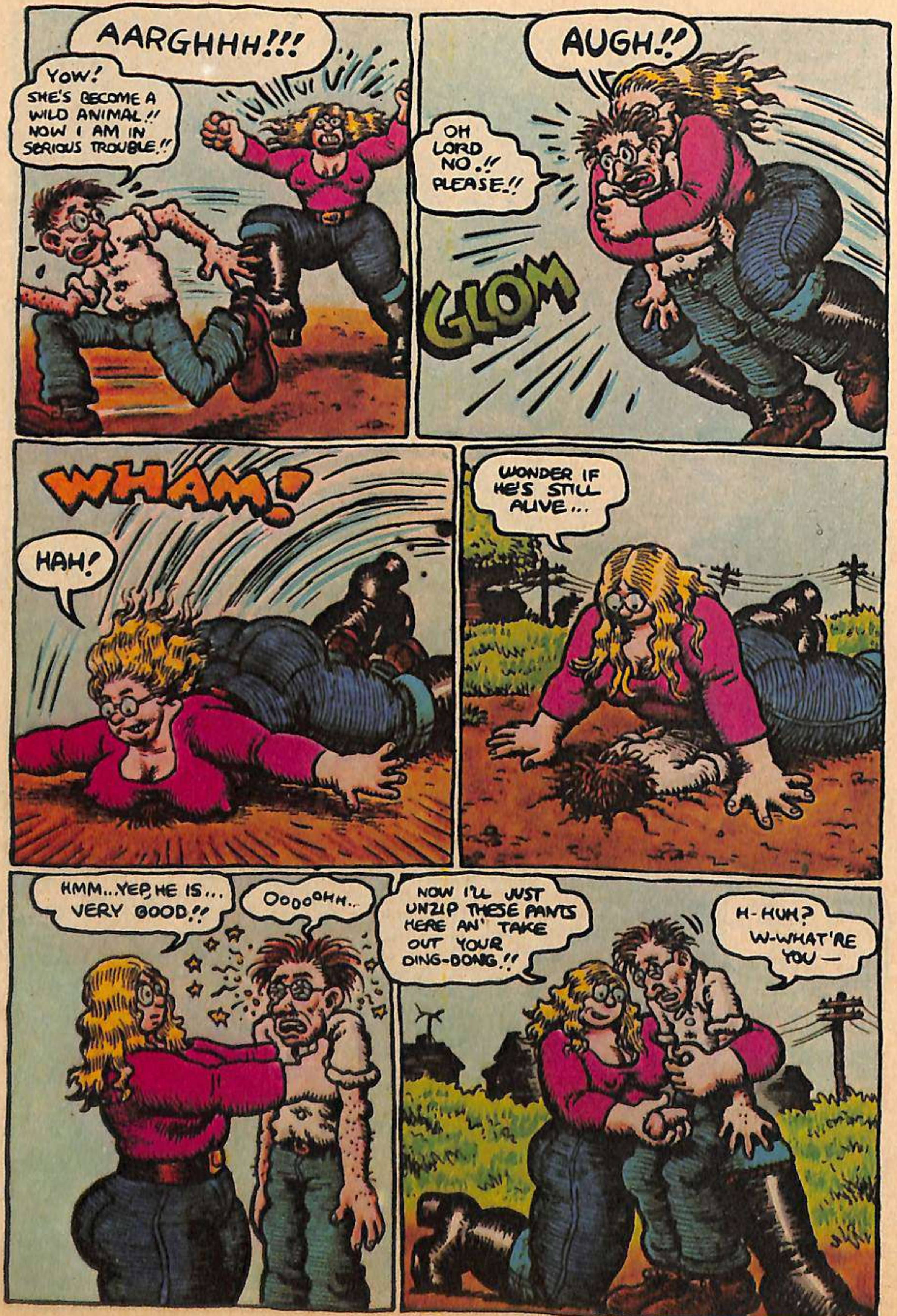

...AND NOW FOLKS, THE FIGHT OF THE CENTURY!!
R. CRUMB
~VERSUS~
THE SISTERHOOD
OH HI, MIZ JUDY! I'VE JUST BEEN OUT PICKING FLOWERS! TAKE A WIFF OF THIS EXOTIC SPECIMEN....
OH HOW SWEET! GEE, ROBERT, I DIDN'T KNOW YOU LIKED FLOWERS!
by R. "the Victim" Crumb '73
OH YEAH, I LOVE 'EM! 'SPECIALLY THIS TYPE!
SQUIRT!!
TA HA HA!!
HAW HAW WOTTA SAP!!
INK! OH I'VE NEVER BEEN SO HUMILIATED!! YOU PIG! YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS!!

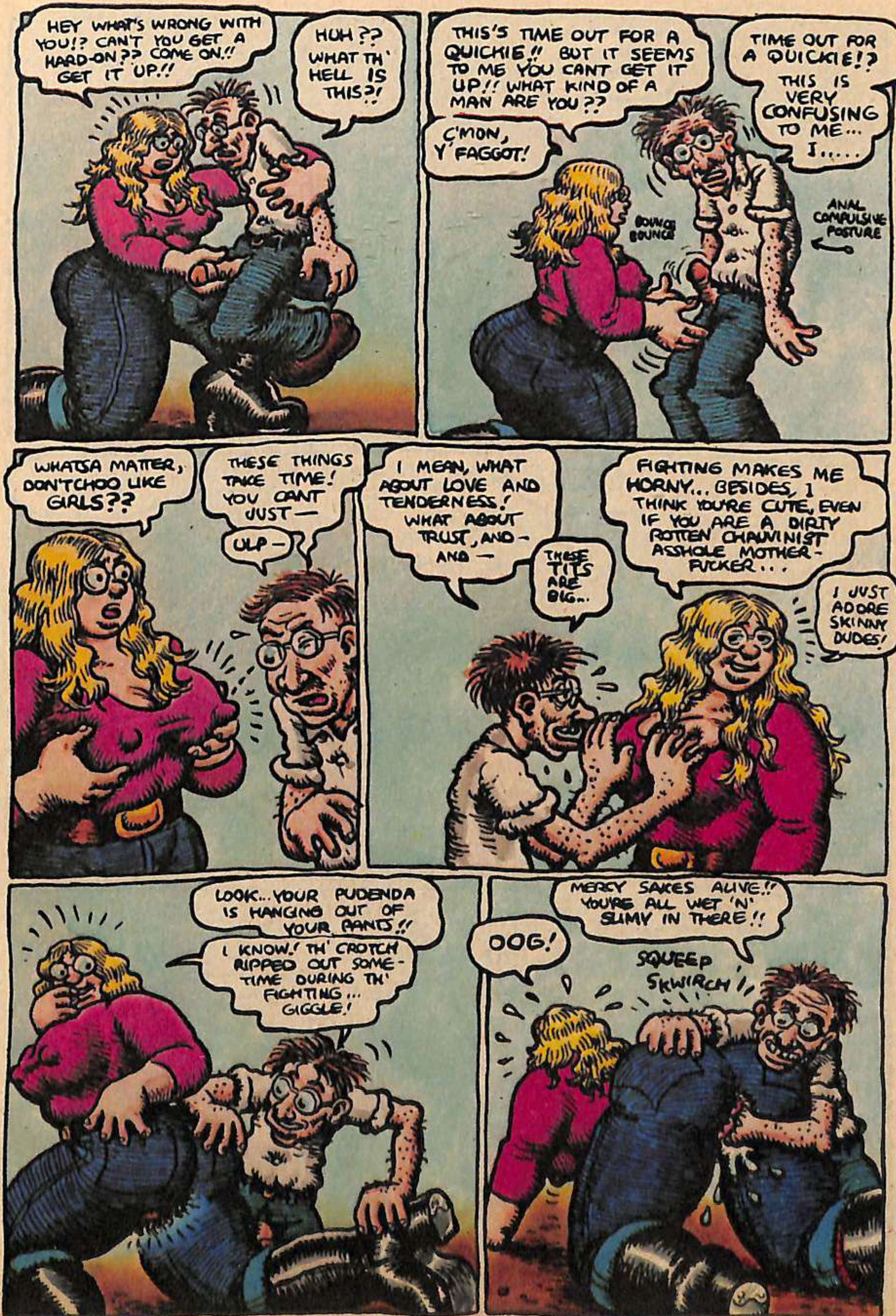

SHE'S GOIN' TO REPORT THIS INCIDENT TO HER WOMEN'S GROUP! SNICKER GIGGLE!
HAW... THIS OUGHTA BE GOOD!
TH' GIRLS LOOK SO CUTE WHEN THEY'RE PISSED OFF!
HERE THEY COME... UHOH... WHO'S THAT BIG PIPEROO! HAVENT SEEN HER BEFORE!!
IS THIS TH' GUY?!
YEP! THAT'S HIM!!
GULP!!
HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA!!
HEH HEH...
GET 'IM, BIG KATE!!
MANGLE TH' CHAUVINIST MOTHER-FUCKER!!
THIS BASTARD NEEDS KILLIN'!!
IT WAS JUST A JOKE! HONEST!! WHERE'S Y' SENSE OF HUMOR?!!
SHUTTUP, YOU SKINNY PUNK! PREPARE TO GET YOUR ASS KICKED BUT GOOD! OPPRESS A SISTER, WILL YOU?! WELL SEE ABOUT THAT!!
YAY!!
RIGHT ON!
GIVE IT TO HIM, BIG KATE!

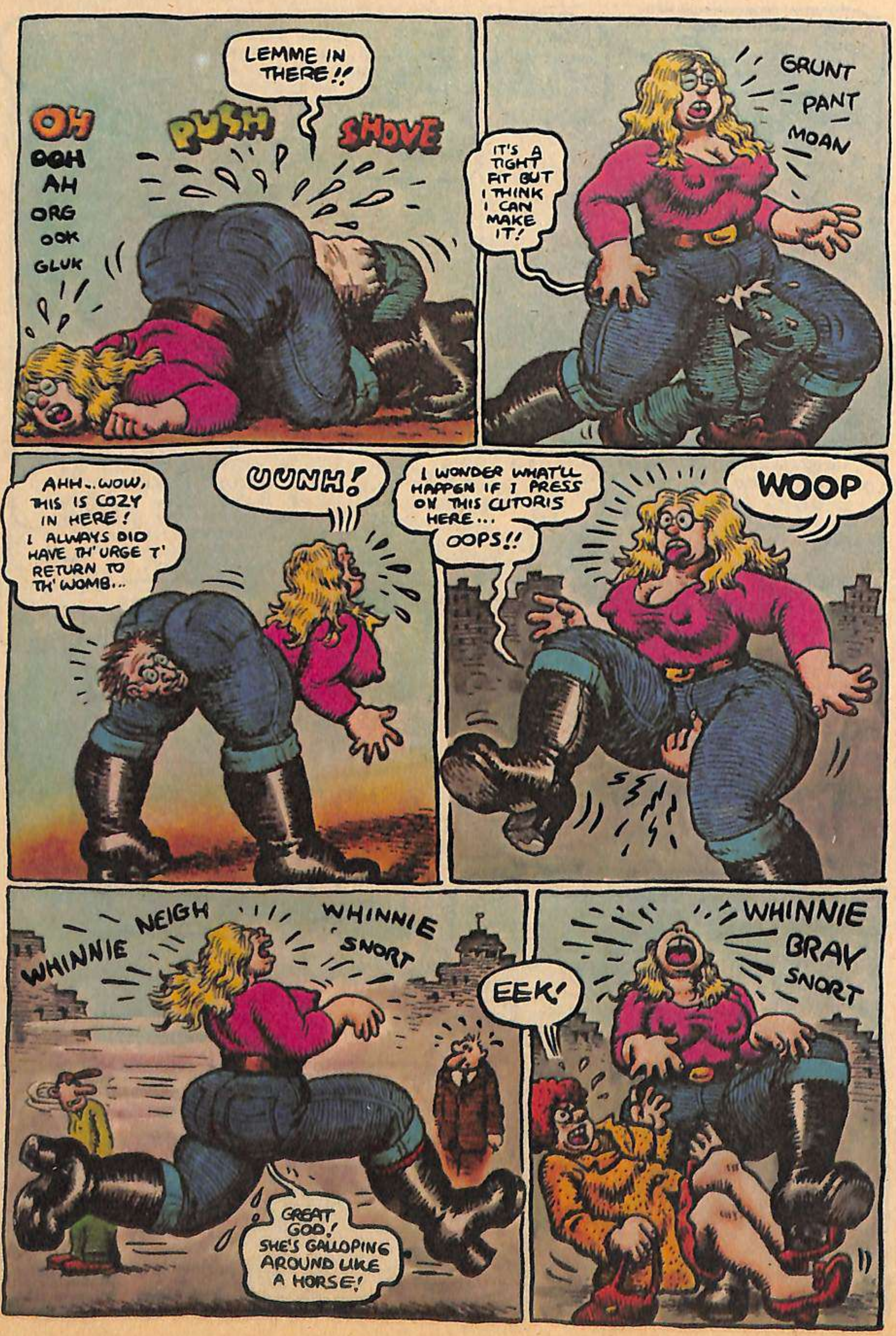

VERY WELL, GIRL... IF THAT'S HOW YOU WANT IT. I'LL FIGHT... I HESITATE TO STRIKE A WOMEN, HOWEVER, IF YOU'RE GOING TO BEHAVE IN SUCH AN UNLADYLIKE MANNER, YOU LEAVE ME NO CHOICE..
SHHEIT...
C'MON, PUT 'EM UP... A MAN ALWAYS HAS TH' PSYCHOLOGICAL UPPER HAND WHEN FIGHTING A WOMAN... FIGHTING IS A MAN'S GAME... ALWAYS HAS ~~BEEN~~... C'MON!
HA HA... GET THIS! CUTE LITTLE MALE CHAUVINIST, ISN'T HE ??
BUST 'IM IN TH' MOUTH, WHY DONT-CHA ?!
THIS IS RIDICULOUS... MY GRANDMOTHER COULD STOMP THIS PUNY WHIMP!!
C'MON YA BIG FAT DUMB CUNT! LET'S GO AT IT!!
BOOF
HERE, PAL... I'LL GIVE YA A FAIR CHANCE... I'LL JUST USE MY LEFT LEG..
YAY!
OH MY GOD
BAP
OOOH... I THINK MY NOSE IS BROKEN..
HA HA.. THAT WAS ALMOST TOO EASY!!
NICE GOIN', KATE!
GUESS YOU SHOWED HIM!!
WELL, SO MUCH FOR MALE SUPREMACY.... UH OH... SPOKE TOO SOON... HE'S BACK FOR MORE!
AND IS HE MAD! CHUCKLE!
LET 'IM HAVE IT, KATE!!
GRRRR!

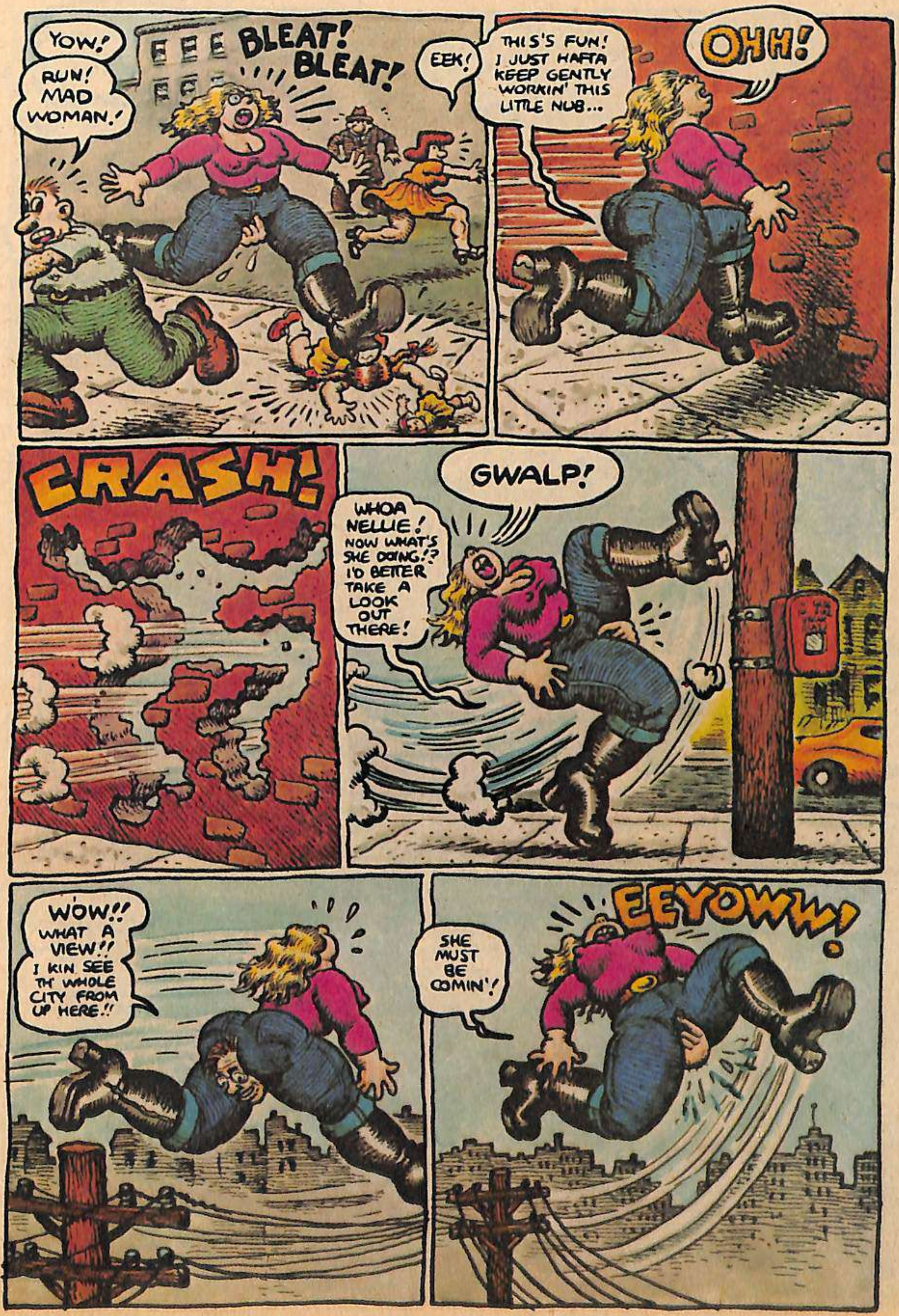

POM
OW!
HE MUST DIG IT..
PROBBLY A MASOCHIST.
HA HA HA
JEEZIZ! HE'S NOT THROUGH YET!
A GLUTTON FOR PUNISHMENT!
BOOW!
HE'S GONNA BE A BLOODY PULP PRETTY SOON!
OH... GOD..
CRAZY FOOL!
THAT GIRL'S GOT ONE HELLUVA LEFT LEG! CAN'T ADMIT DEFEAT... GOTTA KEEP FIGHTIN'....
I DONT THINK HE'LL BE BACK..
IT SEEMS HIGHLY UNLIKELY...
LET'S GO BACK TO TH' CLUBHOUSE!
THAT CREEP WONT BE HASSLING ANY WOMEN FOR AWHILE, I'LL BET....
OH NO! HERE HE COMES AGAIN!
HO HUM... THIS IS GETTIN' TIRESOME... THIS FELLA DONT KNOW WHEN TO QUIT...
HAH! MISSED!

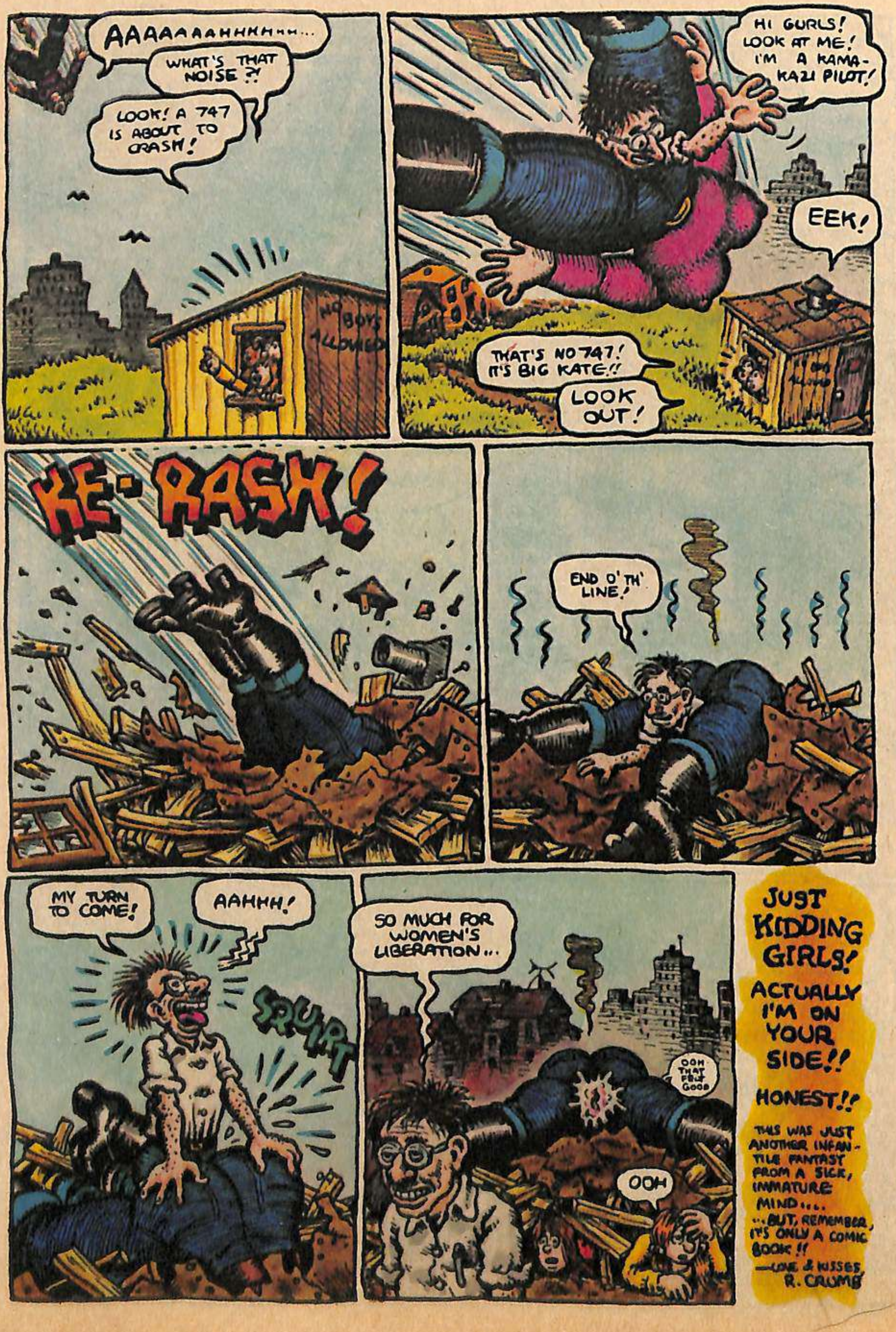

FOOLED Y' THAT TIME, DIDN'T I?
OH DEAR...
NOW I'LL MAKE THIS LEG WORK FOR ME!!
CLONK!
TAKE THAT.!!
GNG
GO GET 'ER, YOU BIG OL' FAT LEG!!
I'LL HOP ON 'N' HELP IT OUT!!
UNH
SKWISH!
SPLOP!
BLUB
WHEW! WELL, THAT'S TH' END O' HER, I GUESS! THANKS TO THIS BIG LEG... AN' MY BRAINS OF COURSE! HEH HEH...
GROWR
WHULP

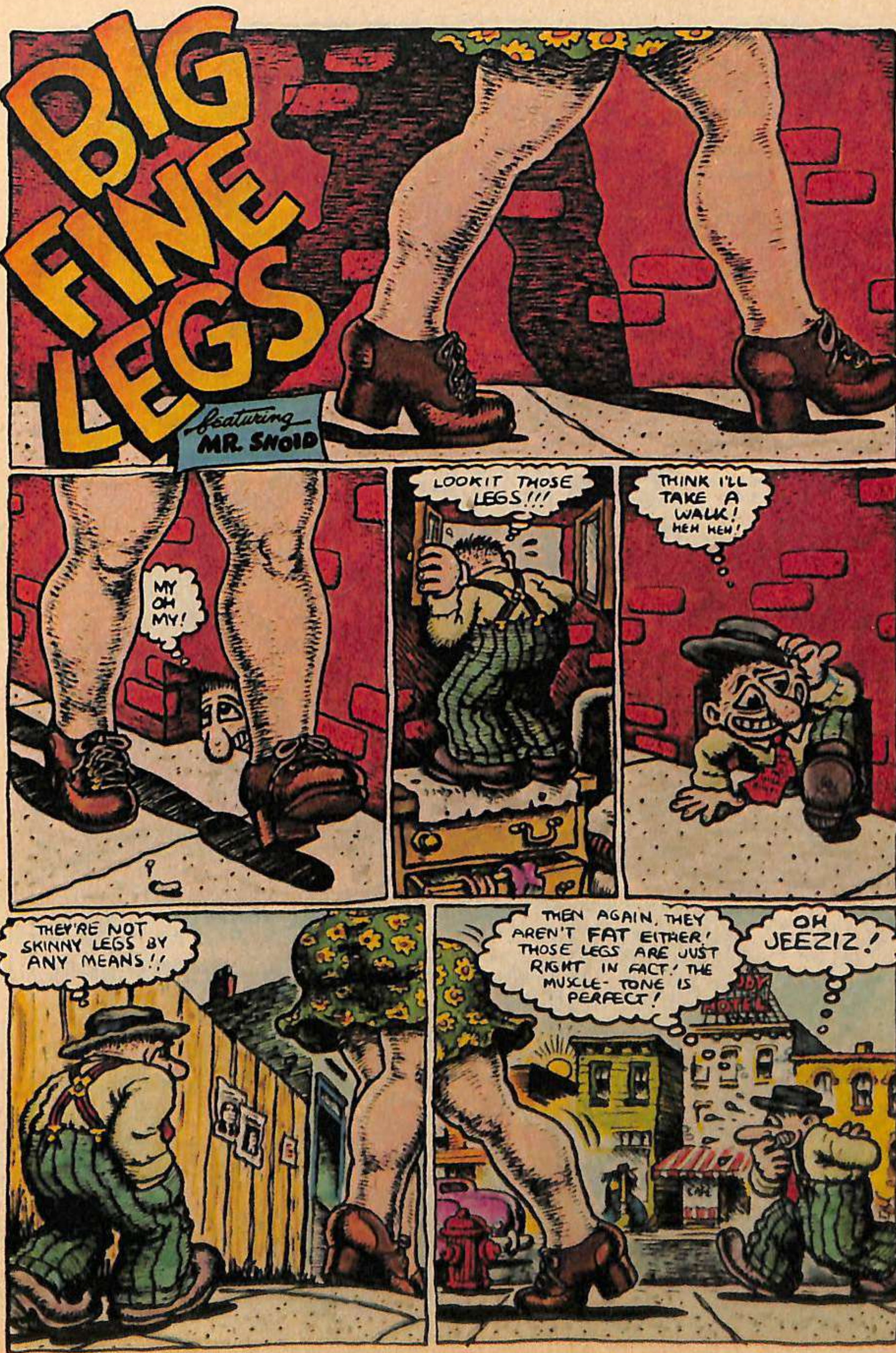

AARGHHH!!!
YOW! SHE'S BECOME A WILD ANIMAL!! NOW I AM IN SERIOUS TROUBLE!!
AUGH!!
OH LORD NO.!! PLEASE!!
GLOM
WHAM!
HAH!
WONDER IF HE'S STILL ALIVE...
HMM...YEP,HE IS... VERY GOOD!!
OoooOHH...
NOW I'LL JUST UNZIP THESE PANTS HERE AN' TAKE OUT YOUR DING-DONG!!
H-HUH? W-WHAT'RE YOU —

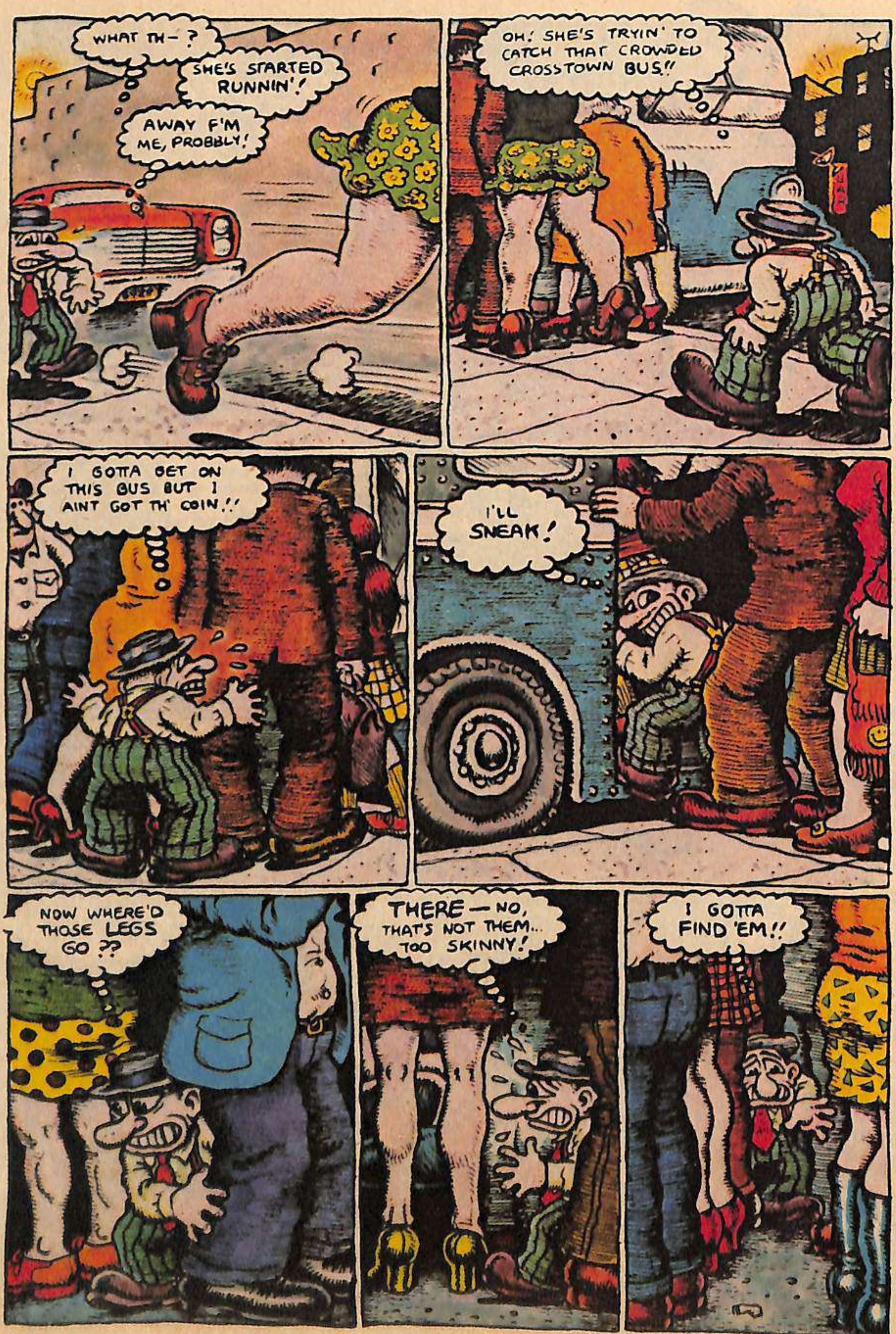

HEY WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU!? CAN'T YOU GET A HARD-ON?? COME ON!! GET IT UP!!
HUH?? WHAT TH' HELL IS THIS?!
THIS'S TIME OUT FOR A QUICKIE!! BUT IT SEEMS TO ME YOU CANT GET IT UP!! WHAT KIND OF A MAN ARE YOU??
C'MON, Y' FAGGOT!
TIME OUT FOR A QUICKIE!? THIS IS VERY CONFUSING TO ME... I.....
BOUNCE BOUNCE
ANAL COMPULSIVE POSTURE
WHATSA MATTER, DON'TCHOO LIKE GIRLS??
THESE THINGS TAKE TIME! YOU CANT JUST —
ULP —
I MEAN, WHAT ABOUT LOVE AND TENDERNESS! WHAT ABOUT TRUST, AND — AND —
THESE TITS ARE BIG...
FIGHTING MAKES ME HORNY... BESIDES, I THINK YOU'RE CUTE, EVEN IF YOU ARE A DIRTY ROTTEN CHAUVINIST ASSHOLE MOTHER-FUCKER...
I JUST ADORE SKINNY DUDES!
LOOK... YOUR PUDENDA IS HANGING OUT OF YOUR PANTS!!
I KNOW! TH' CROTCH RIPPED OUT SOME-TIME DURING TH' FIGHTING... GIGGLE!
OOG!
MERCY SAKES ALIVE!! YOU'RE ALL WET 'N' SLIMY IN THERE!!
SQUEEP SKWIRCH

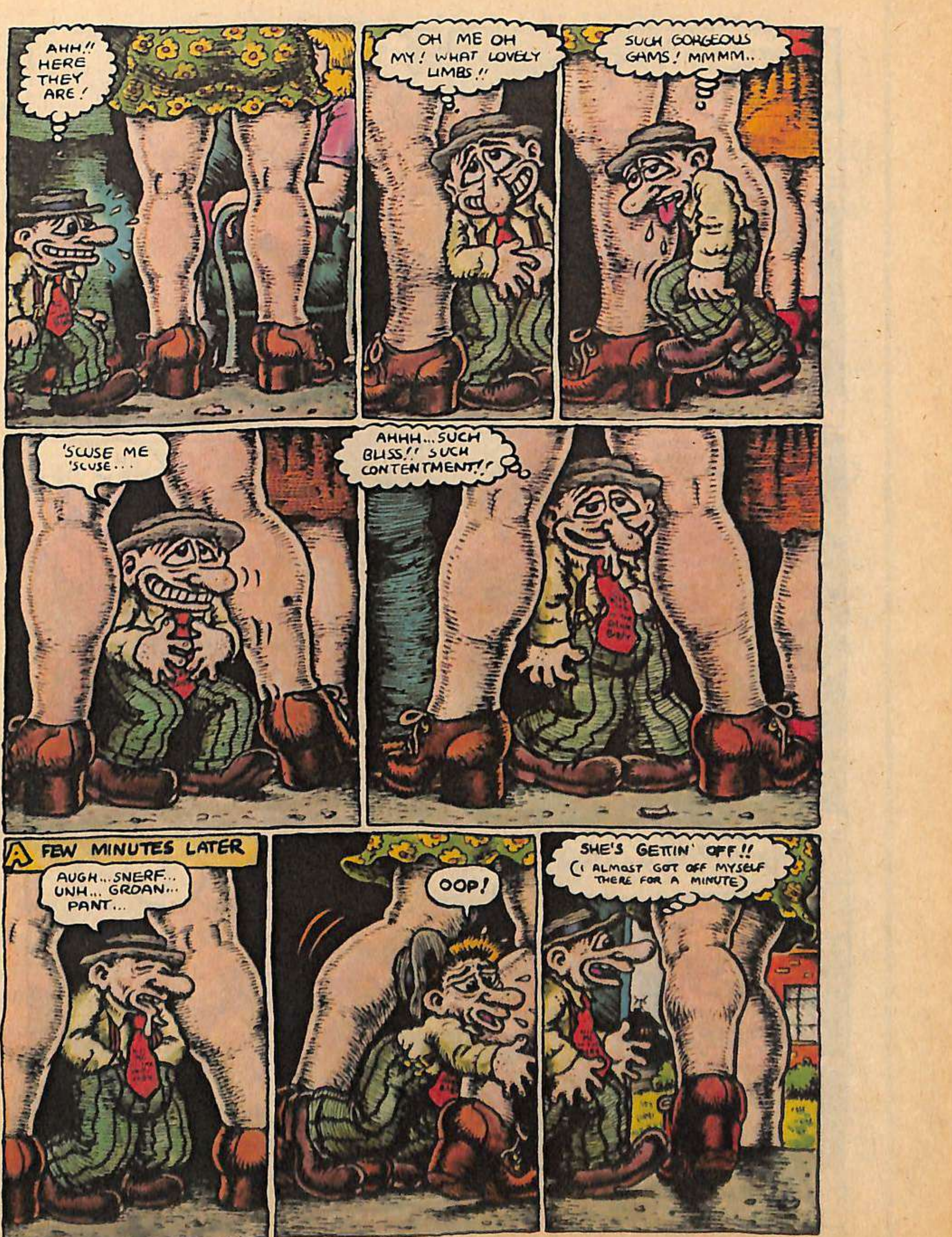

LEMME IN THERE!!
OH
OOH
AH
ORG
OOK
GLUK
PUSH
SHOVE
IT'S A TIGHT FIT BUT I THINK I CAN MAKE IT!
GRUNT
PANT
MOAN
AHH..WOW, THIS IS COZY IN HERE! I ALWAYS DID HAVE TH' URGE T' RETURN TO TH' WOMB...
UUNH!
I WONDER WHAT'LL HAPPEN IF I PRESS ON THIS CLITORIS HERE...
OOPS!!
WOOP
WHINNIE
NEIGH
WHINNIE
SNORT
WHINNIE
EEK!
GREAT GOD! SHE'S GALLOPING AROUND LIKE A HORSE!
WHINNIE
BRAY
SNORT

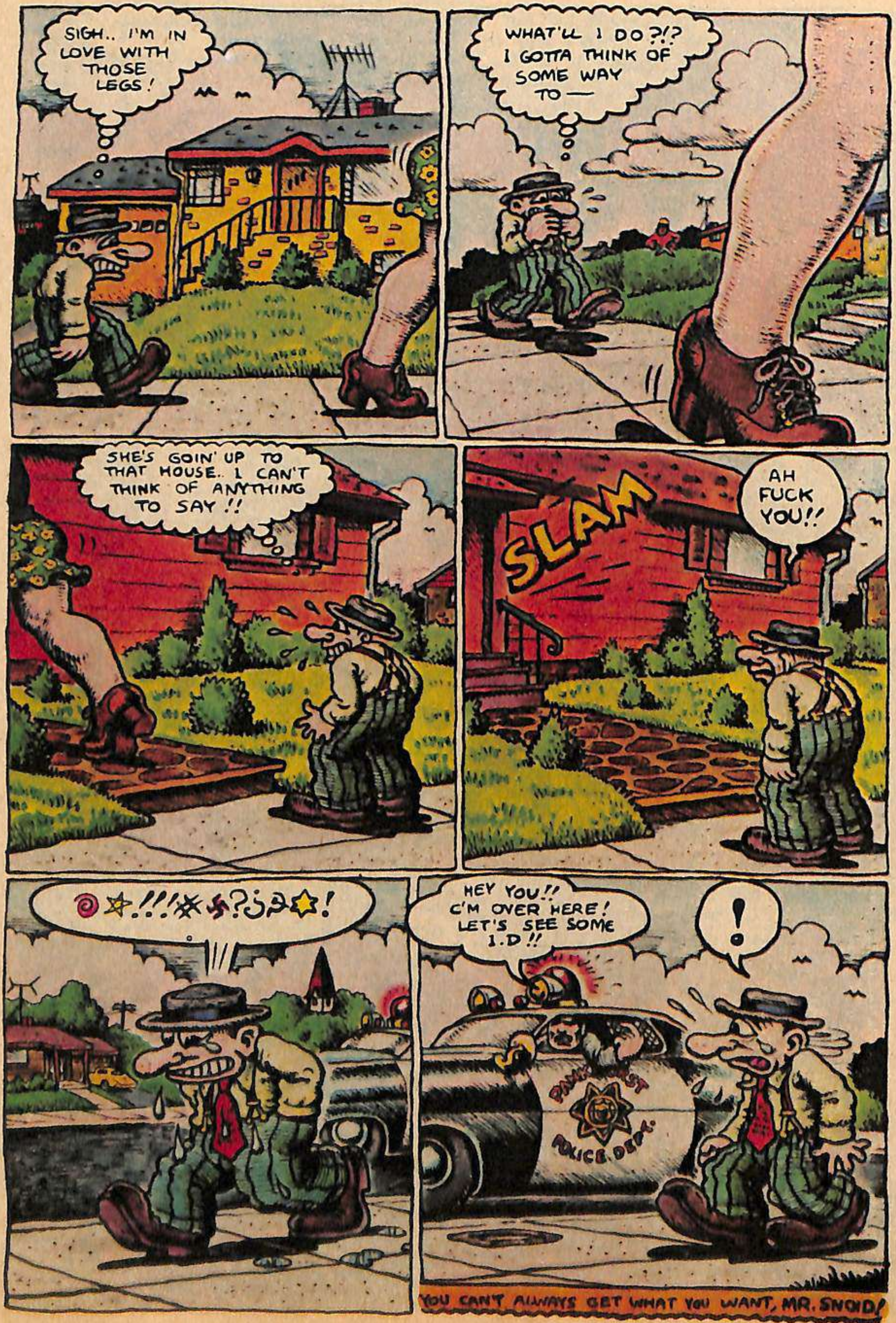

YOW!
RUN! MAD WOMAN!
BLEAT! BLEAT!
EEK!
THIS'S FUN! I JUST HAFTA KEEP GENTLY WORKIN' THIS LITTLE NUB...
OHH!
CRASH!
GWALP!
WHOA NELLIE! NOW WHAT'S SHE DOING!? I'D BETTER TAKE A LOOK OUT THERE!
WOW!! WHAT A VIEW!! I KIN SEE TH' WHOLE CITY FROM UP HERE!!
SHE MUST BE COMIN'!
EEYOWW!

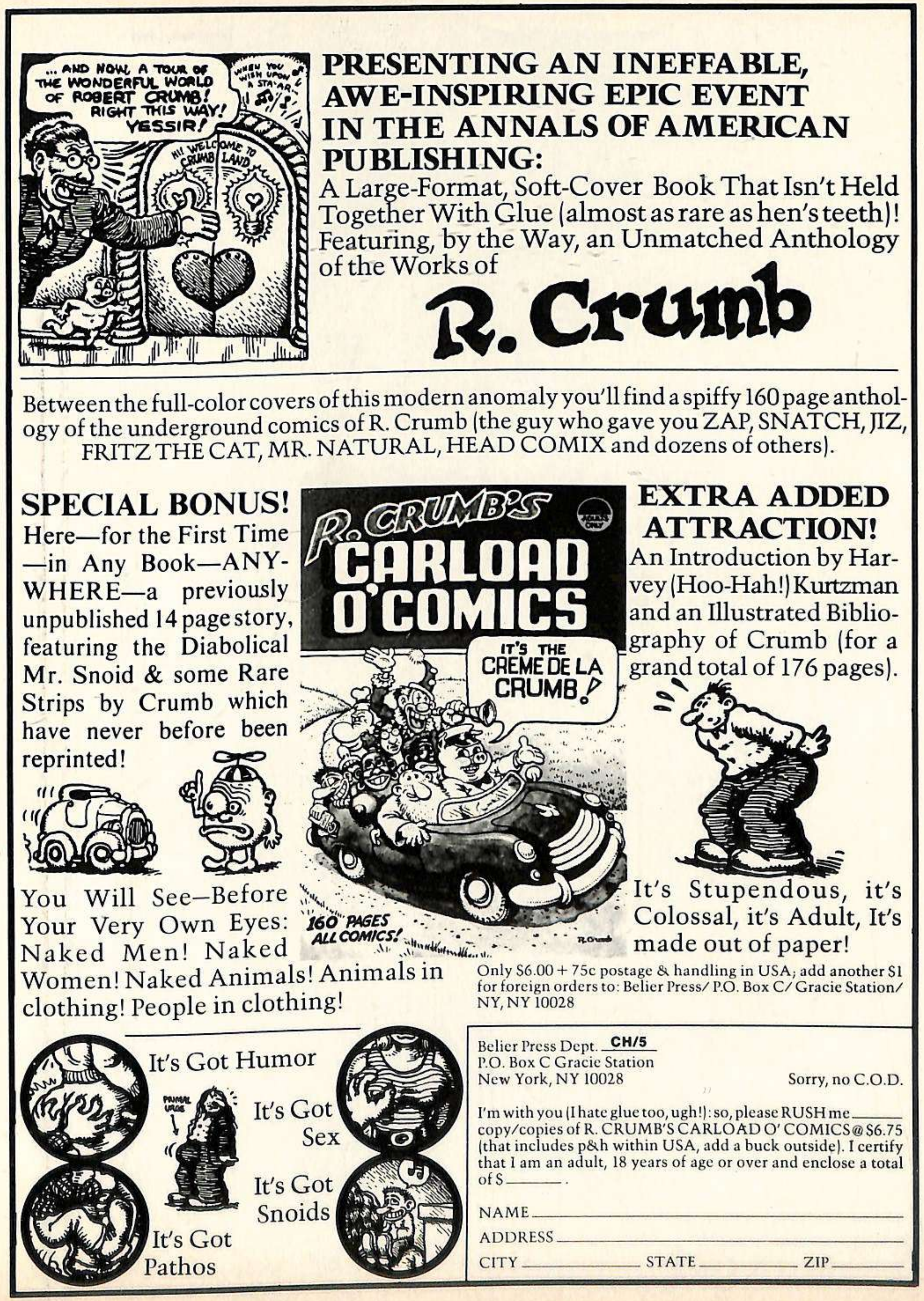

AAAAAAAHHHH....
WHAT'S THAT NOISE ?!
LOOK! A 747 IS ABOUT TO CRASH!
NO BOYS ALLOWED
HI GURLS! LOOK AT ME! I'M A KAMA-KAZI PILOT!
EEK!
THAT'S NO 747! IT'S BIG KATE!!
LOOK OUT!
KE-RASH!
END O' TH' LINE!
MY TURN TO COME!
AAHHH!
SPLURT
SO MUCH FOR WOMEN'S LIBERATION...
OOH THAT FELT GOOD
OOH
JUST KIDDING GIRLS!
ACTUALLY I'M ON YOUR SIDE!!
HONEST!!
THIS WAS JUST ANOTHER INFAN-TILE FANTASY FROM A SICK, IMMATURE MIND.... ...BUT, REMEMBER, IT'S ONLY A COMIC BOOK!!
—LOVE & KISSES, R. CRUMB


BIG FINE LEGS
featuring MR. SNOID
MY OH MY!
LOOKIT THOSE LEGS!!!
THINK I'LL TAKE A WALK! HEH HEH!
THEY'RE NOT SKINNY LEGS BY ANY MEANS!!
THEN AGAIN, THEY AREN'T FAT EITHER! THOSE LEGS ARE JUST RIGHT IN FACT! THE MUSCLE-TONE IS PERFECT!
OH JEEZIZ!
JOY HOTEL


WHAT TH-?
SHE'S STARTED RUNNIN'!
AWAY F'M ME, PROBBLY!
OH! SHE'S TRYIN' TO CATCH THAT CROWDED CROSSTOWN BUS!!
I GOTTA GET ON THIS BUS BUT I AINT GOT TH' COIN!!
I'LL SNEAK!
NOW WHERE'D THOSE LEGS GO ??
THERE — NO, THAT'S NOT THEM... TOO SKINNY!
I GOTTA FIND 'EM!!


AHH!! HERE THEY ARE!
OH ME OH MY! WHAT LOVELY LIMBS!!
SUCH GORGEOUS GAMS! MMMM..
'SCUSE ME 'SCUSE...
AHHH... SUCH BLISS!! SUCH CONTENTMENT!!
A FEW MINUTES LATER
AUGH... SNERF... UNH... GROAN... PANT...
OOP!
SHE'S GETTIN' OFF!! (I ALMOST GOT OFF MYSELF THERE FOR A MINUTE)


SIGH.. I'M IN LOVE WITH THOSE LEGS!
WHAT'LL I DO?!? I GOTTA THINK OF SOME WAY TO —
SHE'S GOIN' UP TO THAT HOUSE.. I CAN'T THINK OF ANYTHING TO SAY!!
SLAM
AH FUCK YOU!!
!!!?!
HEY YOU!! C'M OVER HERE! LET'S SEE SOME I.D!!
!
POLICE DEPT.
YOU CAN'T ALWAYS GET WHAT YOU WANT, MR. SNOID!



... AND NOW, A TOUR OF THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF ROBERT CRUMB! RIGHT THIS WAY! YESSIR!
WHEN YOU WISH UPON A STA-AR..
HI! WELCOME TO CRUMB LAND

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I'm with you (I hate glue too, ugh!): so, please RUSH me ______ copy/copies of R. CRUMB'S CARLOAD O' COMICS @ $6.75 (that includes p&h within USA, add a buck outside). I certify that I am an adult, 18 years of age or over and enclose a total of $ ______ .

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CITY ______ STATE ______ ZIP ______

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WE GOT STAR TREK POSTERS
GOLLY!

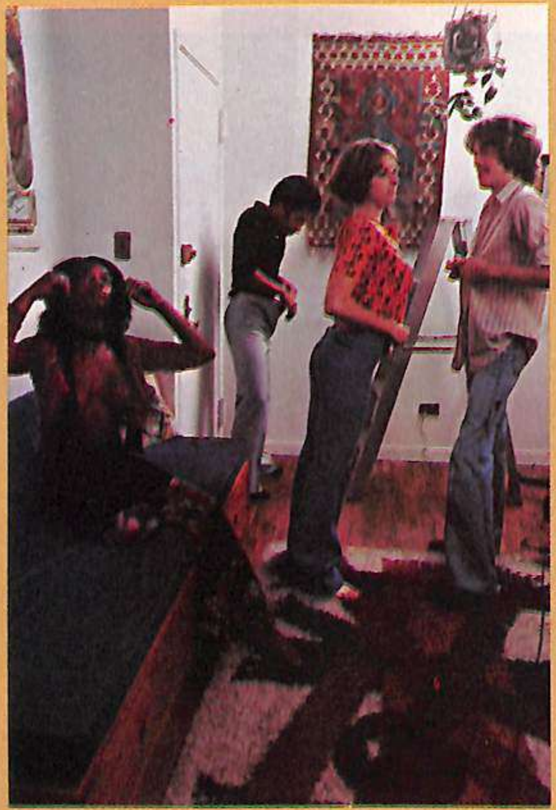
Mostly Mozart

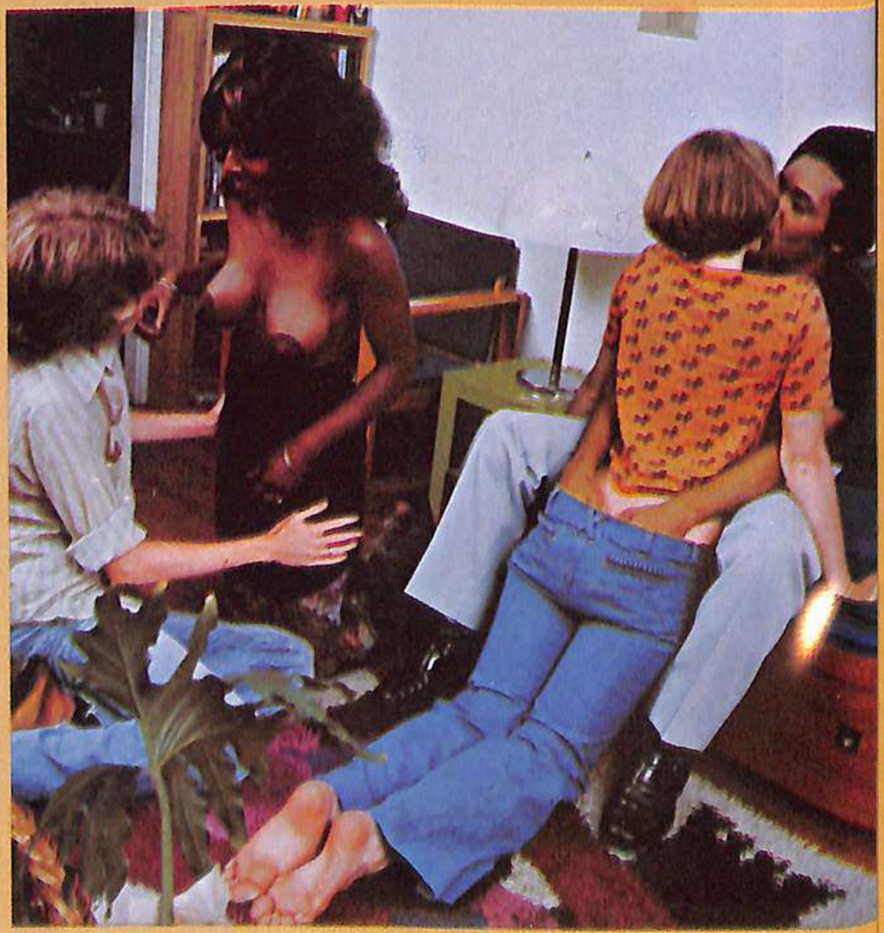
Photos by PAT FLINT

OUR FIRST SWING

By SCOTT AND SUZIE MURRAY

CHERI swap scene reporters Scott and Suzie Murray describe their first group scene: an oreo orgy that seemed to go on forever and ever!

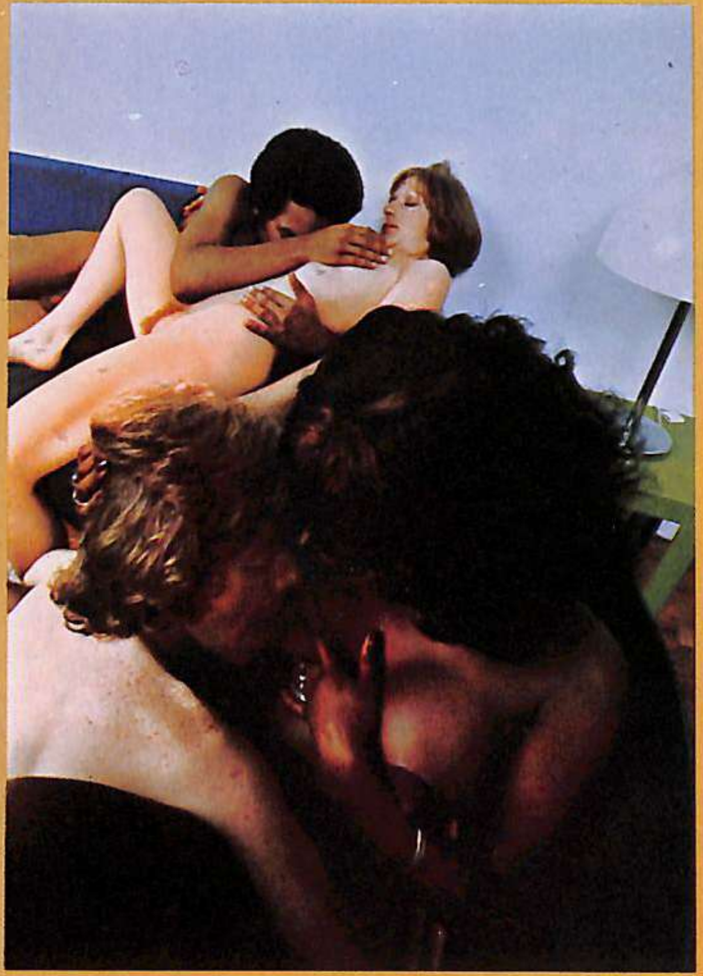




"We met him totally by accident . . . at a burger stand. He asked us if we were 'into' swinging. We didn't know what the fuck he was talking about. . . ."

Last month we promised to tell you about our first experience in swinging. For those of you who were not with us last month (and we hope there aren't too many of you who aren't with us every month), we should explain. We are new to the swinging world and only recently became converts. It happened after we met a couple who convinced us that organized sex can be fun. Not that we had been against sex. But the whole "organized" bit didn't turn us on. But we've changed our minds. And this is the story of what made us change our minds . . .

A couple of weeks ago we were wandering through Manhattan just trying to stay cool and to find me a decent ham-



"Ted's girlfriend's body was remarkable. We'd never seen such huge, firm tits. And what was more important, she had a great head. She seemed to live for sex. She was unquenchable in her desires."

burger. Suzanne noticed this great looking dude standing in front of a snack bar eating a really great looking burger. Actually, Suzanne noticed the guy; I noticed the burger. Now, we've always tried to help each other get what we want, so Suzanne bought me a hamburger and I started talking to Ted. But maybe I'd better let Suzanne take over . . .

Well . . . let me put it this way: fate could have sent him along as the answer to my dreams. He is a very slender, but muscular, black guy. One of those lean, athletic types. They always remind me of cats. And with a calm but strong and intelligent face. In fact, just the type of man that really turns me on.

Scott got him into a conversation. He's good at that. While we were slowly walking along the street the talk got around to a more personal level. I tried to think of a way to get more intimately "acquainted" with him. Apparently his thoughts were on the same track. Casually, he asked whether we were into swinging. Neither Scott nor I knew what to say, so the subject was dropped. By this time we were close to our subway stop. He got out a piece of paper, scrib-

"I opened my eyes and saw Scott eating Anita. What an orgasm I had!"

"By the end of the session we were converts to the swinging way of life. . . ."

bled a phone number, and handed it to me saying "Just in case."

By the time we got home I was asking Scott, "Why not swing?" He was convinced as soon as I said that a man like Ted must have some fantastic woman. So, that evening, we called Ted and arranged to meet him and his girlfriend the following weekend.

I'm usually early for appointments. Suzanne is always late. She was so careful about her make-up and choice of T-shirt on that Friday that we had to rush to get to Ted's place even though it is just a short ride from ours. My first impression when we walked in was of his girl, Anita. But I'll keep my thoughts in check for a moment and tell you about his place.

Ted has a studio apartment in a really nice brownstone in Soho. One of those streets that have decayed but are being renovated. The apartment isn't too big but is obviously furnished with an eye to the maximum comfort for a small group of people. Everything is low level with lots of floor space. There are certain shades of color that are very sensuous, and Ted obviously knew. Nearly everything *(Continued on page 94)*

SACRAMENT OF THE SACRED FUCK

(Continued from page 66)

sanctified by worshipping OM's phallus."

"Whenever I ask to worship, kiss and caress OM's phallus," says Lady LoveLight, a stunning blonde who somehow always manages to wear the naive expression of a newly-consecrated R.C. sister, "I always bring with me another woman in case he'd like to bless her with his most sacred fuck."

For his part, OM preaches the removal of the "fig leaf syndrome" and the eradication of sex guilt within the puritan orthodoxy. And his rites and rituals—which seem too-real and titillating to onlookers—are carefully-explained forms of prayer and homage.

LoveLight is just one of at least four of OM's nucleus of goddesses here in New York including OMharmony, OMdivine and OMinspiration.

Lady Inspiration is the goddess credited (through OM's inspiration) with writing the several volumes on the sect's doctrines and rituals. She is currently completing a movie script called *Erotic Mountain* for which they plan to accrue a three-million dollar budget. This is just one project in a recent media blitz that includes their own NY cable television show, "OMLovers Presents", which debuted September 14 on channel D. They appeared on cablevision for the first time as guests on a talk show called "New York Uncensored". Host Ron Martin, publisher of a tabloid titled "Pornocopia", discovered the cult when he answered an ad in his own classified section. They responded by sending him a 117-page book, "Reality Versus Illusion in Sacramental Life", one of several testaments they've published on their own press.

This book outlines the marriage ceremony which OMLover members will begin performing on stage in one of David Joy's theaters in Greenwich Village. An excerpt from that ceremony reads like this:

Overseer: Inspect the Heavenly Blossoms.

Bridegroom: I will—O Sacred Mistress—inspect them now. (Opens her blouse—if any—and caresses her breasts.)

Overseer: Now will you inspect her Heavenly Chalice before the Eye of the Goddess LoveLight and the ArchMaster and before the Overseer and the Holy Community?

Bridegroom: Yes—O Sacred Mistress—I will inspect her Heavenly Chalice. (Lifts up her dress, parts her legs and places fingers into her vagina—he may also kiss her at this time.)

Overseer: Will you sip the Wine of Love that the Goddess pours from her Heavenly Chalice before the Eye of OM, before the Overseer and before this Holy Community?

Bridegroom: Yes—O Sacred Mistress—I will most gladly do so. (Kneels between the open thighs of the bride and places lips on her vagina and with tongue lovingly parts the vaginal lips of the Bride.)

Overseer: Then inspect his Fountainhead of Power.

Bride: I will—O Sacred Master—inspect it now. (Opens what garment—if any—the Bridegroom may be wearing and exposes his penis and begins lovingly to caress it.)

Overseer: Will you sip the Love-Nectar that the ArchMaster pours from his Fountainhead of Power before the Eye of OM, before the Overseer, and before this Holy Community?

Bride: Yes—O Sacred Master—I will most gladly do so. (Kneels between the parted thighs of the Bridegroom and places lips on his phallus and with tongue lovingly licks it; finally places phallus into her mouth and begins most lovingly to suck it.)

Directly after this query-response ritual, there is an orgy within the Holy Community in which "OM determines whose penis or tongue enters whose orifice," LoveLight explains. "But it is not really an orgy," she qualifies, "because there is discipline, prayer and worship of the Sacred Fuck."

According to the text, "The ArchMaster's Phallus is literally known as Supreme Godhead, and the ArchMistress' Vagina is literally known as Supreme Heaven."

The marriage ceremony continues. "Before the partners are confirmed in marriage the spiritual atmosphere summons their hearts into a Divine Love relationship with OM. As they intermingle with other OMLovers . . . their souls are lured into a passionate yearning for Union with OM—and continuation of the Union once attained without interruption, then every soul, male and female, within the Community is inevitably drawn into a most rapturous and enchanting marital love affair. . ."

These orgies, or "Communions", as they prefer to call them, not only take place at each marriage but are an integral element in their worship of "mature members." A mature member is one who has surrendered his all to OM. "Indeed, one who has not surrendered his profits, wages and business to OM cannot enter upon the Pathway of Supreme Ecstasy."

Sex, as we all know, is laced throughout even the most fundamentalist Christian denominations—although performing homage to a real-life dick or eating pussy at the altar would undoubtedly be condemned as the most heinous form of idolatry. Pentecostalism, for example, stringently restricts recognition of sexual propensities, penting up even vicarious notions with the single exception of bearing babies for the Glory of their God.

Nevertheless, no less an authority on evangelical ecstasy than Marjoe Gortner, the prodigy-preacher turned actor, finds the fabric of Pentecostalism saturated with rechanneled sexuality. When he turned his congregations on with fire-and-brimstone, exhorting them to receive the Holy Ghost, Gortner found it to be "a very sexual experience."

While Marjoe exhorted them on, the flock would lift its voice and arms to God. It turned into an orgiastic wetdream, with all that bottlenecked sexual energy erupting into what is known as "holy rolling."

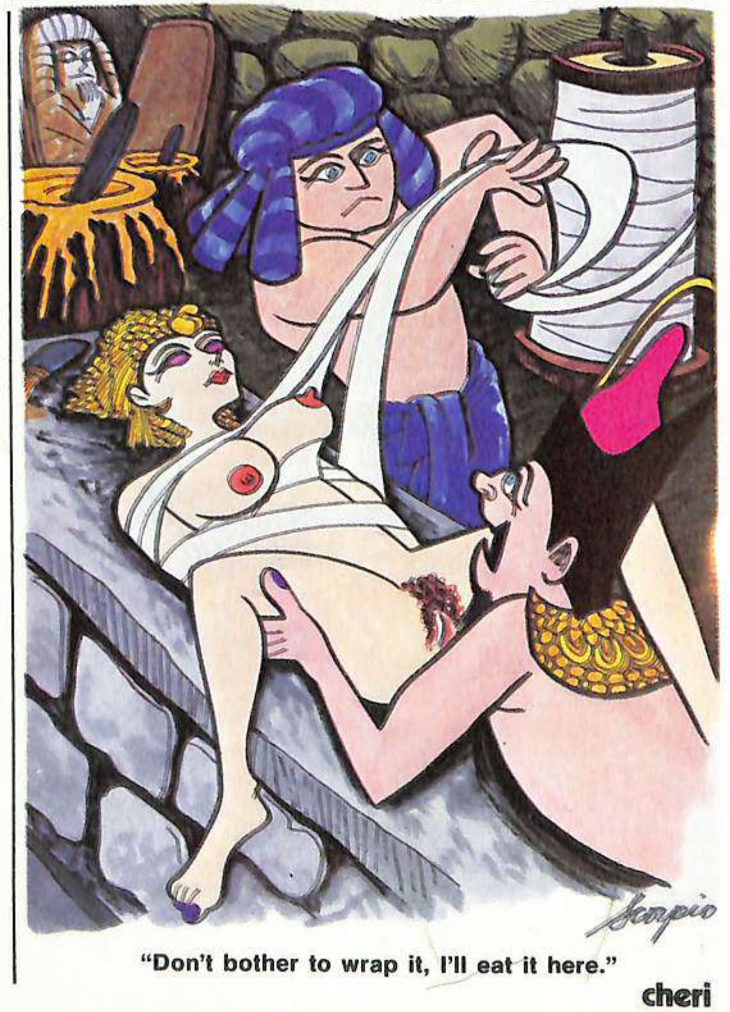
Men and women who had acted with sedate chastity during their work week would roll in the aisles, fondling each other in the name of God, humping and moaning in the name of Salvation, filling themselves with the Holy Ghost much as their sinning brethren filled themselves with penises.

"The Holy Ghost symbolism is all that the immature minds of Christ's age could grasp," OM says. "But Western consciousness has evolved to the point that it is now ready to accept the fact that to be filled with OM's phallus is akin to being filled with the Holy Ghost. As society evolves, so must religion!"

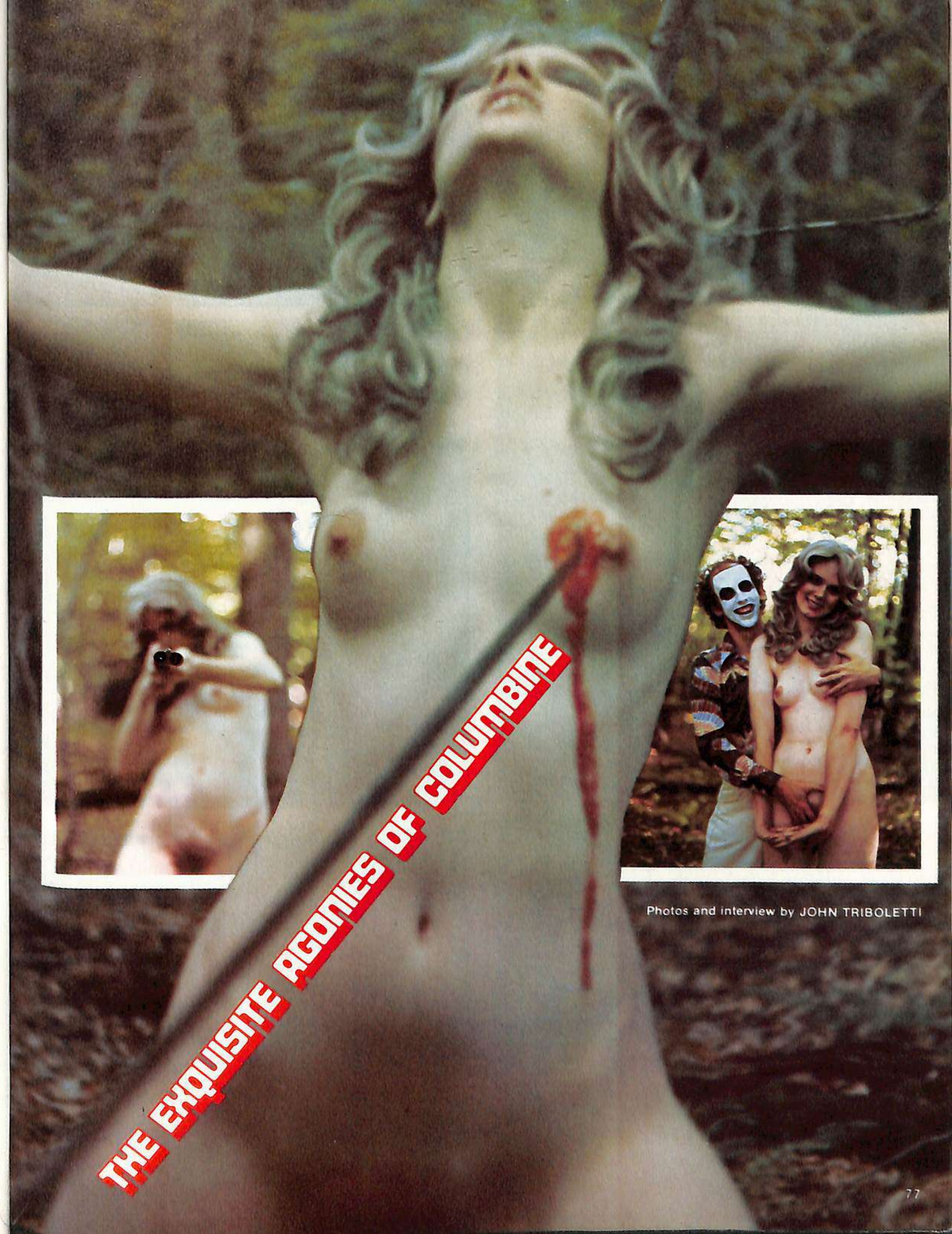
OM is believed by his followers to be here on earth to update contemporary religions, much in the same way as Zoroaster, Krishna, Siddhartha, Buddha and Christ did in their day.

In fact, a growing number of

(Continued on page 98)



"Don't bother to wrap it, I'll eat it here."



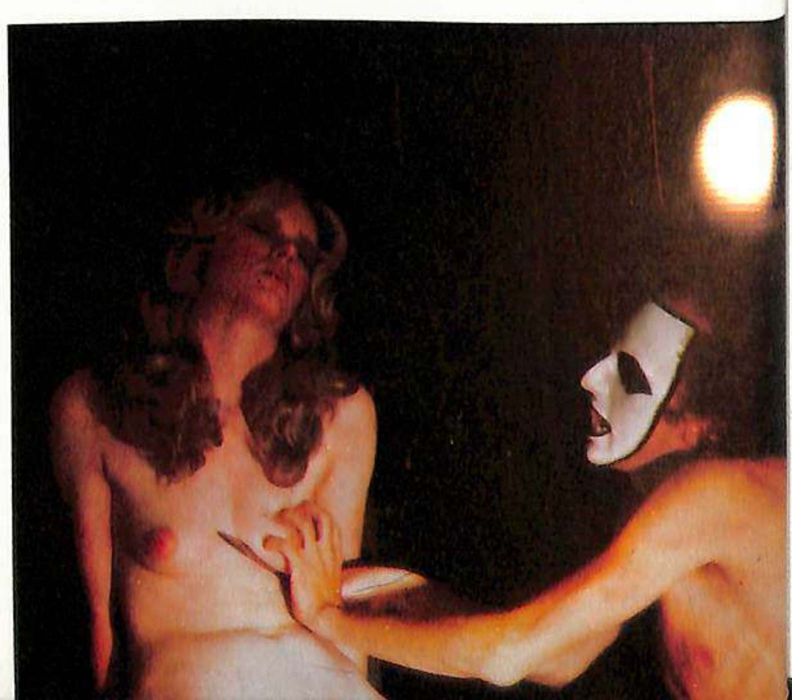
THE EXQUISITE AGONIES OF COLUMBINE

Photos and interview by JOHN TRIBOLETTI

"If I want to get at someone, to be sadistic to them, I always end up taking it out on myself."

As if the pain of existence were not enough, there are women who live to be slaves. To be cuffed around in the name of masculine superiority, to understand the applied anguish of the whip, to grovel past the squirming point in the exquisite throes of humiliation. The feminine flirtation with powerlessness is fascinating—especially to men tripping on power. And with all the yapping about liberation, almost nothing has changed, you'll be happy to hear.

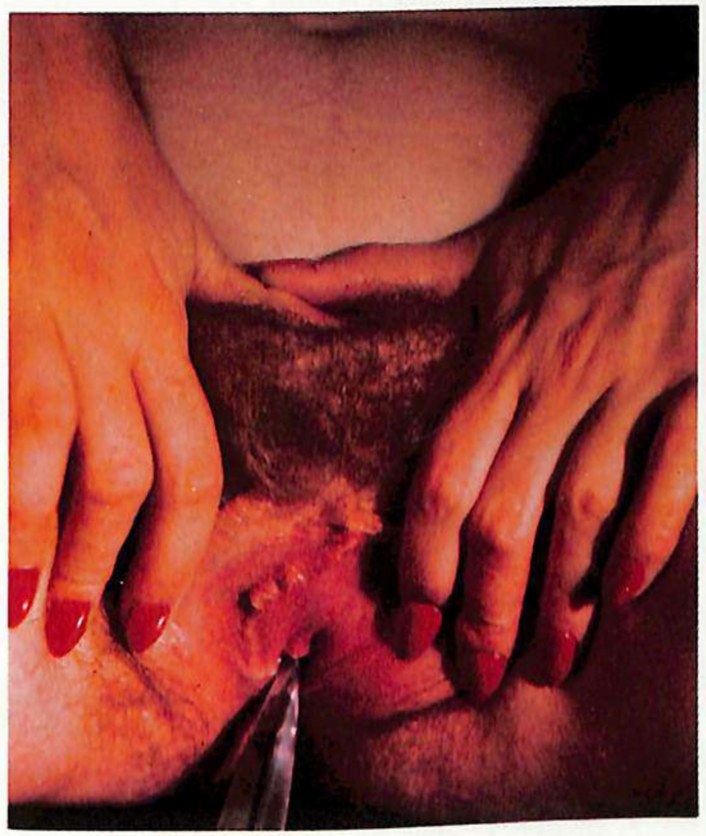
Most humiliation highs draw the line at blood, because the physical evidence of pain takes it out of the game realm and into raw reality. One woman with an astonishingly high pleasure threshold, or nauseatingly low taste in fetishes of the flesh (your choice), is the fulsome young kinky pictured here. If CHERI were not, relentlessly and embarrassingly, the expose-verite of sexual journalism, we wouldn't believe her ourselves.



"I've always been self-destructive and found it hard to understand why anyone would like me at all. I felt I deserved to be stabbed or killed. . . ."

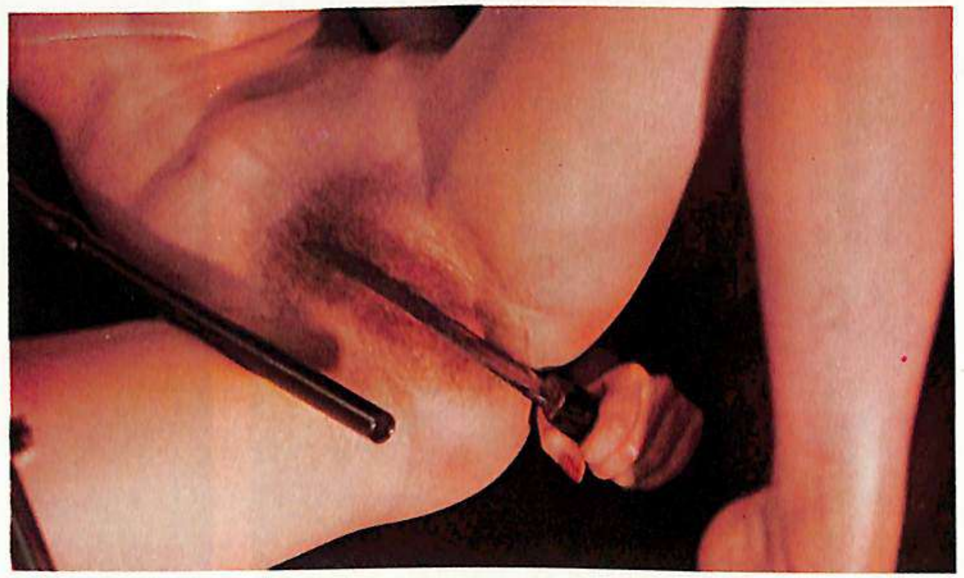
"I always considered sex a hurting experience, very evil, but I could enjoy it much more than romance."

She calls it "blood dues" and we call it ketchup, but the setup is real. Wendy W., known on-stage as Columbine is part of the Mad Mansion, a combined arts performing group of way-off Broadway with headquarters in the wildwoods of Pennsylvania. She has some interesting psychological problems that enable her to turn on to knives, spears and other weapons, thereby making her one of the



"When I was a girl I'd fantasize that I was a prostitute, on heroin, with a pimp, who couldn't get through the day without fucking or she'd die."

"I fantasize myself with a beautiful young man who's standing. . . . I suck his cock and lick his balls. . . . He doesn't move—but his cock gets huge. I do everything. I do all the fucking. This is simply a way of breaking out of my masochism."

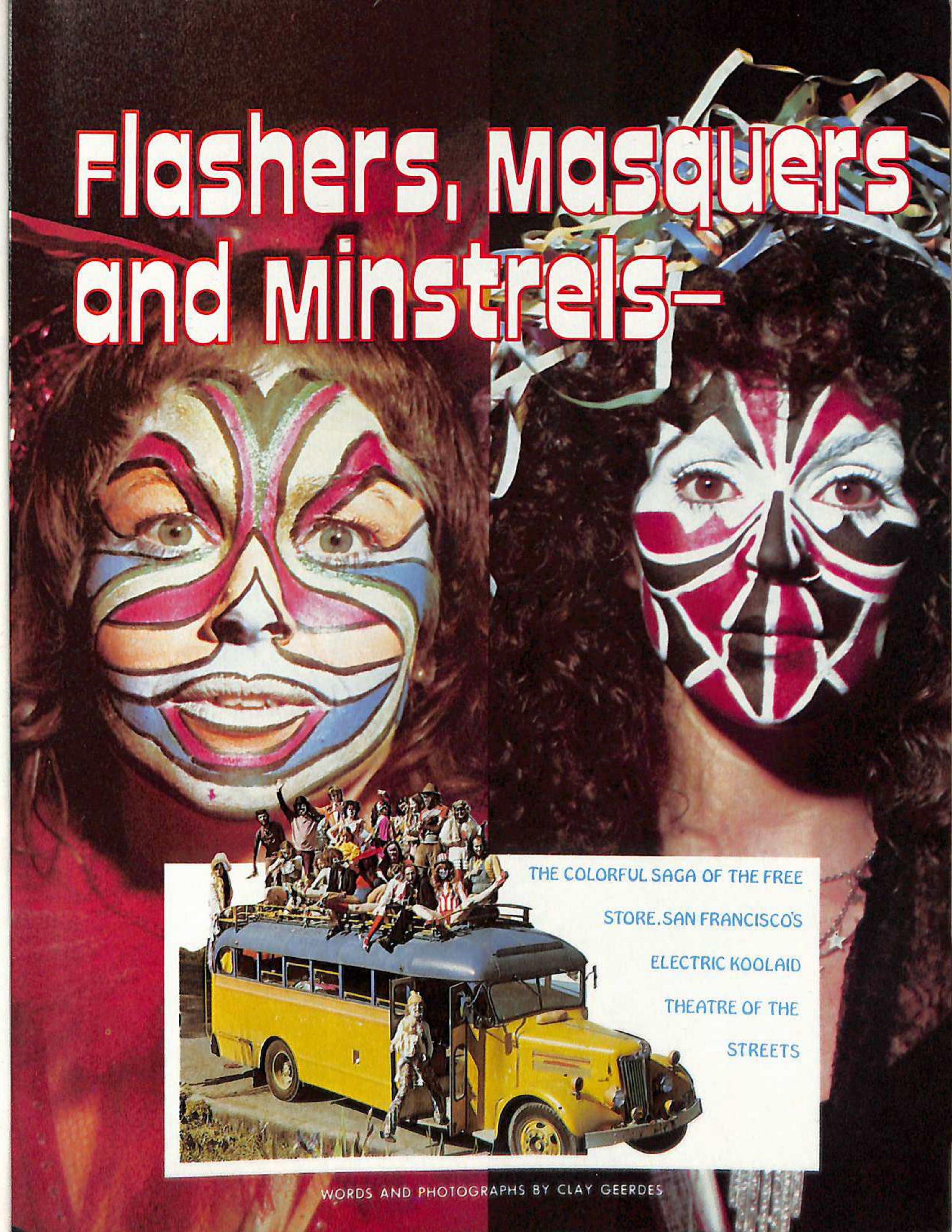


few females for whom happiness is, literally, a warm gun.

John Triboletti has been working with Columbine for about four years, attempting to fathom, with his hipper-than-average grasp of psychological precepts, just what type of imbalance would drive a beautiful young woman up against cold steel, time and again. Curiously enough, Columbine is beginning to have serious reservations—right now—abut the whole evolution of her character, whose sick, savage, self-hatred is pictured here. The whole gory

(Continued on page 96)

Flashers, Masquers and Minstrels—



THE COLORFUL SAGA OF THE FREE STORE, SAN FRANCISCO'S ELECTRIC KOOLAID THEATRE OF THE STREETS

WORDS AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY CLAY GEERDES

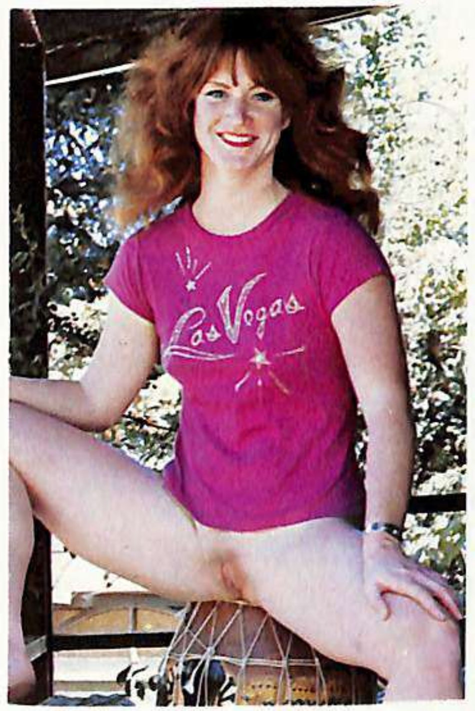
Wonderful Woman sings "Incest": "Stay away from your sister/ though she's the best piece of ass that you've ever had."

Vito's most scandalous skit is the bestiality-laden black-out, "Dog's Reward" (above). Its X-ratedness is not unique among Free Store freak-outs, however.

Big Red, an amateur topless vet, "would pop a tit at every performance if the law allowed."

Big Red's buns have always been a tremendous resource for exhibitionism, viz. her scintillating scene with Karl in "Drunks," a Free Store spectacular.

Red treats CHERI readers to non-masqued pose.

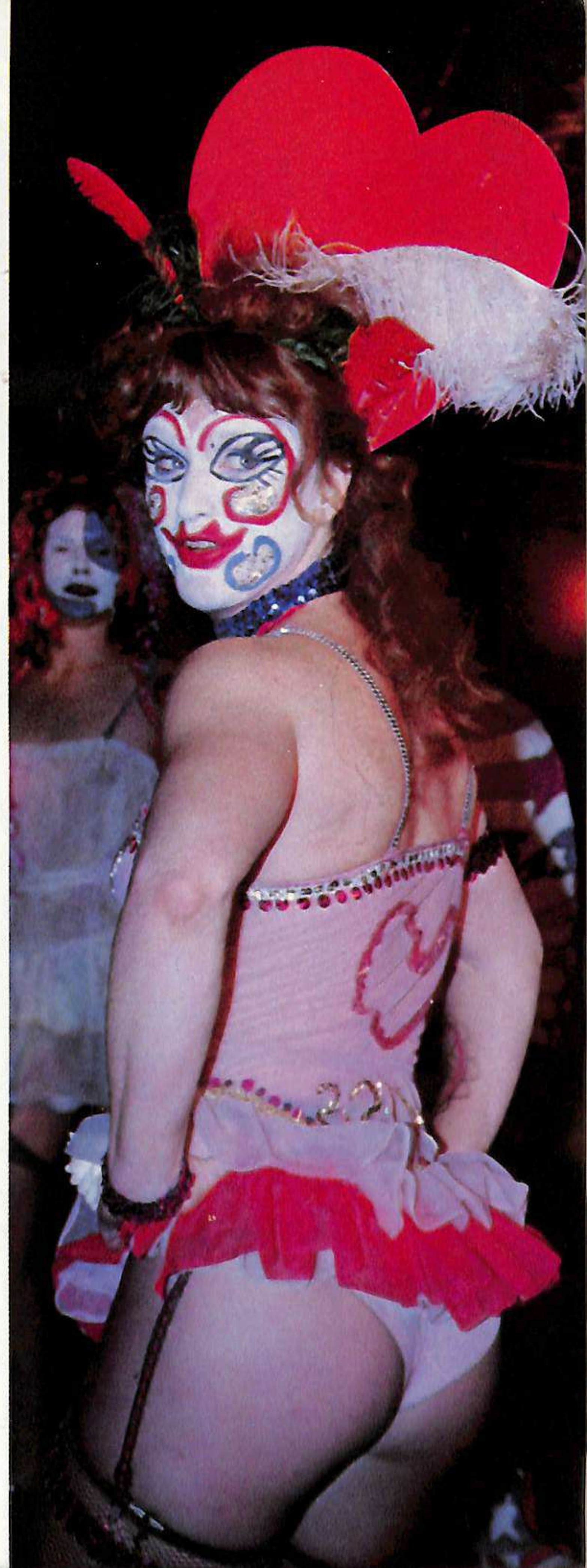


"The CIA is pissing in your drinking water!"
—Vito

Maybe you're on the ninth floor of the St. Francis Hotel and spread out below you is Union Square with its routine tourists, pigeons, lunching secretaries, and milling mobs. You take another drag of that "good stuff" you bought on a Denver Street corner and try to decide whether to hit a local movie and pass the afternoon watching Clint Eastwood killing Indians. You've just about decided to go ahead and eat the roach anyway when you see an old man playing an accordion. Nothing unusual about that, because San Francisco is filled with street musicians, but this old man wearing an Uncle Sam tophat and frock coat isn't alone.

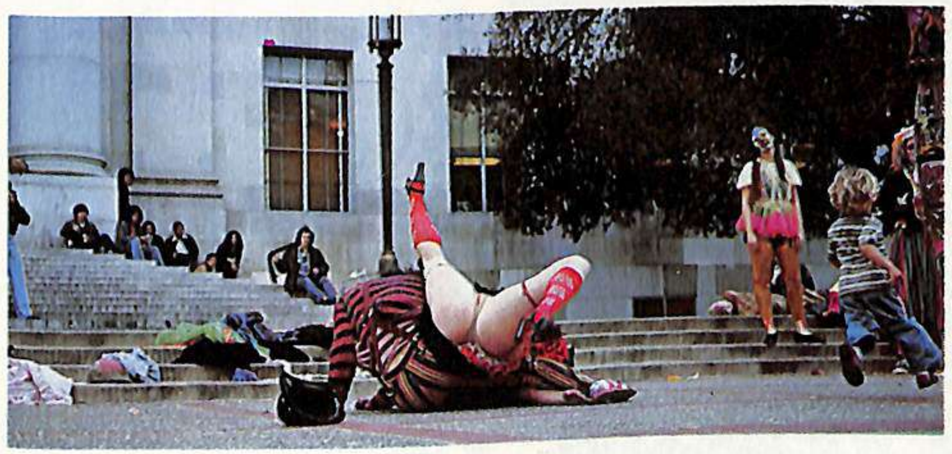
Spread out behind and around him are some of the strangest folks ever to invade the field glasses you've just raised to your eyes. All of them seem to be wearing nothing but underwear and most of them are women. All have their faces painted in weird designs. One is keeping the rhythm with a tambourine. She falls down, raises a shapely leg high into the warm afternoon air, spreads out her thighs in invitation to all of the stumbly winos and rushing businessmen, waits a moment, couple of beats, then she's up and moving along with the others.

By then you're into your cords and on your way to the elevator, Instamatic in hand. "The folks back home will never believe this."

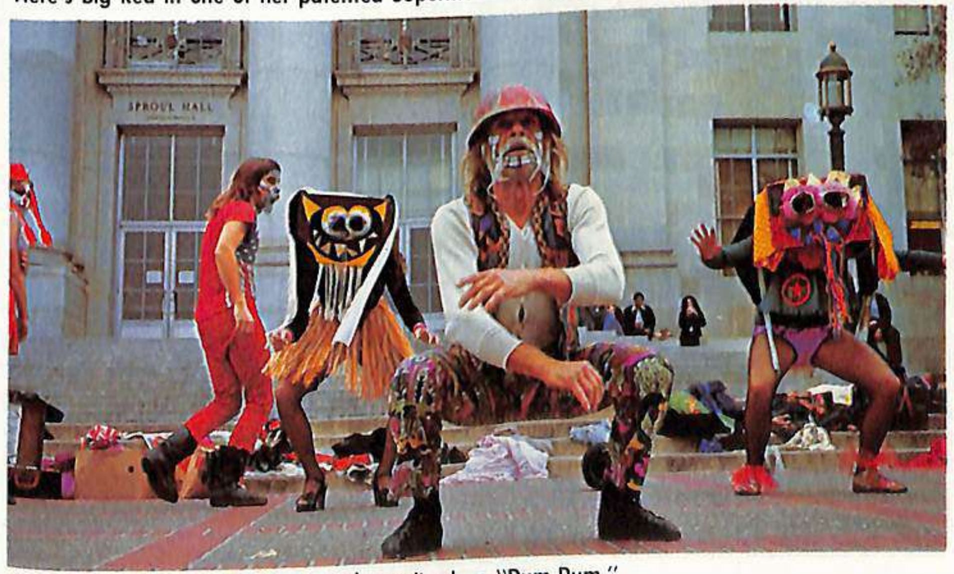


Down in the Square, people are following Vito and his gang of crazies as they tour the square in the ritual parade that begins every performance of *Free Store*. It's modeled on the jazz funeral procession common in New Orleans, but most of the people are unaware of that. They're too busy watching the crotches of those young girls as they roll around on the pigeon-shitty concrete. Some people join in and parade along, laughing at the clowns.

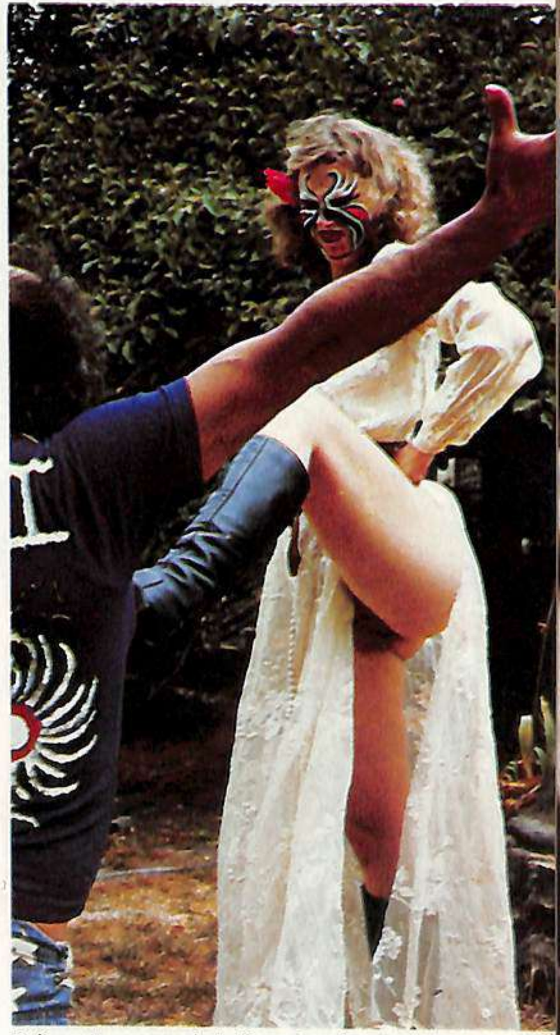
All of the actors are clowns to the children. They stare in awe at the brilliant red, white, and blue face paint worn by Wonderful Woman. They know her. She's one tough lady. Got a magic lasso and an invisible airplane. She can bounce bullets off her bracelets. She's one of the Super Friends. "I saw her on T.V." But Wonderful Woman is Yvonne DePatis and she's too hot for T.V. Picture her singing "Incest" on the tube. "Keep away from your Mama.



Here's Big Red in one of her patented Supermoon numbers.

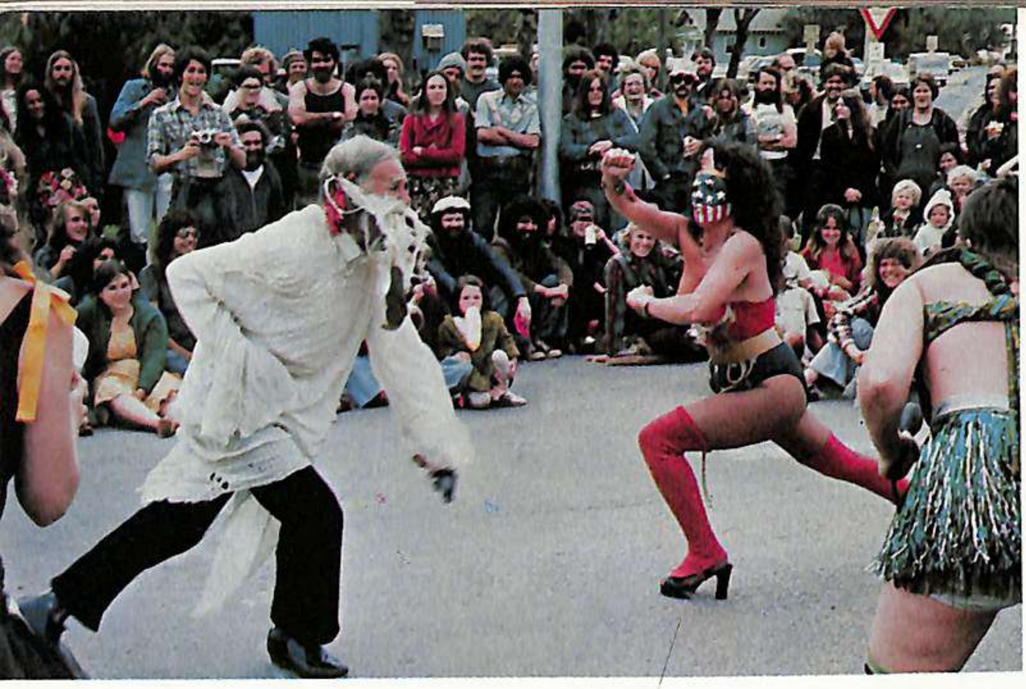


Vito, the Free Store's honcho and Svengali, plays "Dum-Dum."



Believe it or not, she's Kate Smythe, Rock Star.

"Coco-Lollipop" celebrates the innocence of childhood with the ultimate crotch–flash. . . .



Vito's motto: "Whatever you want, you know you're going to get it— and it's free."

Keep away from your Dad. Stay away from your sister, though she's the best piece of ass that you ever did had!"

One of Yvonne's numbers is an old twenties song that was brought to *Free Store* by a young woman named Mary. It's called "Saturday Night," and after Mary did it one time, it was taken over by Yvonne and is now her number.

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From Small Town Secretary To Sin City Sex Symbol And Back.

Bareassed In Babylon

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROD SWENSON

By JO JO NELSON

What can you say about a 23-year-old backwoods belle who started out as an insurance company rate clerk and almost made it to Ms. All-Bare America?

This is the ballad of Tammy Ward, a tender wildflower in whose 100%-organic breast the age-old lure of show biz flamed into obsession, bursting finally into a five-alarm blaze as she stood tall, proud, and bareassed on the runways of Babylon, offering for appraisal and

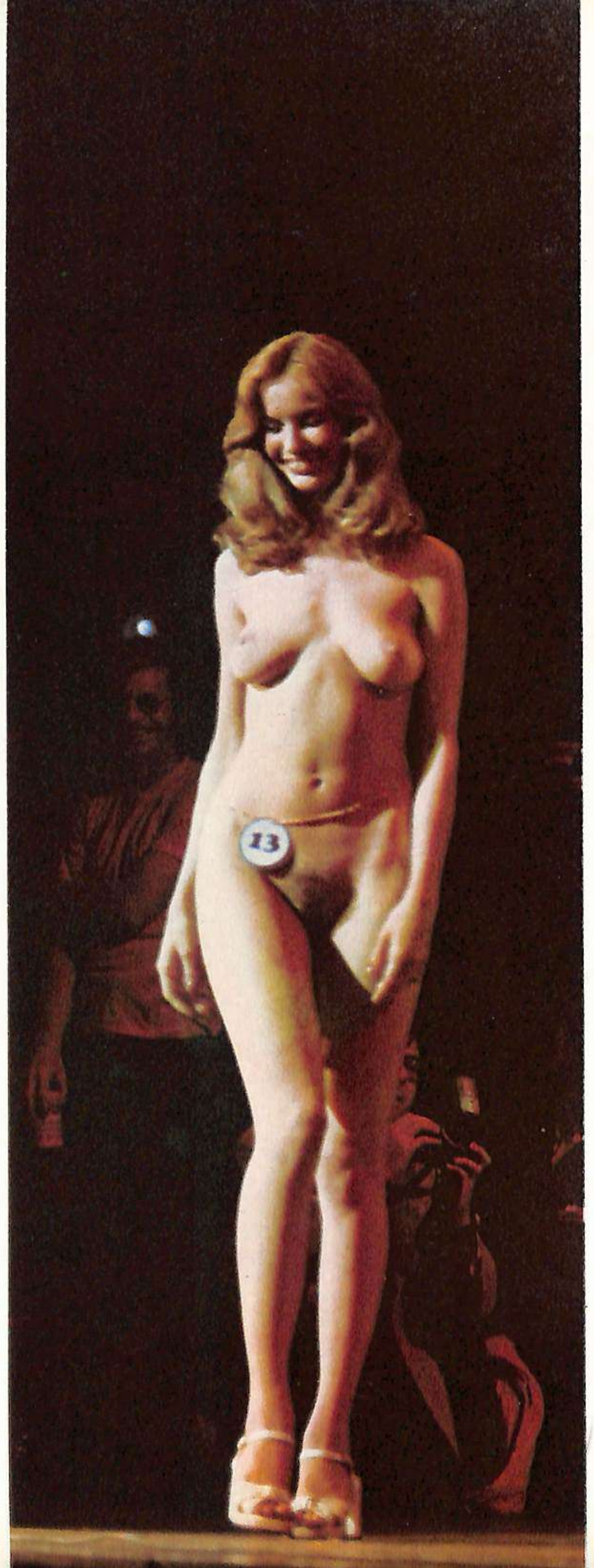
Bareassed in Babylon

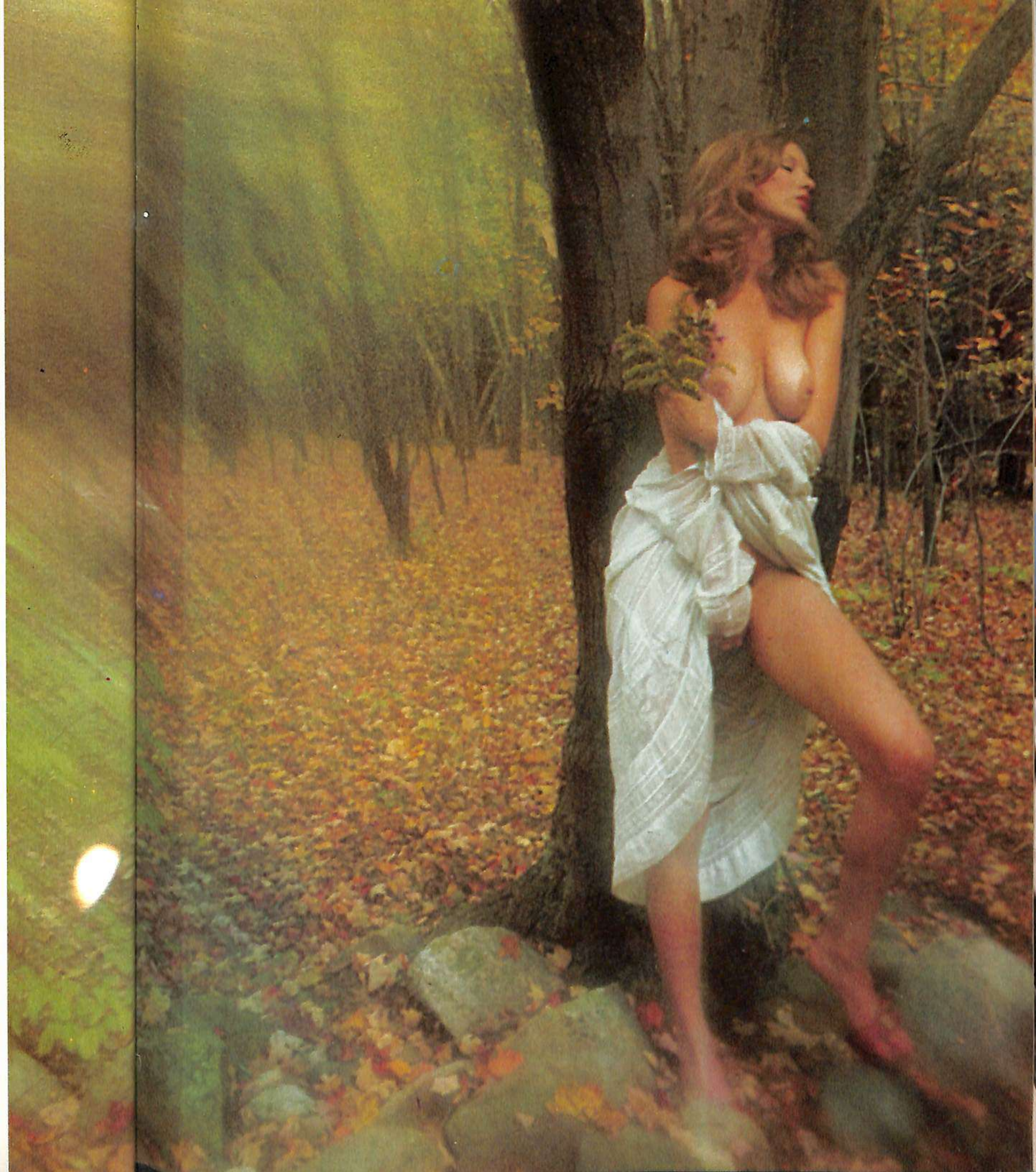
certification the charms that had once overwhelmed the swains of Greensboro.

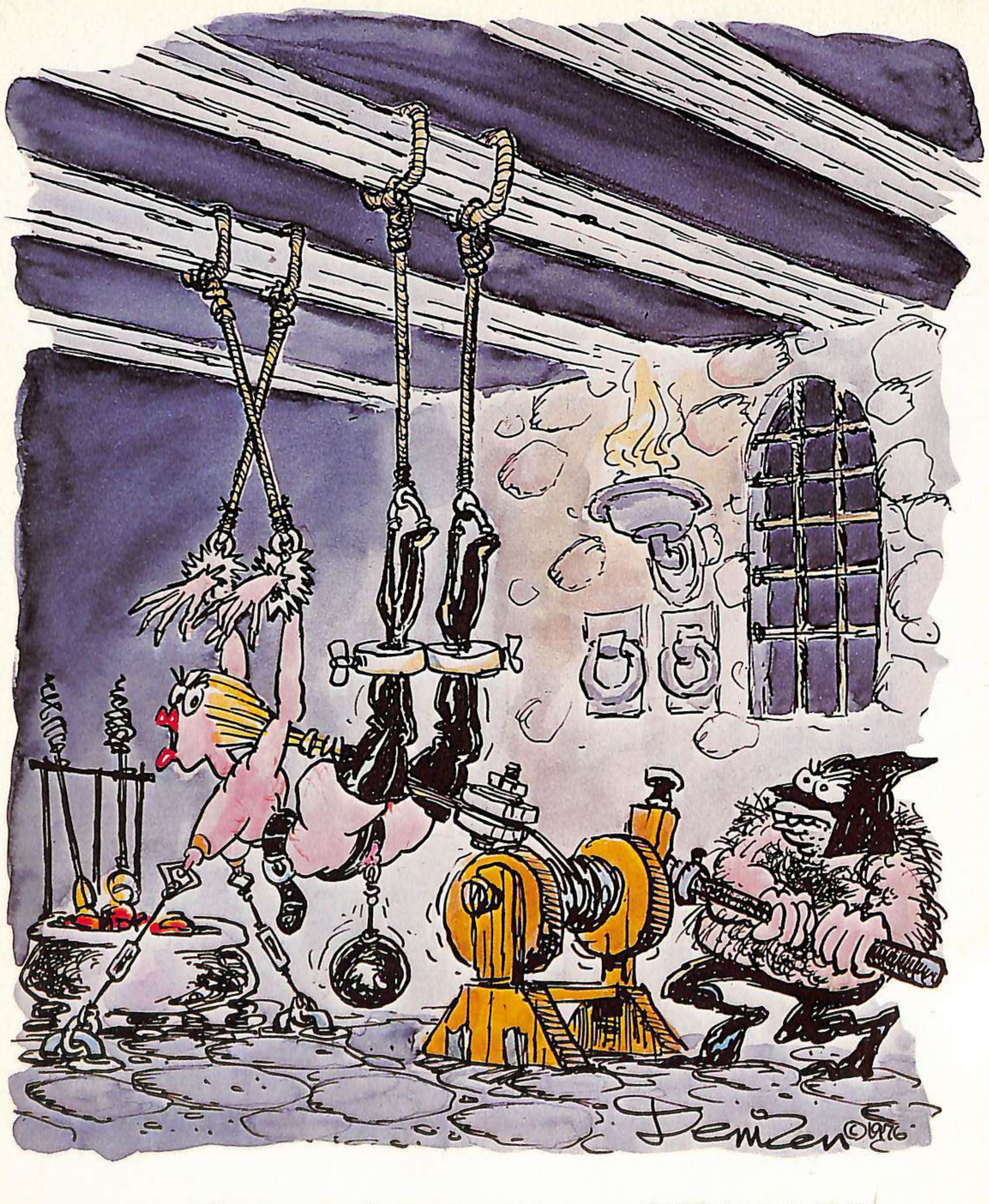
This is the ballad of one brief and fleeting hour upon the stage endured by a golden venus of the Southland, an hour as removed from a lifetime of actuarial tables and coffee breaks as the scent of magnolia is removed from the cum-soaked seats of the bawdy xanadus of Times Square.

What makes the saga of Tammy Ward so endearing is that having been an office wageslave, and then having tasted the delights of fame, massive media attention, and all the glamour of the Big City, she was able to reject it all as quickly and simply as she clove to it in the first place.

There she was, delicious but undiscovered in praline country, when a friend laid a copy of "The Rules of The Competition" on her, featuring a write-up on the Ms. All-Bare America Pageant. When one is 5'11", curvaceous, angelically blonde and a masterpiece of Southern femininity, it is understood that one's chums are always suggesting (Continued on page 92)







"PHILLIP – PLEASE STOP! YOU'RE **HURTING ME**!!"

ROD SWENSON:

BEAVER BARNUM

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senses, which culminate in the sex sense, so to speak.

What's currently playing on 42nd Street and 8th Avenue is therefore only one part of a mini-industry that encompasses a number of separate and distinct operations. In addition to the daily sex revues is the Ms All-Bare America pageant—the big bare winner to be chosen at New York's Beacon Theater in September. This will be the contest's third year, and it comes highly recommended for everyone who finds that chastest of American institutions, the Miss America contest, as appetizing as cottage cheese and ketchup. Swenson's version will introduce Mr. All-Bare America, who will be sprouting the latest in ready-to-wear cock rings, and along with him, will be provided live rock and roll. This merging of rock and roll and sex is another idea of Swenson's yet to be fully exploited. In the months to come, he also hopes to bring his naked menage to the screen in feature-length films.

To juggle these various enterprises Swenson downs vitamins and swigs carrot juice like a suburban housewife with her barbiturates and her mouthwash bottles full of gin. His work schedule is round the clock, and all of his performers and co-workers are expected to keep up with him. Of course, while his clientele is realizing fantasies of watching one woman eat out another for lunch, Swenson is hallucinating about Sealy Posturpedics and twelve hours of uninterrupted sleep. But this is not the first time Swenson's responsibilities have been this demanding. In fact, this is not Swenson's first corporation.

After graduating from Yale, after several years of jobs as diverse and ultimately disappointing as a counter at Woolworth's, Swenson hit upon an idea described easily by his favorite adjectives—sensual, shapely, edible, organic, and marketable. Like a psychedelic Horatio Alger, he took a little cash, a little more ingenuity, stirred in rolled oats and wheat germ, and came up with granola. The business expanded rapidly and was transformed with breathtaking speed into a corporation of which he was made president. But not for long. Swenson quips, "I wasn't a fucking cereal man. It was a sculpture that worked." All-Bare, then is the second wave of his large-scale productivity. "I know what people want. . . . I'm a fucking human being, and I'm in communication with a thing I'm the recipient of, the receiver and transmitter for. What's on that stage are the manifestations of it. I'm trying to get right down there."

Right down there, where the tension and the fear, the aches and the yearnings lie helplessly and wait for release. Find yourself a mistress with manacles, take yoga, go conventional and get yourself a shrink. Or for the price of admission watch Swenson's entourage pump their cunts and tease them with their own painted fingernails a yard from your nose and let a little of it out that way. He's ready for you. His acts are geared for needs more to the point than the sight of a little wet pussy. For instance . . .

In the darkened theater the customers are sitting alone, by their own choice, or in clusters near the stage. A whistle shrieks behind their heads, and an authoritative voice lashes at them, "Okay everybody, this is a bust." One man jerks anxiously out of his seat. But to his surprise and great relief, he sees a tiny woman in policeman's blues hurry down the aisle and plant herself with an imposing thrust of one hip in the white glare of the stage lights. She swings a young girl already standing there around by the shoulder, yanks her panties down, and disciplines her pouting, prissy asshole with a billyclub. In it slides. The girl whines. You can feel her muscles forcibly stretched around the billyclub. The policewoman taps her foot impatiently, and the stick goes in again. The ass muscles are yielding and contracting. Her bottom is rising to meet the stick, giving itself away each time more of the stick disappears. On her hands and knees like that you can see the girl's stomach rippling, her breasts hanging with the fullness of a young cow. The billyclub has let the woman animal out, and, in reaction, the man animal can let his tension out. He feels warm in the aftermath. Of course there's more to prolong that feeling of inner bliss, to turn warm up to boil.

The lady in blue's own pleasures extend beyond the violation of a nubile asshole. Alone in the spotlight she dances, tossing her jacket to one side, her skirt to the other and rolling her narrow hips as much to the memory of a cock between her legs as to the music behind her. Clearly you can hear an undercurrent of her own voice moaning because she is genuinely excited by the depraved vision she is creating. The underpants she drags down her hips and over her boots she presses to her mouth and chews. The lady is in love with her own cunt and it's a sweet and sour smell. All of her holes are for your pleasure. She plays with a pair of handcuffs. Could the force officer have known the toys he was giving her? She sucks on the shiny metal. Are they meant for you . . . or for her? You don't have much time to think about it because in a twinkle she's up on her feet tapdancing her heart out, her mouth a little red lifesaver, edible and rosy as her nipples. So this cop has a double life. One minute she's the minister of corporal punishment and the next she's a naked Ginger Rogers. It's as raunchy, as incredulously schizophrenic, as ridiculous as real life. Face it, you've got to laugh.

No one ever suspected live sex shows of having a sense of humor, but Swenson tries to fuel his productions with comic relief. Take the eerie tale of a fourteen-year-old girl who's disappeared while skipping home from school one day along the flat-chested plains of Idaho. "No one has ever seen her since, though some claim, when the moon is full, that she stalks the potato fields, more animal than human." The ominous gurgle of rain in the background, a crash of thunder, and gray curls of fog. What could have happened to her? There was only one clue, written in scarlet on the bathroom mirror . . . more thunder. . . . It said, "The Sisters of Satan and the Vampire Cult." Out from the wings slinks a lady in leather leading our forlorn heroine by a chain. The poor girl is flogged, and her only reprieve is a mouthful of her mistress's cunt.

The spotlight swings, and in its orb we see a mummy case, which creaks open and out steps, with Boris Karloff solemnity, a well-wrapped mummy, well-wrapped, that is, except for a giant phallus. There is only one thing to do with a resurrection like that—suck it.

Strain your imagination. How about a lady fucking a gorilla? Not for you? Well, how about a banana split rimmed with whipped cream atop a real cherry? Make note, however, that there are occupational hazards. One of the performers was once unable to disgorge her banana and only after carefully, doctorly pressure applied repeatedly just below the navel was she debananaed. An admirable grip, you must admit though, for a cunt that is grabbed, fingered, and eaten five or six times a day.

Certainly the idea of orgasming that often sounds delightful in theory, but in reality it presents the problem of lubrication, even though the audience is having no problem with its own juices. For all penetration scenes the performers carry bottles of glycerine and dab it generously on cunt and anus.

Asked what the tribulations of managing live sex acts are, Swenson's answer is not the vice squad. Apparently hygiene is more difficult to control. Consider that the performers eat each other more regularly than they eat anything else and indulge their own sexual appetites offstage as well, whenever they have free time. Who knows what germs are festering within. They also have to take care that in their enthusiasm they don't plunge a dildo into an asshole and then into a cunt without the necessary cleansing in between. A vaginal infection may make me uncomfortable, but it could make one of Swenson's ladies unemployable.

Now that Swenson is featuring heterosexual sex shows, he is faced with another traumatic possibility—the reluctant cock.

Center stage a young lady sat primping on a park bench. The gum rolled in her cheeks as she adjusted her transistor radio. Then an American jock appeared sweaty and dejected from a disappointed baseball game. A trivial disappointment, I imagine, compared to the futile efforts the young girl made with her hard-working hands and mouth. We all felt badly —me, Swenson, and the customers how huddled in seats or lined the wall for optimum viewing—though her tongue (she was a pretty girl with Oriental eyes) swam up and down his cock like a pink salmon. It's only fair to add, however, that the baseball player's batting average has improved since.

The whole business has improved, as a matter of fact. The sex business, that is. It's evolving as an industry just like any other. Swenson figures in this process because of his updated no-holes-barred vaudeville acts, his copulation and come heterosexual shows, his raw rumps

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Babylon

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ways to greater exposure. In her sublimely submissive Southern drawl, Tammy called the Pageant people in New York, wherever that was. In their dominant Northern drool they responded with a swift invitation for a personal interview. Where Scarlett O'Hara would have sliced up the drapes for an impressive designer outfit, Tammy merely threw some duds and two loaves of homemade bread in her ancient van, and lit out.

After three days on the mid-Atlantic byways she chugged through the Holland Tunnel into the Big Apple, looking "so tired and dirty they'd never believe I was a beauty contestant." They did, though. After filling out the entry blank and signing releases that assured she couldn't ever sue anybody for any imaginable type of exploitation, she was introduced to producer Rod Swenson and his staff . . . think about that sentence. She spent a fun-filled night in New York and went back to North Carolina feeling confident. Then she got a call telling her she was 'in' and she felt even more confident.

The contest improper consists of twenty equally enthusiastic young beauties competing stark naked onstage at the Beacon Theatre, an almost indestructible rock joint that has been known to withstand both the Grateful Dead and Bob Marley and the Wailers in a single orgiastic month. The MC was none other than the splendidly suggestive Don Imus, this time with the soap out of his mouth, and the judges—who chose the judges? Some were men's magazine editors whose lecherous instincts were of course above question, but others were real people, such as pop artist James Rosenquist and Joe Bonomo, holder of the "1919 Modern Apollo" title, who was holding out for the girl "with the glow of good health."

The happy winner of all this horny hype would get enough media coverage to launch a Saturn rocket and over $6,000 in cash and prizes, of which one was a free Caribbean vacation sponsored by Vacations in the Buff, which would bring the glow of good health to Frankenstein himself. The title also included lots of trendy clothes, beauty treatments and consultations with the latest woman-hating hairdresser to make it big amongst the amys-&-sympathy crowd.

When I met Tammy she was already working her way through a bottle of tranquilizers, which may have accounted for her shy, demure smile while being battered by the harpies and freeloaders of the New York press. This was an "invitation only" party at Reflections, an East Side disco whose flashy ambiance has kept it jumping as so many others close. As I hung out at the doorway, a convoy of cabs pulled up, and out scrambled girls of every size, shape and persuasion—literally stopping traffic as they assembled for their grand entrance. Meantime, within the club, the journalists actually stopped sousing, bullshitting and making connections to pay strict attention to the main event.

They descended the spiral staircase—Busby Berkeley would have been enthralled—from the shortest to the tallest, in skin-tight jeans, red-white-and-blue suspenders and fire engine red MS. ALL-BARE T-shirts. Tammy became an instant favorite, with her Amazon height and dynamite knockers. Writers and photographers flocked to her, asking inane questions on why she fucked, who she fucked—of which more later—and what, essentially, a normal, even good-hearted and well-bred, young lady was doing in a sexploitation spectacular like this. And did she realize that 2 million people would be watching her on the news tonight?

Tammy really handled them beautifully, which is a tribute to either her Southern gentility or the calmative effects of Valium. But she confessed to me, "All this—it doesn't seem real. Back home in Greensboro, I'd be working an office and tending to my plants and my dogs—sometimes, on the weekends, I go back-packing. This is too much."

I knew it was a full week between the press party and the pageant, a week in which a young naif of her sensitivities could either be sharpened up very swiftly or crushed like an R-C Cola can. She spent her time giving interviews and making personal appearances and generally being gorgeous. She went to the Statue of Liberty with some reporters. She did "AM New York". She did "Mid-Day Live" with Bill Boggs . . . "I used to watch him every day when he was just starting out with a show in Greensboro. He's really sexy in person. And Tiny Tim was there too. But we really blew his mind—he thinks a woman's place is barefoot, pregnant and in the kitchen!"

Now a praline with presence, she had a wonderful sense of herself. I asked her if she'd been influenced by any feminist philosophy—especially their strong stand against the exploitative factor in contests such as these. "Am I into women's lib?" she answered. "Well—yes and no. I do believe in equal pay and equal work opportunities. But the rhetoric of the libbers—that's as boring and unreal as Miss America's."

I asked her why she'd entered this contest, when her sheer gorgeousness would have made her Miss America material, as well. "Because Miss America isn't representative of the majority of my generation. If anything, she represents the morals of my *grandmother's* generation—completely out of step with the 20th Century. This pageant is one way to make a statement. I entered for the experience, more than anything else. And this *has* been the most exciting week of my life!"

But how, I wondered, could a young innocent who confessed to being "really frightened" about the pageant, explain her insane desire to run around nude in front of hundreds of people whom she'd never met before. "I've never been nude onstage," she explained, "but I do feel that the human body is very beautiful . . . corny, huh?"

Soooo . . . we delicately skirted the subject of what her 'very beautiful body' had been down to in the past week. She wasn't saying whether she'd balled Rod Swenson or MC Don Imus—she hadn't had the time, even, to get batteries for her vibrator. Do they sell vibrators in Greensboro? I was pondering the sexual persuasions of the global village when she did let on that she'd made it through her first three-way, a man and a woman, and as it was her first experience with a woman she felt liberated by the event. She also liked the Eagles and old Clark Gable movies, but she didn't specify if either was playing at the time.

Like all beauties, she suffered something awful. She was just too emotional. Being a Pisces, she was graceful, intuitive, compassionate, altruistic, dreamy and incredibly sensitive. Real life was a little rough, so she lost herself in fantasies . . .

What with her feelings running away with her all the time, she wasn't exactly lucky in love. Now and then, when she'd had a bit too much vodka, she went bananas, as who does not—and men thought she was wanton. Men are always looking to find flaws in beautiful women to bring them down to humiliation level. Well, anyway, the process was very painful, and now her truest loves were her dogs. The last time she could remember crying, actually, was when she'd had to give some puppies away.

At that point she was whisked away to do a TV interview with CBS's Trish Reilly. The girls attracted the usual mob of the carnally curious as they posed under the theatre marquee. I wondered how she had survived a week of perpetual gawking, insolent staring, come-ons and propositions that would be "good" for her.

Backstage was becoming hysterical. Harried, long-haired guys were running around doing sound checks and setting up the stage. The three floors of dressing rooms were wall-to-wall feminine flesh in various stages of undressed anxiety. The roar of the blow dryers was deafening. Every girl was making her own special pact with her own special devil to make her the most beautiful—just this once.

But backstage was mild compared to the pandemonium outside the Beacon's entrance; one would really think the Rolling Stones were performing in an hour. Cars, cameramen, cops and several sex-crazed spectators milling about. To get inside you had to pay up to $15.50 a ticket, which left out the 42nd Street raincoat raunch freaks. These people at least wore London Fogs.

DJ Don Imus, whom I personally would not mind balling to advance *my* career—or his, or, say, Tiny Tim's—was resplendent in tails and suede cowboys boots. The contestants bounced on in white jeans and plastered-on T-shirts, and the audience went wild. When they went topless, it began to approach delirium. These chickadees, remembered, were also supposed to be judged on their personality and poise, about which no one gave a shit for the duration of the event. And for which we should be grateful, as no one troubled them with questions concerning our diplomatic relations with places like Sri Lanka or Bangladesh, risking a sickly Nembutol halfsmile and answers on the order of, "Why . . . I *personally* believe . . . if you force school buses . . . we talked about this in Sociology . . . to go away from where they're,

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Babylon

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y'know, happeeee . . . well . . . is that the American way?"

The crowd was mostly couples, white, middle-class and well-mannered, but in no time at all they had formed very strong opinions about the outcome. Milling about with the herd during intermission, I heard, "If Number 13 (namely Tammy) doesn't win, it's a fix!" Her sweet vulnerability and soft edges contrasted so obviously with the professional slickness of the other girls that she was hard to resist. But not impossible—in the end, she walked off with second prize.

But it had been a great week, and she'd been cheered by thousands of people—it hadn't been a fantasy, after all. We retreated to her dressing room with a bottle of champagne, away from the din of the party, drank a lavish toast to each other's health, wealth and happiness, and parted pals.

ROD SWENSON

BEAVER BARNUM

(Continued from page 91)

and bare breasts beauty pageant. He has made sexual fantasies into an hour and a half of theatrical entertainment and into a viable business enterprise. How well his shows endure over time will be the best way to gauge his business. But at present his theaters are busy, and his customers range from the stereotyped denizens of 42nd Street, hungry-eyed and always a little sweaty, to businessmen in three-piece suits who carry attache cases instead of the standard rumpled newspaper to hide their enthusiasm. There are women in the audience too, and certainly couples find it an interesting interlude before the foreplay begins.

It has a future, new possibilities to explore and exploit. More naked men, posing and dancing and masturbating just like the women. Maybe some day the teddy bear won't be a stuffed costume but a volunteer from the local zoo. As for today, or this afternoon, rest your own torrid imagination and indulge in sex fantasies that are already made to order.

SEX LIB 4 KIDS

(Continued from page 93)

C.: Who?

O'Hara: He doesn't, as yet, publicly endorse us. His name is not given out to anyone.

C.: What other people appear to side with you on the controversy?

O'Hara: We've had the most important, famous people on our side from the start, 14 years ago.

C.: And perhaps some in addition, at the sudden end of this interview. Want to say something more?

O'Hara: No. But, if anyone would like more, send a large (no. 10 size), self-addressed envelope, with 24¢ postage, to Guyon Society, 324 South First St., Alhambra, Cal., 91802 to receive free information on saving the country from insanity, crime, drug-abuse, obesity, VD, STD, unwanted children, health-abuse, etc.

OUR FIRST SWING

(Continued from page 75)

was in a rich red or blue hue and the lighting made the place feel almost Arabic.

Anita is remarkable. A beautiful black girl with very nice hips. A tremendous figure, easy to be comfortable with. I had been telling Suzanne that this was fine as an experiment but I didn't see us really getting into the scene. As soon as Anita opened the door I thought differently. I was going to enjoy the evening.

We all sat down on the cushions and Anita got some drinks together. It was pleasant sitting there anticipating while chatting about music and work and just about everything else. Neither Suzanne nor I knew what to do next. There is only the one room so I couldn't conveniently ask Anita to show me the bedroom. I didn't know whether one couple was expected to leave. A confusing situation to be in for a beginner.

Anita soon did her best to relieve the confusion. She came back from the kitchenette with a tray of fresh drinks and sat down on my cushion. I was talking to Ted about the Democratic Convention and wasn't really paying attention to Anita. So it came as a complete surprise to feel a hand rubbing my leg through my trousers. I stopped talking in mid-sentence, and turned to Anita. Well, the drinks had relaxed me, I forgot about Ted and Suzanne. And Anita knows how to keep a person's attention.

When I came up for air I noticed that Ted and Suzanne were not just idly waiting for us to rejoin the conversation. In fact I would have felt like I was intruding if I had attempted to say anything. Good manners and a normal male appetite forced me to return to the subject at hand. Somehow, in the pause, Anita had managed to shed her dress. Seeing her body covered while shaking hands on meeting had been nice. But feeling it rub against me with only my clothes between us and knowing that Suzanne could see it too . . .

I'd been waiting for some sign from Ted and I'd been watching Anita, too. But so far they had only been the friendly hosts and I started to feel a bit let down. Then I saw Anita sit beside Scott and touch him.

I wondered whether there was some code of behavior and looked over to Ted. He was watching Scott and Anita. I moved discreetly closer to him. He shifted his eyes from them to me. Then he unzipped his trousers and took out his prick. He grabbed my arm and pulled my face over his lap. He pushed his cock into my mouth and moved my head up and down until I caught the rhythm.

I could hear Scott and Anita enjoying themselves. I wanted to leave it all to Ted and I love being dominated. After a little while he made me sit up and he undressed me. Then he flipped me onto my belly, pulled my ass up, and entered me. I closed my eyes and concentrated on the sensation. When he started to groan and I felt his spasms in me, I opened my eyes and saw Scott eating Anita. What an orgasm I had!!!

He got up but I was too relaxed to move from my position. The housekeeper in me felt quite guilty as I knew his come was dripping from me onto the cushion. But then he lifted me gently, kissed me and told me I had a great body. Anita and Scott were sitting side by side and Scott smiled reassuringly at me. Which made me feel really relaxed and satisfied.

We stayed until quite late, talking, drinking, and generally enjoying each other's company. We appreciated the way Ted and Anita had made the evening as comfortable as possible for us. After the first experience, we know why so many couples are into swinging. It is the best way to share a sexual experience completely with a partner. They need never feel that they are being left out of a portion of your life. And the knowledge that your partner is fucking in the same room, or close by, is a very real stimulant. It seems to make your own experience even more enjoyable. Yes, we are definite converts to the swinging life.

Ted has invited us to go with him and Anita to a gathering out on Long Island in a couple of weeks to party with a crowd he is with. We have, of course, accepted the invitation.

You see, our attitudes have changed in another way. We thought that it would be only a sexual experience. It is also a marvelous way to get closer to people. To make good friends.

We're looking forward to the party, and to telling you about the scene in New York which we will be joining officially when we arrive at the party. Until then. . . .

Flashers, Masquers and Minstrels–

(Continued from page 86)

"Do it to me like you
  did to Maria
Saturday night,
  Saturday night.
First you undressed her
  then you caressed her,
Saturday night,
  Saturday night.
When the plums are ripe
  and they're ready for
  pluckin'
Maria's eighteen and she's
  ready for coll-idge!"

That's not for TV, pal. That's not even for some of the members of the San Francisco Park Commission. Just before the Summer season in 1976, the Park Department stopped *Free Store*. No permit was denied; the troupe was just suppressed until a Park meeting to be held in September.

Vito countered by taking his show back to college campuses and night clubs. The club scene was familiar to him. In the mid-sixties, he had a studio in Los Angeles on Laurel near Beverly. A sculptor, he taught clay modeling and modern dance classes. Rock bands used some of the space at his place to rehearse and when many of those bands began to play at the Be-ins and Love-ins in Griffith Park, Vito and his dance students went along. His style soon became known as freaking out. Musicians and actors would stop by his studio in those days and the mixture of creative people led to projects like the dance ensemble that travelled with Frank Zappa and the Mothers of Invention and films like *Mondo Hollywood* and *You Are What You Eat*.

Big Red remembers that period. She was a teenybopper on the Sunset Strip then, a music groupie. Now she's one of the headliners in *Free Store*, an unembarrassed exhibitionist who loves the sexuality of her role in the musical-comedy that grew out of Vito's dance class at Sonoma State. Vito, like most of his company, lives in Cotati these days, a town he chose after a visit to Haiti. He had left Los Angeles when the violence began around 1968. Didn't want to raise his children in that climate. Tried another country, but found that white people couldn't live in Haiti, so he returned to the states, bought a house in rural Cotati, fifty miles northeast of San Francisco, and settled down to launch a new career. It really wasn't all that difficult for Vito because he just went on doing what he did. Drifted out to the college on Friday afternoons and danced with the bands, got to know the regulars, started a free dance class in Charles Ives Hall, built the town a band-stand in the Plaza, did some acting, and raised his four children: Gruvi, BB, Sky, and Phreekus.

Acting in *Panic* with a young man named Glenn Saukko, Vito began to think about doing his own show. Glenn was for it. So were Kathleen, Bobbi, Sheika, Big Red, Karl, and the other members of the dance class. Vito told them to bring in some bits and songs and they would start to work. By February of 1975, it was an amateur talent show, a bit of new vaudeville with lyrics written mostly by Rick Applebaum and dances choreographed by Vito. There was no script. Only a few of the people had had any formal training in theater, and nearly all of the members were on some form of welfare. Most were women, and most had children. When the show premiered in a tiny theater in the back of the Last Great Hiding Place, a Cotati coffeehouse, there were as many children onstage as there were actors.

It was a show with no name.

The company didn't even have a name.

It was community theater, bawdy and chaotic. For those in the show, it was therapy with each of the bits working out someone's fantasy or neurotic hang-up. Vito was in and out of the show, keeping up the tempo, prompting, directing and acting, a source of energy that was constant. Only a handful of people saw that first show on February 3, 1975, most of them family and friends. The place wasn't right. The audience wouldn't come there, so Vito decided to take it outside to them. By Easter, he was leading his band of crazies through the center of town, down the Old Redwood Highway, and into the Plaza where they would perform every Saturday afternoon on the bandstand.

The show began to shape up. By Summer it was known as *Free Store*, a name the company took from the local free store which had been burned by vandals. Vito thought of it as a free store of ideas and if it is nothing else it is certainly a collage of American values and attitudes. Whatever happened to the company was implemented and assimilated into *Free Store* as a "new number." For a long time, runaway dogs were a problem in Cotati. The town has a leash law now, but *Free Store* still does "dog."

Here comes Yvonne walking her dog now. The dog is Lorrie, who wears net stockings and a furcoat. "This is a good dog. This dog protects me wherever I go." But what about that man edging up to the front of the stage, the one in the black coat? Oh, oh, he's opening his coat. The fucker's going to expose himself to that woman! He did it. That dog's on his heels fast, chases him offstage. The lady likes that. Pats the dog. "I'm going to get this dog a reward." She gets down on her hands and knees to look around for a bone and when she does the dog shifts around behind her and mounts her with a quick pelvic thrust. Nailed her. The flasher runs out and douches them with a bucket.

Think there aren't some women around who get it on with their doggies, do you? Can it be you haven't read Nancy Friday's *My Secret Garden*?

The incest number was written by Rick Applebaum, but it was stimulated by Suzi Creamcheese who read a book called *Incest and Human Love* and went around on the streets of Cotati telling people not to commit incest with each other. Even though nuclear families have deteriorated a great deal in the seventies, taboos against incest are still pretty strong. This writer recalls listening to a number of talk shows that dealt with incest and being surprised that it was so common. The majority of the callers were women whose brothers and fathers had fucked them. Perhaps this explains the popularity of the Incest number in *Free Store*. The line about sister being "the best piece of ass you ever did have" always gets a lot of laughs.

Nothing is sacred in *Free Store*. Vito's satire pulls no punches. He goes after politicians and hippies and gurus as well as self-styled revolutionaries.

"Well, man, don't you know what's happening in this country since RockerFord became President? You're either broke or you're busted and if you do have a dollar bill, it ain't worth a shit."

"I just want to ask you one thing: Where are you now that we need you, Linda Lovelace?"

That's the line he gets dragged offstage on.

Big Red follows his mock political rap. "My name is Granola. I'm a liberated broad. You can find me any sunny day, digging in the sod." While she's saying 'sod', you're getting a closeup of Big Red's rosy cheeks. Drunks along the apron of the stage are catcalling, whistling and squinting to try to catch a bit of cunt.

Which they often do, because of the skimpiness of Red's costume. She's got "Kiss" sequinned on the back of her pink tights and when she strolls along Grant Avenue after a Washington Square performance the message is clear to the barflies and spare-changers that hang out in that part of North Beach. Cops have warned Red to cover up her buns lots of times, but rarely until after she's finished her "American Spirit" number. Her bare ass bothers the elderly women in the audience, probably because it's such a nice ass and the men sit on the grass drooling over it as Red goes through her routine. In the Summer of '75, one tiny old man caned his way through Red's act and wound up along with her as the *Chronicle*'s Sunday Punch photo. Red loves to perform. She's won amateur topless contests and would pop a tit in every *Free Store* show if it weren't verboten by the authorities.

Kathleen Holland's "Co-co Lollipop" gets the bluenoses where they live. It's a song, written by Karl, one that celebrates the innocent sexuality of childhood at the time that it appeals to all men and women who have tender feelings for preadolescent girls. Kathleen dances over and around a red and white chair with hearts painted on it as the number is sung or chanted. Her single prop is a gigantic lollipop which she licks at various times. The number begins with most of the women sucking on different things. Red came on in one show with a banana that had a dildo hidden inside of it. Vito 86'd the dildo. He had enough complaints about the skimpy costumes and didn't want the props to become a problem, too. One afternoon the company drove to Santa Rosa Junior College to do a show. The people hadn't gotten clear of the bus when a young woman came up to them wanting to know the nature of the show. Vito told her it was "song and dance," but she wasn't buying it. The costumes were enough for her. All that bare flesh hanging out in the afternoon sun for the children to see, ahhhhhhhhhhh. Cover up those hips and legs. My God, these children have never seen

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THE EXQUISITE AGONIES OF COLUMBINE

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business has been a life-game for her, a visual affirmation of her own self-worth. At last her own sense of inferiority is beginning to fade, and a halfway sane woman is beginning to emerge. But in the meantime, this is the central reality of her life.

J: Why did you choose to portray a character like Columbine? I always though you had substantial reasons.

C: I've always been very . . . self-destructive. I felt I was someone who deserved to be stabbed and killed. So it was easy to get into a masochistic character.

J: Stabbed and killed—don't you think that's very strange?

C: I really don't know why I feel this way. But I always believed . . . I've always found it hard to understand why anyone would like me at all.

J: It's so easy for me to see why.

C: Oh yeah, other people can see—but not me! Like—*I think* I have talents in certain areas, but I don't *know*. I can't see a lot of things that are obvious to others. The main thing is, I've always been so down on myself that I *could* do Columbine . . .

J: But she's much more than a masochist—don't you think?

C: She is a masochistic-sadistic person—both at the same time. She's sexy and free, but mostly concerned with the destruction of things. She's a complete fantasy. But truthfully, I can release *my* fantasies through her—the perversion and the masochistic sex. Although she is the *total opposite* of the person I really am. I'd never be interested in those things.

J: That's a contradiction—how can you remove yourself from a character who expresses your own fantasies?

C: Because, at this point, she's taken them to extremes. At first she was my basic fantasy, but now she's developed into something that . . . bothers me. I don't think I can go on with her.

J: The physical experience itself—the fighting, the whippings, the weapons—does that bother you now?

C: Okay—for a long time I'd been so preoccupied with an inferiority-self thing that it led me to masochistic things like this. I didn't think very much of myself. For my whole life, actually, not only did I *not* expect approval—I never even felt I was worthy of having one single person talk to me. I expressed this more easily through masochism than any erotic, sexual experience.

J: You could relate more to masochism than a good sexual experience? Have you always felt this way?

C: To be truthful, about sex . . . I've always considered it a hurting experience, very evil. But I would . . . *enjoy* that, more than any romantic thing. There's another side of me, now, that wants a romantic thing. So that dealing with realities seems very hard right now.

J: Your "inferiority"—which is also guilt—is that a broad-scale guilt, or one particularly related to sexual pleasure?

C: I think it has a lot to do with sexual things. Which is interesting—because, since I was very young, I was taught that sex was evil.

J: Most people were. I have a theory that sex is violence, and that phallic things are symbols of violence. A phallus and a knife are basically the same thing, and this is an attempt to assert this in pictures. But how do you feel about masturbating with a *real* knife?

C: I can relate to that much more than I can masturbating with . . . a dildo, or something. I'll never get to the point where I'll really *hurt* myself . . . when I feel pain, I stop. But you know how much pain I can take!

J: The pictures are a little stronger than the actual play . . .

C: No, in the show she's just toned down. She still has that very flirtatious attitude that she's had throughout everything, and that *is* Columbine.

J: And which gets her killed, which is where her name comes from. That play is a real snuff opera. And very erotic, too.

C: Yes. She says to the man, "Lecher—lusting after my animal body," and falls into an erotic scene.

J: You seem to associate eroticism with cynicism—which goes back to what you said before, that sex is basically evil.

C: I don't want to think that, but I do.

J: So how do you feel about being an erotic actress, and having pictures taken which will get attention for your show—and which represent your character as even more extreme than she is?

C: It's so hard for me to say. In the past two days I've come to the point where I'm finished with Columbine.

J: I can see where things would be climactic. But you should understand that these photos must be a *fruition* of tendencies that you're describing. Almost to the point where they *dissolve* the problem.

C: I realized that before, but I never could say it.

J: They've become like . . . a perfect psychiatric session. Your negative attitude towards them should be reevaluated. For one thing, you got into the poses so enthusiastically. Was that a form of demonic possession taking you over?

C: But in the last photos, when I'm saying, "Come on! Let's do it!" I'm really saying, Come on, let's get it over with! And now I'm to the point where I don't have to do this any more.

J: So it was a complete experience . . . that makes having done it a very *positive* experience. You did it because it answered a need.

C: So what you're saying is that I shouldn't think of it as being negative. I've been so confused about this, and I know I've had all these hangups, but now I've taken it to where I don't have the need for it anymore.

J: That's the whole purpose of psychiatry.

C: So now, you see, the character's almost not working out of *me* anymore.

J: No matter what you do with her in the future, she *has* to come out of you—even altered by your subsequent experience. It can't *not* come out of you. Don't you think of it as creating a stage personality?

C: Oh yes. I could control the character in a . . . theatrical sort of way. With where I am now—if I can look at it in the proper perspective—I could be free enough to do her just as well. Maybe even better, once I've resolved the differences between us. I said I'd do the fall show, the Hallowe'en Show, and I will. But while I'm doing it, I think I won't ever want to see or think about Columbine for the rest of my life.

J: I really doubt that. The experience might even be something you'll *treasure* for the rest of your life.

C: It might be. It has solved problems for me, in the past.

J: Because there's so many parts to Columbine. You have a limited understanding of psychology, specifically archetypes. If you could understand them, you'd have fewer doubts about yourself. If you'd read Jung, or some of his associates, you'd understand the basic archetypes human beings are projected through—the purpose of the pictures and the show, in the first place. Your participation in this, or mine, is art: that should give you less reason to feel uncomfortable.

C: But at this point I really want to see myself as a romantic sort of figure. I want to think of sex as a beautiful and romantic thing.

J: But you're an actress, in a role . . . and Columbine, like every woman, is two characters. The erotic side of every personality has sadistic and masochistic tendencies. Costumed and performing before an audience, a woman can be lustful and depraved, and later a perfect lady, and still be the same woman. But what you're telling me now is that the various aspects of Columbine are in conflict—you can't see how they relate. And yet you do like the show, you've told me so.

C: Yes, I find it a very interesting theatrical performance. It deals with a concept I find extremely interesting—the conflict between male and female. Exploring them in a theatrical sense, a poetic sense, an acting sense, with music—I don't think it's been done. But what I am mostly concerned about right now is realizing an attitude that I was not satisfying before.

J: But you say that your character is masochistic and sadistic at the same time. How do you act out the sadistic part?

C: On me. If *I* want to get at someone and be sadistic towards them I'll turn it towards myself.

J: Do you realize what this does to the sadism of others? You tend to bring it out. Even with Craig—as mild as he is. Even with me.

C: See, this all goes back to those problems I was having a couple of months ago. When I was . . . asking for it. At the time it gave me satisfaction and I was very much into the experience of that—it didn't make any difference who *he* was. But not anymore—that's the thing.

J: But when you talk about wanting to become romantic and sentimental—that's a shady area there. Columbine seems to have an earthbound reality to her that makes her more believable than what you're telling me now. I mean, how beautiful and romantic is it to be, say, fucked in the ass?

C: Okay, that hurts. But it's irrelevant how a thing is done. I'm talking about what's in my heart.

J: But the actual sex situation involves all kinds of things which are decidedly unromantic. Tell me what you think is a *positive* sexual situation.

C: Okay. I like someone very, very much. No matter what he looks like, he's very attractive to

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MARS?

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guld goblets from Atlas V, he filled them with warm Martian wine. Red Rock spirits always made earth women turn on. He went back to the edge of the bed and hummed his waking up song.

She slowly stretched out, causing her left breast to come completely out of her suit, the nipple standing hard and firm. GoHorace's tongue flashed out to wrap around it but pulled back at the last moment. He mustn't rush her.

"Hey, Flea-ears, where are we? And how the hell did we get here? You gonna try anything funny?"

"I brought you to my home. I thought you might like a small drink to calm you down. After all you did have a bad trip back there. I am hurt that you should think I would try anything. I only meant to be your friend. Please have some wine and relax. I will call an air-taxi whenever you are ready to leave."

"Sounds fishy to me, but what the hell. I heard about this Red Rock wine. Is it what it's cracked up to be?" She sat up and pushed the hair from her face.

She took the goblet from him and his fingers touched hers for a moment. She took a small tentative sip. It tingled her tongue and left a sweet taste. She chugged the goblet. And smiled.

"Hey, thass pretty good. Mind if I have some more?" She handed him the goblet and rubbed her hands over her breasts. "It makes me feel all warm and horny. Mind if I take my suit off? I feel so stuffy in it." She pulled the snaps free from the top to bottom in one quick pull. She stood for a moment and rubbed her hands over her pussy. GoHorace watched her with delight and unzipped his frontal penis. Its long hard form came out freely from its shelter and pointed in her direction. The spots on his prepuce glowed green and yellow, setting off the green of his skin. His tongue wrapped around it and moistened the head. His antennae went down his face and into his nose, moving back and forth in rhythm with his wings. The girl stared in amazement at the sight before her.

"What the hell you doon?" With those words he reached his climax and shot his sperm in every direction.

"Please forgive me. . ."

"Lenore. . . ."

". . . for not joining you but you looked so good on that bed with that body that I couldn't wait. Please, may I join you now?" He came towards her leaving a trail of sperm.

"Oh, why not, this could be fun. Listen, Roach-neck, those cocks of yours looks awful big. Both of em. Just watch where you stick 'em. Now lets see what you can do." He quickly hopped into the bed and wrapped his tongue around her breast. His bony fingers moved over her in rapid excitement. One antenna sought out her nose, the other his nose. His tongue twirled around the end of her nipple and moved to the other one. One bony finger sought out her moist wet cunt and slipped inside. Another finger played gently with her clit. Without bending, she slipped one tool into her mouth and began to run her tongue over it. With her hands, she grasped his other penis and placed it between her breasts.

GoHorace moved his tongue across her body and down the crack of her ass. He touched the end of it to her clit and began to massage both her crack and her twat. In moments, she was groaning in pleasure and begging for him to enter her. He rolled her over on her back and proceeded to ram his tail cock into her sopping cunt. Then he took his other cock and placed it in her ass and began to rock back and forth. Slowly at first, One in and one out. Lenore withered in excitement and pushed against him trying to take all eighteen inches of each cock.

"Come on, Bug-face, ram it home! Make your baby come all over you. Ohhh!! That's it, snake cock wrap tongue me come. Ummm."

Exhausted they finally rolled apart and lay facing the sky. The earth shone bright above them as they watched through the glass roof. A shooting star blazed across the night and was lost to eternity. Lenore rolled over and began to lick the jism of his body. "It's a full earth, tonight," she moaned. She carefully took his limp cock between her hands and placed it back in its sack and zipped it up. "Bug juice taste pretty good. That be crazyiest fuck ever had. How long we do again?" She caressed his wings and softly kissed them. GoHorace lay looking at the sky for a minute and then unzipped his sack. His erect penis throbbed impatiently for her mouth which she was quick to use.

"I've done deep throat before but deep antenna? Ain't never able to take all in mouth." She placed her lips over the green head and began to suck him. She took a good twelve inches before she stopped. GoHorace was amazed by her and tried to push in more. Back and forth, back and forth, till he came on her tonsils. The juices flowed out of her and down her chin. She began to rub them into her body and he helped. The warm slimy juices squirmed beneath their fingers and tingled her body.

"I hope you enjoyed it as much as I did Lenore. I have not made love like this in ages. Perhaps you would care to stay a few days and. . . ."

"Stay! Gnat-mouth, you couldn't throw me out if you tried. Ain't nobody on earth can match you. I'm ready to do it any time."

Two weeks later, GoHorace took her to the hotel and tenderly licked her goodbye. He waved as she strode chestily to the elevator and the doors closed in front of her. He smiled. Perhaps he would see her again. After all, hadn't he taught her The Way. She could be a professional now. Her kind was needed here. And the government was very good to them, kept them in the finest hotels, looked after them in their retirement.

He thought back—way back—to the days before Sex. To the days before that Russian woman cosmonaut landed on his planet. To the days before Anything Ever Happened. Yes, the earthlings brought pollution with them. But they also brought straightfuck and cocksuck and asslick and titsqueeze. All the good things in life.

What they needed, her kind gave. And what she needed, GoHorace had to give—in spades!

Flashers, Masquers and Minstrels—

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bodies before! Their daddies haven't got any skin mags laying around.

"Sitting in the mucky mud,
ribbons in her hair,
Licking on her lollipop,
Everybody's there.
Yellow icky underwear
See her bottom bare,
Licking on her lollipop,
Looking everywhere."

The audience gets the ultimate crotch-shot when Kathleen's foot is high above her head. Once a topless dancer in Santa Rosa, she uses many of her costumes in *Free Store*, but not without adding things she crochets or embroiders. All of the costumes are patch-work, bits and pieces, many of which come from the burned out free store which is still in use by the community.

The face make-up done by the *Free Store* members is unique and cannot be seen in any theater anywhere else in the world. Each of the people designs the make-up and it is rarely the same from performance to performance. A few who are playing specific characters keep basically the same face most of the time, but most change every weekend. Lorrie had never done any make-up before *Free Store*. Now she does beautiful designs which are often mandalas. Vito has always worn the same painted teeth on his face. He puts them on with shoe polish in his bathroom before going to pick up the others who ride to the show with him. Kathleen and Bobbi show a strong influence of Indian lore and primitive masks, indeed, a number of their masks have been inspired by *National Geographic* photographs. Karl, a painter, who has drawn many of the posters for the company, does a simple red, white, and blue face to go with his painted costume. He plays the clown in the show, doing a lot of pratfalls and fast action.

Outsiders think of the *Free Store* people as freaks or crazies, but the actors are a together group of people who keep a lot of things beside the show going. For a long time, Patty Wipe was co-publisher of a magazine called *Side Show*. She was performing in the parks of San Francisco and interviewing and writing about artists and painters at the same time. Emcee Glenn Saukko was painting. Yvonne was singing with a band. Lorrie was managing a motel. Along with the *Free Store* regulars, there have always been a gang of real crazies, mentally retarded people who hang out in the park when the show is done and get right into it. For a long time, *Free Store* had a guest the musical, but the proof of *Free Store* is its energy and endurance. Nearly two years old, the company broke into national prominence when they played "Underground '76," the big Underground Comix Convention which took place in Berkeley in April.

Free Store contains a pop art parody. Like the cock rock number. "Rock and roll is going to save the world." Loretta Mery comes out in a long white see-through dress. It's Kate Smith as rock singer. Halfway into her number, a male groupie comes onstage, overcome by his blind desire to get her. Picking him up from the corner of her eye, she unbuckles her studded belt, and, when he is within inches of the holy shrine, she whips his ass offstage and tosses the belt aside. "I don't care what any of you say, I know you cannot petition the Lord with prayer!" Superstars are not going to save anybody.

In the "beer can number," comedienne Loretta is sitting in the park. A sailor comes along and hits on her. He reaches into her blouse only to discover an empty beer can instead of a tit. Oh, well, check the other one. A full beer this time. The sailor opens the beer, hands it to that strange girl, and dances off.

Loretta joined *Free Store* in the Summer of '75. Late that year, she and two of the other women in the company were all pregnant. In December, I suggested we get together, paint their bellies and do some photographs. Loretta and Sheika got off on the idea. They put on their makeup at Loretta's, and Karl and Big Red painted "Free" on Loretta's tummmy and "Store" on Sheika's. As I knew it would, the bizarre quality of the picture provoked a lot of publicity for the company, running in a number of slick magazines and tabloids.

Free Store is theater of the bizarre, always going for the unique, the abnormal, the extreme, and by doing this, audiences are provided with an accurate mirror of the disoriented seventies, a time in which nostalgia has grown to such proportions that there seems to *be* no present. Students see *Free Store* as the avant-garde of an entirely new form of theater.

In a year and a half, *Free Store* has become a viable developmental theater company. People who were doing crude streaks on their faces in early 1975 are now creating beautiful masks which have the power and intensity to evoke fear and delight in the audience. The actors have gained in confidencs and performing ability and have remained together through a number of personal crises. Some are on welfare because there is no work for them and they could sit back and do nothing as many do, instead they are devoting their time and energy to the creative process, to bringing theater back to those who cannot afford the expensive tickets designed to keep the American majority out of legitimate theater.

"Whatever you want, you
know you're going
to find at the
free store any day,
Whatever you need,
you know you're
going to get
and it's free."

That's how the show begins.
And that's how it ends.

SACRAMENT OF THE SACRED FUCK

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these "updating" religions, most of them born in the Sixties, are flourishing in the Seventies.

One such cult is the Process, which after going underground as the result of its links to the Manson brood, has recently resurfaced as the "Foundation."

Despite OM's obvious sincerity and scholarliness, there are disturbing similarities between OMLovers and many of these sex-and-salvation groups, particularly in sexual practices. And the insane passion of contemporary man to glom on to the nearest rocketship to Nirvana makes these groups particularly dangerous.

Manson, for instance, conducted his followers' "communions" into an orgiastic mosaic and, as Mans-son, was considered a god by his followers.

The aphorism, "power corrupts and absolute power corrupts absolutely", can easily be applied to religion. There is *no* power so complete as that of a religious leader over his followers. The butchery committed in Manson's name is a lesson perspective members and leaders of counter-culture religions should not take lightly.

"Everybody will eventually become OMlovers," Lady LoveLight proclaims with almost threatening overtones, followed by her ever-present, innocent smile. "Some of god's children will have to be spanked into submission however." It is hard to tell how this "metaphor" is meant—unlike the Family, however, OMlovers seem opposed to violence of any sort. In fact, they admonish followers in their literature that, "Men tended to relate to their sexual encounters with women similar to the way they related to warfare upon an alien community. The ideal warlike maneuver was to strike and seize valuable booty and then withdraw with as few losses as possible."

The roles in this "New Age" of men and women must be reversed, according to Lady Inspiration. "The female must reclaim the underdeveloped mind of the male, must control it, nurture it, raise it to adulthood, and then turn it out into the pasture of the New World to do OM's Holy Work." This work includes what they call "exchange of essence" or "collecting alms" in the streets, which amounts to asking for donations in exchange for incense much the same way .Hare Krishna followers do.

Each OMlover has a quota he or she must meet daily. Although it is unclear what other types of chores are required in OM's work, stripping seems to be among them. Both Lady Inspiration and Lady LoveLight worked as strippers while in OM's service. But they won't be stripping again for quite some time because they are both currently pregnant. OMdivine is also pregnant. OM, they all claim, is the father. While it is difficult to know in which direction the OMlovers will go from here, their membership is doubtlessly growing and sex, as the most sacred form of homage to OM, plays no small role.

MIDNIGHT COWGIRL

(Continued from page 26)

challenges me to a game of pool. Have any of you readers out there ever played pool a la nude? Well for those of you who have not partaken of this joy, try it. It's very strange at first. Bending over the table to make a difficult shot, you have the express feeling someone is about to grab you from behind. But all in all it's much less restricting, physically and mentally. When the clothes go, the status symbols go, the armor goes. Far from having the opposite affect, the removal of the clothes frees everyone to be a person. Jim is fond of saying that they have millionaires and ditchdiggers on their membership roll but you can't tell them apart.

The night went on in much this fashion. I held the pool table for a while before being wiped out by the Club shark. From there I took the pinball machines by storm and finished up the second highest score, all bareass naked. Does it sound a little senseless and boring? Well, it would be for those of you who hold the word nudity synonymous with the word sexual. Fantasia and "Pleasant" Nudist Resorts (all soon to become a member of Freedom Enterprises Incorporated) are based on the principles that a healthy mind belongs in a healthy body, that sunlight and air are necessary conditions of human well-

(Continued on page 106)

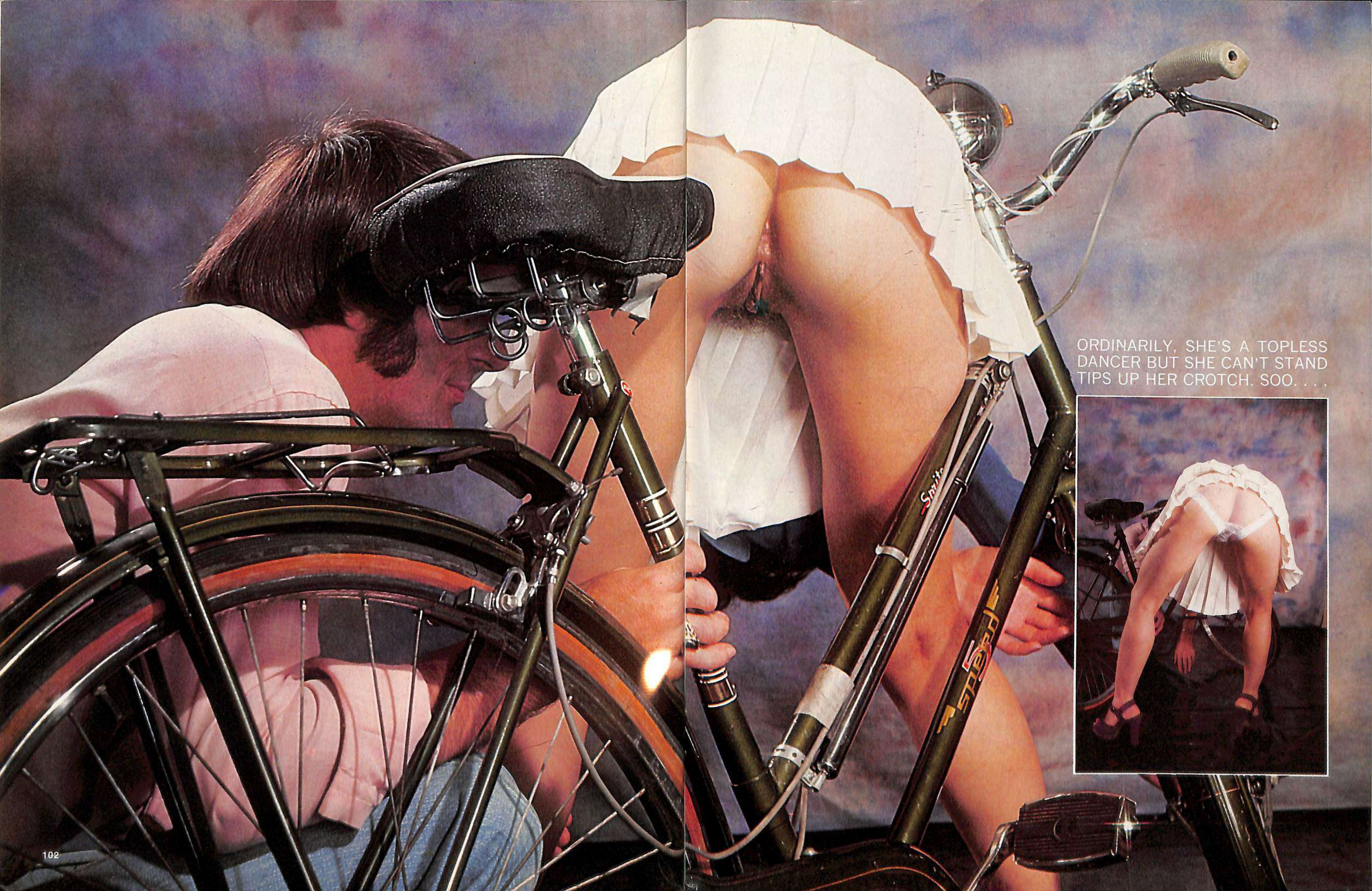
Sinning Jennie

SHE'S NOT EXACTLY OUR IDEA OF A BIKER BITCH.

This is Jennie working her way through graduate school on West 22nd Street. The *school* is not on West 22nd Street—just Jennie, our favorite photographer, a pair of antique bicycles he found somewhere—and some lech parked drooling in traffic, refusing to move. Refusing to *budge*. Jennie is furious. She shakes her gamine curls, lowers her Irma-la-Douce lashes and stays covered up. Lech insinuates his way out of the car, leans on the fender and stares. Our photog heaves a time-is-money sigh. Jennie shrugs and strips.

JENNIE WORKS HER WAY THRU GRAD SCHOOL FLASHING HER BEAVER AT THE BIKE SHOP.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETER HURD


Sprite
5 SPEED

ORDINARILY, SHE'S A TOPLESS DANCER BUT SHE CAN'T STAND TIPS UP HER CROTCH. SOO. . . .

"I'M AT MY BEST WHEN MOST UNCOMFORTABLE.

This shooting's uncomfortable. "The best shots," she reflects, "are always the most uncomfortable. The best poses are always the most grotesque." But the sun filters through the city trees, the photog is encouraging, courtly, inventive—and, "Yeah—I get off making a spectacle of myself." Even if that fat freak across the road had the same sickly smirk they all did, always. Jennie put it back, packed it up, took it home and kept it to herself. Just another trippy afternoon in her continuing Tuition Plan.

DIVINE DECADENCE

(Continued from page 23)

of them just want a friend who can tell them about what's going on outside.

But what's *really* pissing me off is assholes who place ads, and receive letters and photos from prisoners, and they don't even have enough class to write back or return their photo. A post-card would do.

I guess most ladies don't answer prisoners' letters because they're afraid. But if those women with ads don't have a P.O. box, there are 'crazies' on the outside, also. I mean you could make one lonely guy behind bars very happy—all it takes is ten minutes and 13¢.

I don't want to sound really down on people advertising, but it's not as though the prisoners are going to come rape you, or rob you, like all the propaganda bullshit the state has implanted in your puritanistic pea-brain. They're locked up behind bars. They couldn't get out if they wanted to. And anyway, most of the guys have been locked up for simple offenses, like not paying child-support to some bitch who doesn't want him but his money, pot, or even someone who never pays traffic tickets—like me.

I think it's about time we quit playing "Damsel in Distress" and get some balls of our own. (And I don't mean a testicle transplant.) I mean we should stop drowning ourselves in our own soap-opera sinner syndromes and become troopers!

Maybe sometimes prisoners come off a little crass or hard. But, you're supposed to be the one with the soft touch. Touch them softly—they've been hardened only by the state, environment, life and love. So maybe the next time someone answers a prisoner's letter, she'll be needing a friend, also.

Just think—the roles could have been reversed.

Well, that's all the steam I have to let off at this moment. Remember—what goes around, comes around.

MIDNIGHT COWGIRL

(Continued from page 98)

being which are insufficiently used in our present sociological atmosphere to the point where it is crippling physical and moral health. Since society condems public nudity, resorts and clubs of this sort are the only recourse for people like Jim Chase and his 700 members . . . until they can get the laws changed. As for myself, I found myself relating to people I ordinarily wouldn't speak to on the street, because of my abnormal uptightness. I feel that the experience has somehow enlightened my attitudes toward different types of people. People that are out of my age group or my social sphere.

This column has not meant to say that sex or sexually-oriented businesses are disgusting or even that sex does not play some minute part in the make-up of some Nudist Resorts and Clubs, only that a new avenue to meeting people in an atmosphere free of the falseness and insincerity of normal social encounters is being discovered. I, for one, hope that Resorts and Clubs of this sort continue to prosper.

THE SLAVE TRADE

(Continued from page 21)

running his finger nails up and down my arms, scratching up my suntan. I was bored and restless. I had decided that N. was not going to drug me or kidnap me. As I excused myself, N. invited me to a party later that week. I accepted his invitation and got dressed.

As I drove downhill, I seemed to see Los Angeles with new eyes. It was as if I were seeing it through N.'s eyes, the eyes of a bored millionaire. People seemed like little ants, each struggling and striving to have a little more status than the next one. The people who worked at the House of Dominance made so much of their wealth, which was so paltry compared to real money. The very act of striving seemed so unimportant. All the grand office buildings on Wilshire Blvd. seemed like toy houses that rich men use and trade for their wealth but don't deign to enter and struggle in. I also felt unflappably cool and relaxed as if there was nothing in the world worth getting excited about, ever. It was very interesting seeing the world from the standpoint of another class.

At the party, all the guests were sleek and beautiful. If I could have gotten even half of the beautiful women to an Eulenspiegel meeting, the men would have been wild with joy. One of the beautiful women to a Eulenspiegel meeting, the men would agination. She had a little slave with her who was kind of short and heavy by the standards of the party. What made her such a turn-on was the fact that, unlike the others, she really seemed to be suffering from the blonde woman's ministrations. To most of the people there, dominance was just a game which, admittedly, they played very well but which never seemed to get real. Little M. was really involved. She was tripping. She begged her mistress to go easy on her with real tears in her eyes. Her mistress, S., had a really groovy head. She got totally into the role, playing with relish and gusto. When I went into the sauna, she sent her husband in to talk me into having a scene with them. That was really a turnabout. Usually, the man sends his woman out to do that work. Of course I accepted.

S. and her husband lived in a very suburban part of the Valley. She is a Saggitarian and he is a Gemini. They proved to be excellent hosts, plying me with perfect Margueritas and charcoaled roast. Then we saw a Linda Lovelace movie in which Linda fucks a foot. I took off my maxi-granny dress to reveal the surprise—I was wearing the sweetest garter belt-stocking set, in which the stockings were trimmed with bows made of the same red and white plaid material as the garter belt.

S. took off her skirt revealing a black corset and light, silky stockings. She was wearing a delightful pair of white, lacy panties that just covered her crotch. She tied my arms to the sides of the bed and proceded to bite my nipples and pummel my breasts. I fought like a demon, as I feared injury. S. came from a strict, military family and was into some really heavy pain. Next, S. tied me face down and whipped my ass. Then she turned me over again and let her husband fuck me. Then she untied me and let me go down on her. She had blonde public hairs, silky and soft and a sweet, pretty cunt.

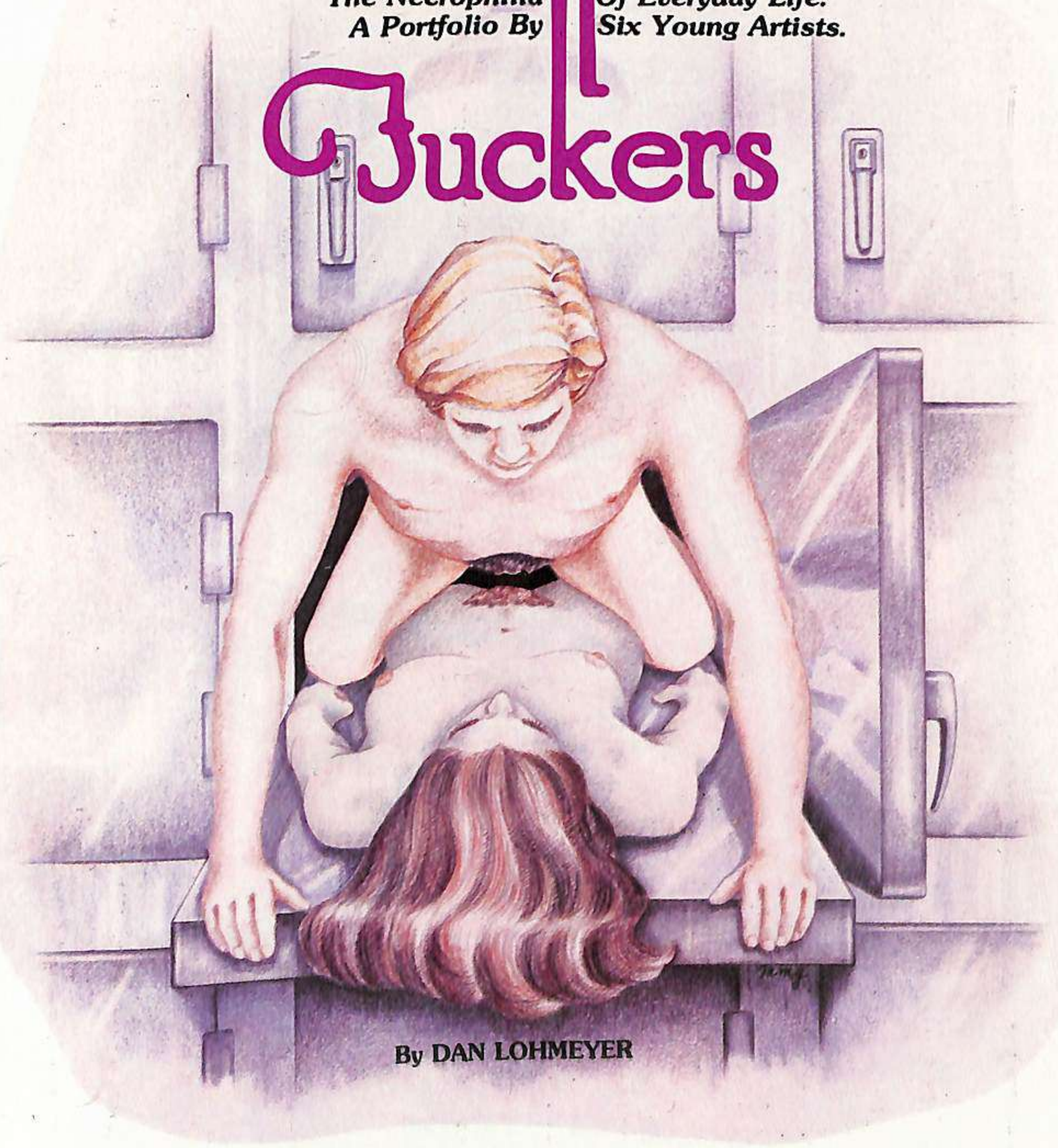
Sometimes fantasy is better than reality. One night, at home, I watched "The Queen of Sheba" on TV and I suddenly saw the Queen as Maureen Murphy, my fellow columnist. There is a wild, gypsy-like, cat-like quality to her that gives her a right to dominate. The fact that she is not trying, self-consciously, to "be" a dominant woman gives her a truer quality of dominance. Do you read my column, Maureen? I read yours every month. If you are reading this now, give me a call and realize your dominant nature if you care to. It would give us both some interesting material to write about later. And I know the readers wouldn't mind, either.

CLICK
AL ELLIS

"Deny everything!"

The Corpse Fuckers

The Necrophilia Of Everyday Life. A Portfolio By Six Young Artists.



MARY M. GRANT

By DAN LOHMEYER

Here's a little something for those of you who like their sexmates coldly compliant and pathologically unflappable. You know, the kind with one eye on the clock and one foot in the grave. There's one in every crowd. Let 'er R.I.P. . . .

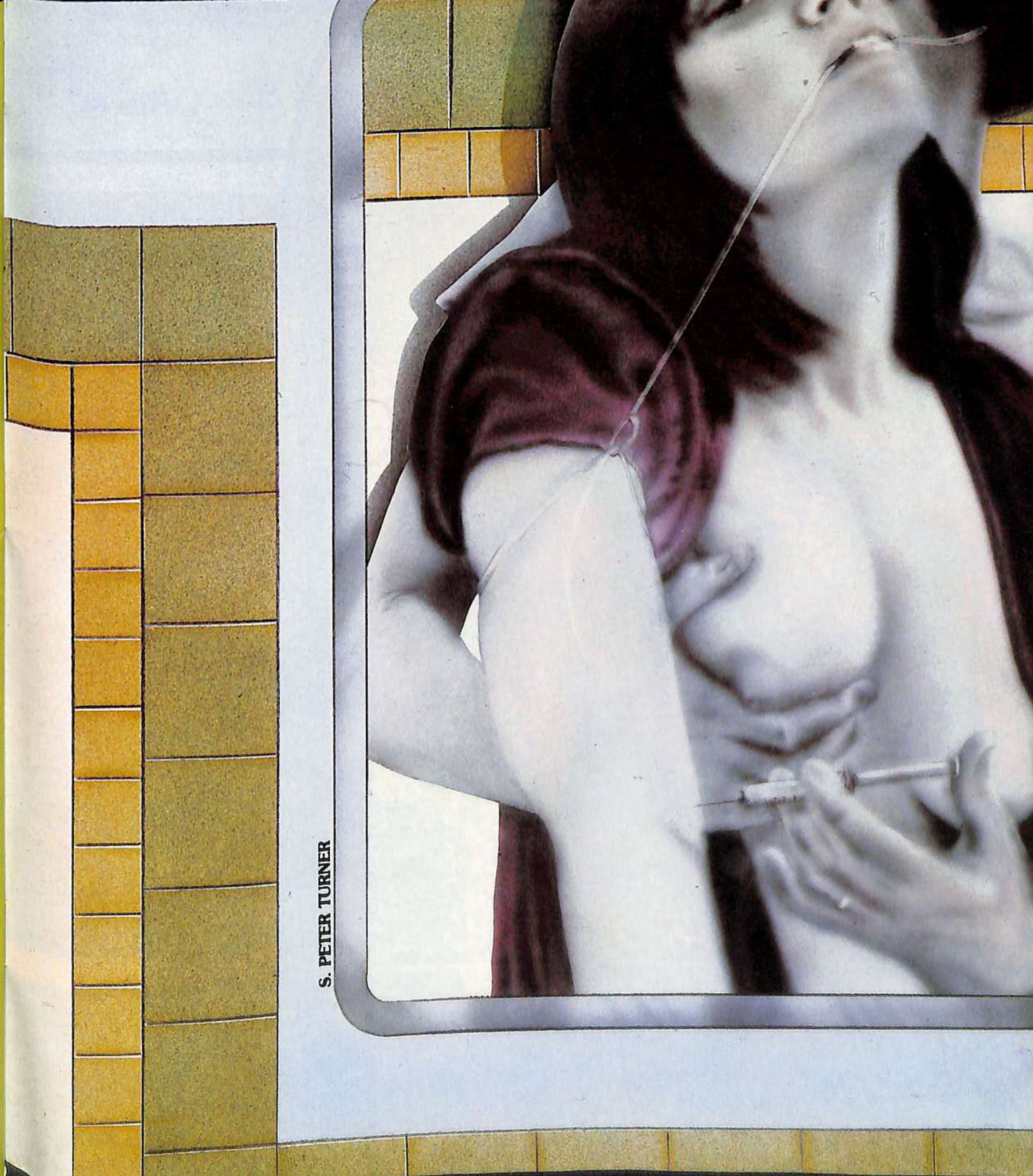
The Voluptuous Vegetable

Something happened way back when and they brought her here, to the Home, for a Rest. The official name for it is "catatonia" but her captors confuse it with nymphomania. All she knows is stare and suck. Suck and stare. Orderlies, disorderlies. Patients, curers. They come and go. She tabulates their cocks with blank eyes and open mouth. In one day, she gets more action than a Tijuana cathouse. But once it is over, there is no one to remember it ever happened.

MARSHA TIDY

Nookie On The Nod

For the price of a fix, she lets you jam your eager pecker up her unresisting butt in a john at the bus terminal. She'll bitch constantly during negotiations, but once the hot horse starts galloping through her veins, you could shove the Watts Tower up her rectum and she wouldn't mind. You pound away enthusiastically and she endures it heroically, nodding to the beat of a different fingerpopper. Waiting for your wad. And the calm. The cold, clammy calm.



S. PETER TURNER

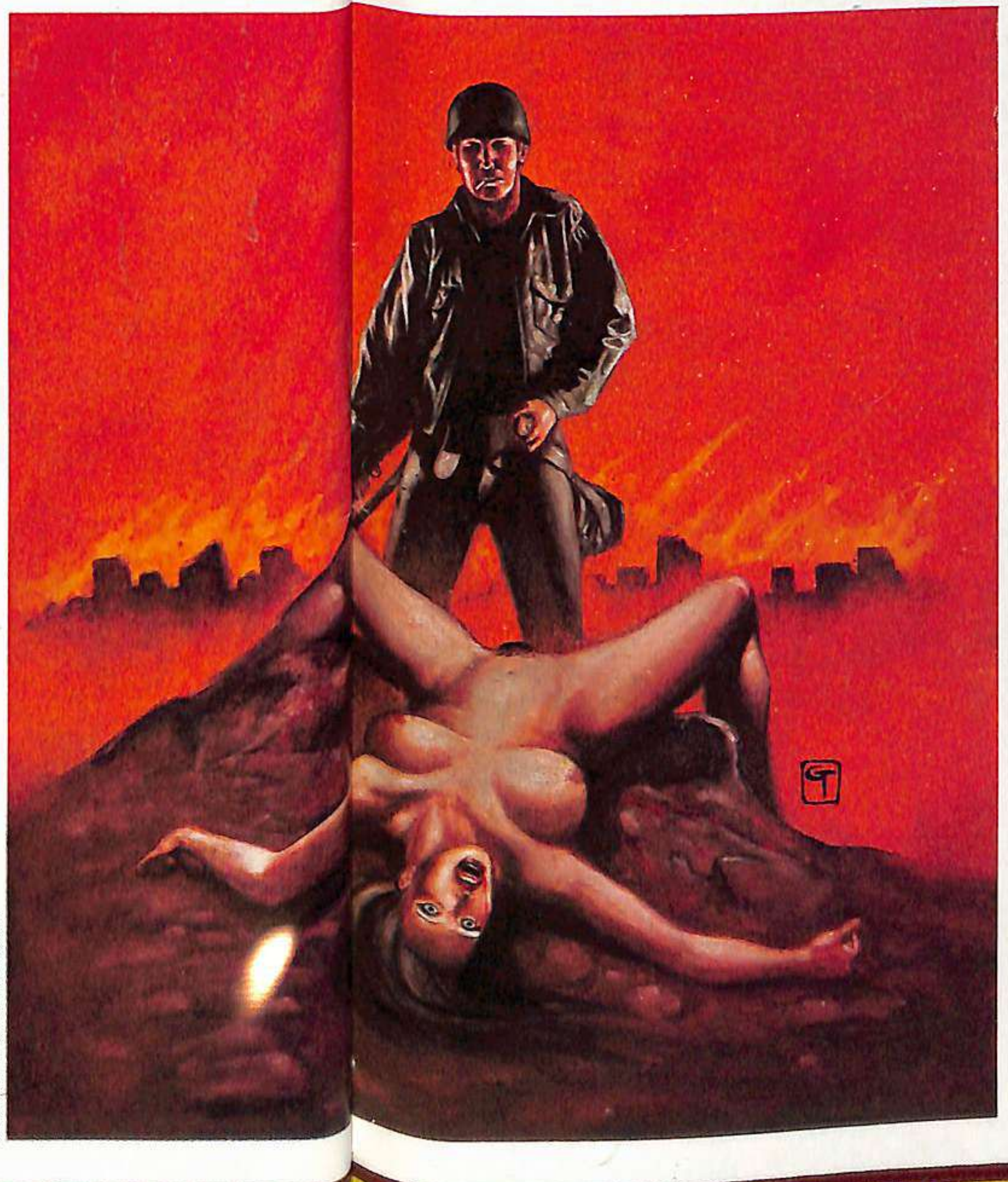
Topless, Breathless, & Lifeless

Working tables at the Dead-On-Arrival Bar & Grill has given Our Lady of the Merciless Glaze a divine imperviousness. Nothing phases her any more. She has been tugged, tweaked, rubbed, robbed, raped, beaten, loved, defiled, deified, reified, pursued and jilted. She has learned to play second fiddle to her topless tits—they are the keystone of her day, her bacon-bringer, her credentials. Nothing, however, is new under the sun—just tomorrow's shift and the same old free-spending, fast-talking jokers. Today, she will say no to him. Tomorrow, she will say yes. Just to keep it interesting. To prove life.

D O A
BAR RILL
TOPLESS TONITE

BOBBY GROSSMAN

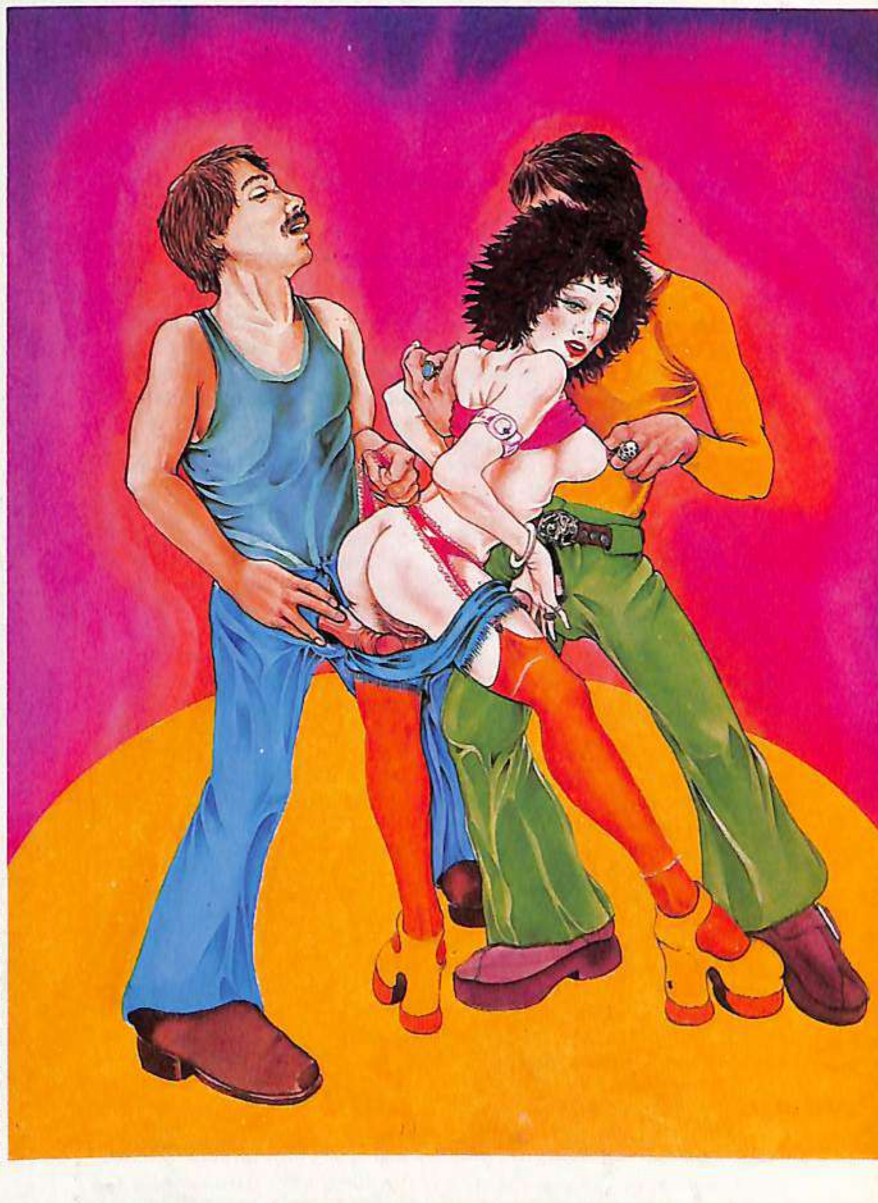
The Sergeant's Sexy Stiff



GREG THEAKSTON

If Sarge hadn't blown her to bits, she would have loved him to bits, he's sure. But how could she ever understand the zillion aggravations of a day of trench fighting? His loneliness? His confusion? His power? His doubt of life? War is hell. No place to raise children. He was considering asking her, nicely, respectfully. But it all seemed so much trouble. It's so much easier this way. He cannot be denied this way.

Discozombie



RICHARD JACCOMA

And the beat goes on. And the men go on. And she's there, every night, blank-dead eyes searching for blanker-deader eyes, legs barely moving, mind focussed on the blunt repetitiveness of it all. For the Supercool of it, for the impeccable Hip of it, our discotoy passes from hustle to hustle, from crotch to crotch, from new hero to newer hero, like some well-worn sexual currency. Now she is Queen of the Scene, warm in her palace of ice,

SALLIE JANES

(Continued from page 36)

any woman. They're so crude about the prostitutes on Sunset Boulevard. And the topless dancers in those cages—it breaks my heart to see them so humiliated and degraded. There but for heaven go the rest of us—it's just that we've had more of the breaks. We're all just struggling to survive.

D: Do the sexual realities always come back to money? It seems so.

S: A man might take me out to dinner. When the check comes, he says, "All you women are liberated now—you can pay half." I say, no, I can't—not until our society gives me the opportunity to make just as much money as you do.

D: But you have, actually, made a good deal of money as a sex therapist.

S: Yes—when inflation hit my bedroom, I raised my prices. But I was glad to leave it and go back to TV. As I became more successful, I had less time for my lessons. And as a job, it would take a lot out of you.

D: Did you ever get *any* negative feedback from that period of your life?

S: Only from my agent. I've even written a book about it—but I keep it sitting here. But people are so taken with the idea. I was downtown in a big department store and the salesgirl screeched, "I know who *you* are!" I said yes, I'm the lady who ordered $42 worth of hangers on the phone. She said, "No, no, Mona MacKenzie—the sex lady!" Everyone gathered around and began asking me questions.

And on the show, it was so cute—when they found out I was the real thing, they'd approach me, one at a time, glancing around furtively—"Have you got a minute?" Then they'd blurt out a problem, or a misunderstanding—

D: You didn't, to be crass, suggest that they call for a regular paid appointment?

S: Oh no. I give my old patients advice all the time. They call up with a problem about the girlfriend or a new development in their life, and I'm happy to discuss it. I really cared about them. On Thanksgiving Day my phone rings constantly. "We're giving thanks to you, Sally." They don't feel lonely and left out any more, and they're so grateful. One man even told me he was strongly suicidal before the therapy. And now he claims I've saved his life.

THE EXQUISITE AGONIES OF COLUMBINE

(Continued from page 96)

me and I have a burning desire to make love to him. If I like him the sex will be satisfying but if I have it with just anyone, it's no satisfaction at all. With this desire, I feel like I'm giving to him, and taking, too. It's very romantic, and much more physically gratifying.

J: And yet you say masturbating with a knife is also gratifying . . .

C: But that's the other side of me—the side I don't understand! Why do you think I'm going crazy? I can't be two different people at the same time, with two totally different responses!

J: Well, what blocks you from having this kind of healthy sexual experience?

C: I've always wanted to be free enough so that if I really liked a person I could go up and touch him—but I've always had so many reservations. To tell what's really inside me—I can't do it. Instead of having an intimate, full relationship, I find it much easier to go back to masochistic masturbation and fantasize. When I was a girl, I'd always fantasize that I was something evil, evil. A prostitute, on heroin, with a pimp of course, who couldn't stop fucking. All kinds of girls who couldn't get through the day without fucking—they'd die if they didn't.

J: Was that the point of it—that they were all evil and deserved to be punished?

C: No. The important part of the fantasy was the penetration part, where she was penetrated by the penis.

J: Your sexual instinct is so strong. If it isn't satisfied, are you terribly frustrated?

C: In one way or another, yeah.

J: But your sexual experiences have been as bizarre as your fantasies—and you still have, may I say, an ambiguous response to balling twelve guys in a film—

C: Yes, but now I'm into my own experience. I have this fantasy, where I envision myself with a beautiful man who's standing still in the middle of a room. I slowly undress him and kiss him all over. And he doesn't move. I suck his cock and lick his balls and get him down on the floor. But he still doesn't move, except that his cock gets huge. I do everything. I do all the fucking. This is simply a way of breaking out of my masochism.

J: I hope it works.

C: Now I'm beginning to think of myself as very beautiful, intelligent, independent. There's many things I don't understand, but I eventually will. The thing I know I hate is men telling me I'm stupid, I'm immature, I don't know what I'm talking about. I really hate it—but they're always right.

J: But in actual fact, given certain circumstances—timing, predilections—you would be willing to, say, make a film and fuck twelve guys at once.

C: I can't do that *now*.

J: But you said exactly the opposite two days ago.

C: John, yes! A certain state of mind, a certain way of thinking—I probably could! However, I am not there *now*!

J: Has any of this affected your private sex life?

C: Yes, I worked out this masochistic thing with Steve—one reason we've been together this long is my masochism. You know that as well as anyone else.

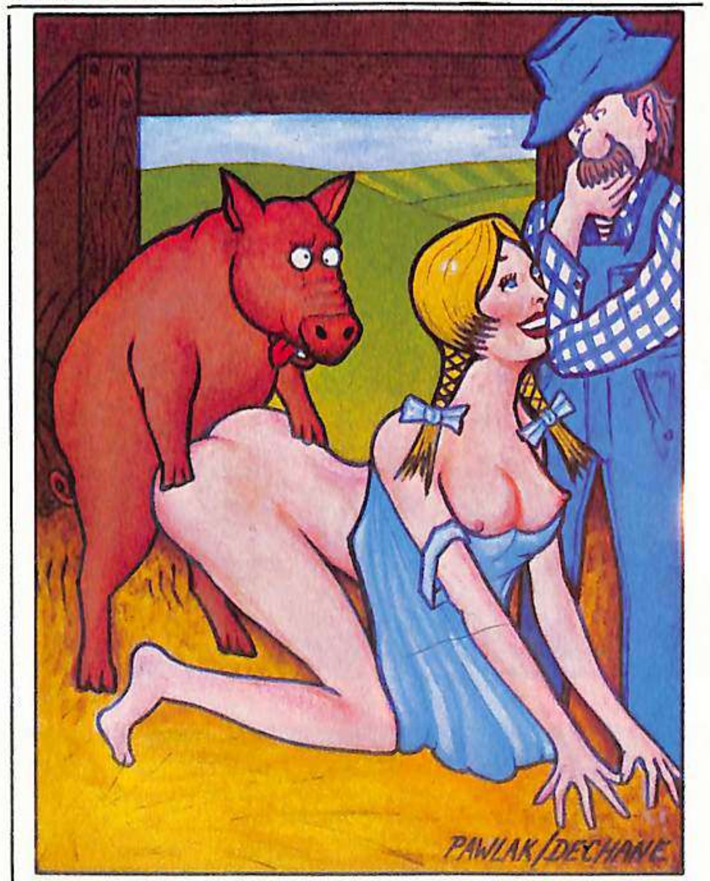
J: But you've taken care of it.

C: Yes, it's all finished.

J: I don't mean finished, I mean resolved. How do you handle the sexual situation while you're going through these changes and still living with him?

C: We don't have that much—let me say, I'm not that aggressive a person. If I want to make love to someone, I'll make all sorts of efforts. But if Steve doesn't want to, there's no way I, or any other thing in this entire world is gonna move him.

You have to understand. I feel good about myself now, I'm starting to, something I haven't felt for God knows how long. I was so down I couldn't understand how any guy would like me. So I'd do absolutely anything to keep him around. It happened that I was taken advantage of a lot. But now I'm beginning to realize I'm sort of an interesting person!



"It's not what y'think, Paw. Ah'm juss gettin' mah swahn flu injection. . . ."

"WOW! You really *are* the last of the big spenders."

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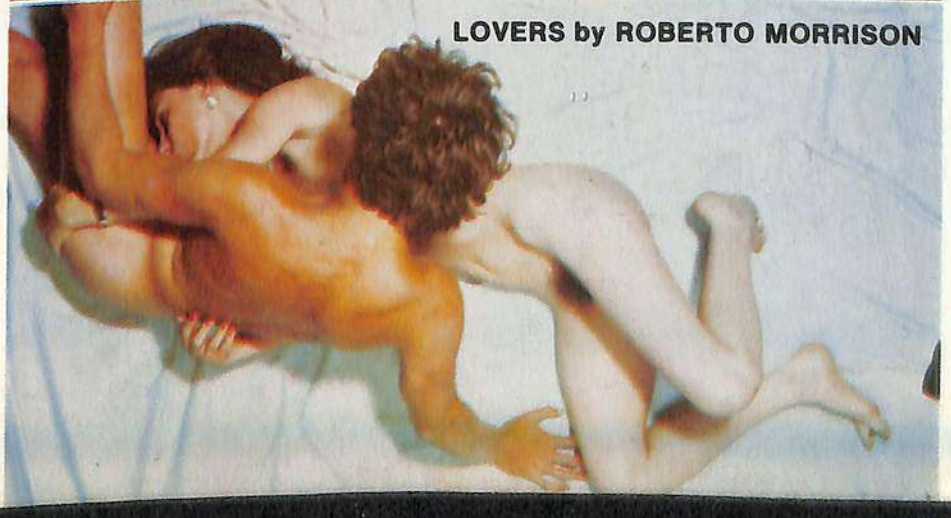

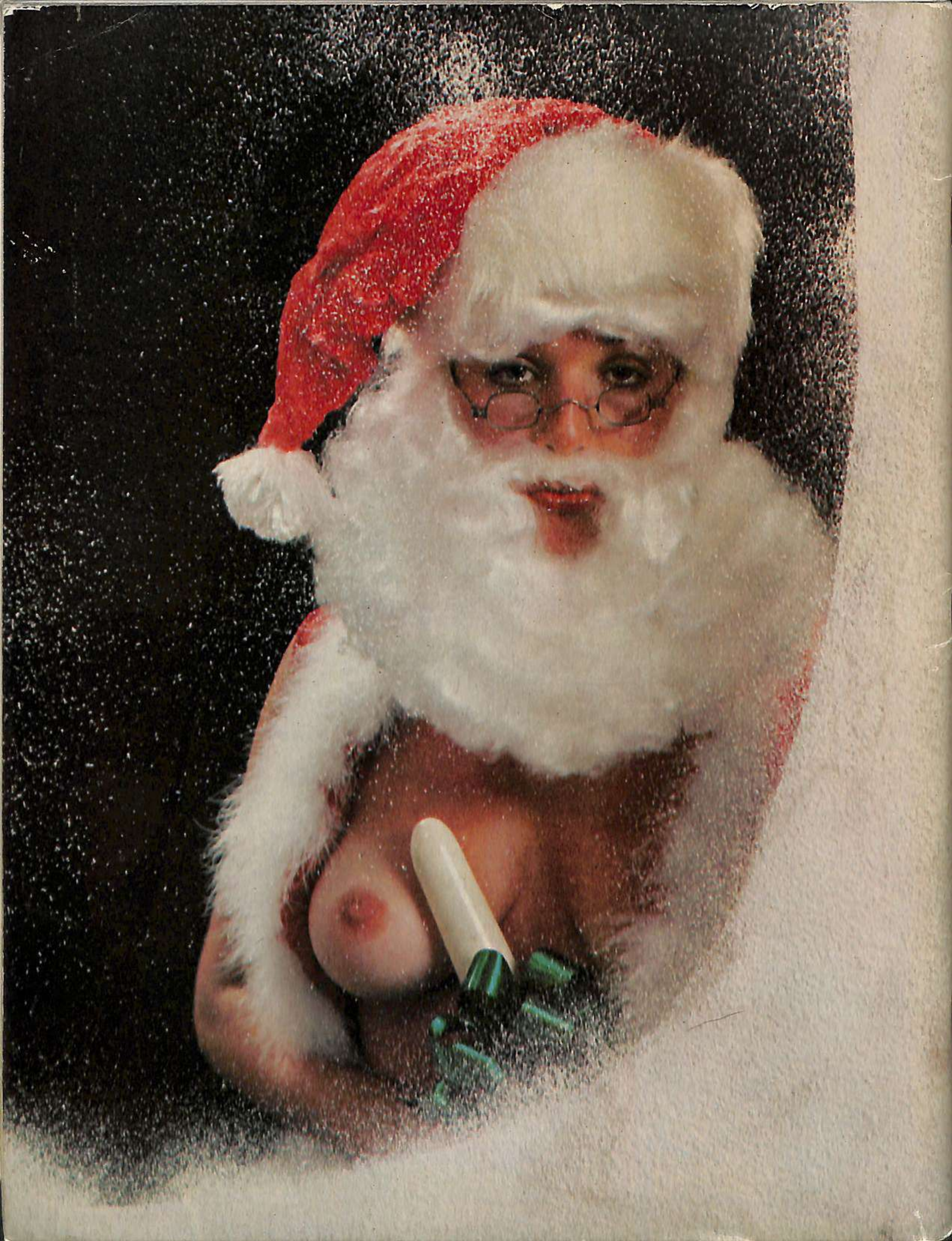LOVERS by ROBERTO MORRISON